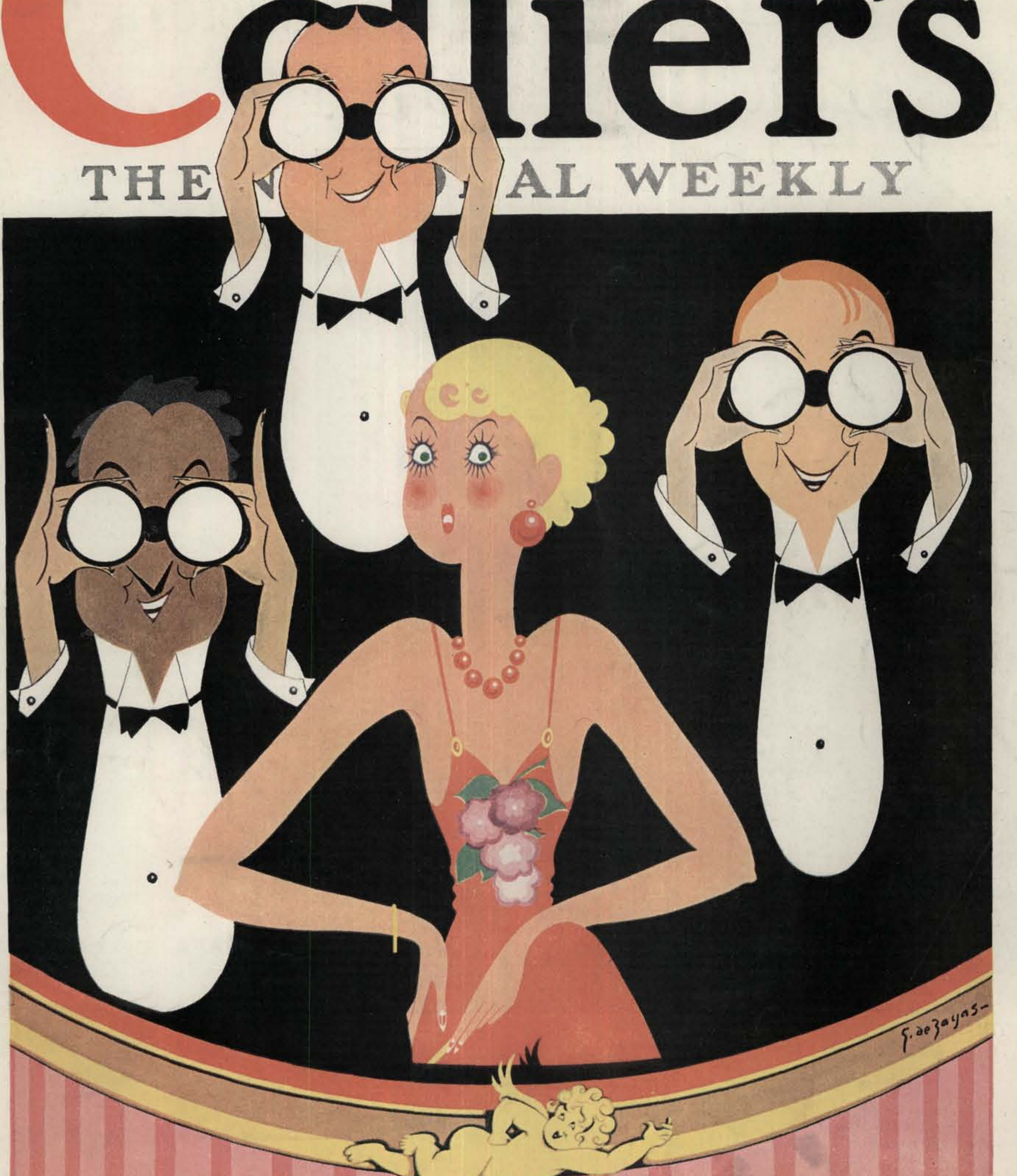
January 25, 1936

5¢ a copy

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Milk and Honey, Ltd. *or, Another Paradise Lost*

By Walter Davenport

MRS JOAN HARGROVE 12BX
905 E MADISON 8006
IOLA C
KANS 10 2C
25JY36 2Y

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE —

All Yours with RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" *and* "Magic Eye"!

More stations... greater power ... more brilliant tone... silent tuning... RCA Metal Tubes and many other features!

It's *not* a miracle! RCA Victor's new world-wide radios have achieved coast-to-coast popularity because they give you all you *want* in radio—plus!

What "Magic Brain" Does

First, the sensational "Magic Brain" is 5 to 20 times more sensitive. Many models also offer wider tuning range on short waves. Far greater coverage than other sets. You hear more stations.

Domestic programs, as well as those from far across the seas... London, Madrid, Australia... come speeding to you with new, higher fidelity. You enjoy true "Studio Tone"—warm, colorful, delightfully clear—virtually as sharp as in the broadcast studio itself! Incoming signals are amplified *four* times. An alert "armoured watchman" tube reduces noise and interference to a minimum!

"Magic Eye" for Silent Tuning

Second, the new "Magic Eye"! Bringing you *silent* tuning—simple and more accurate tuning. The panel below tells more about this great RCA Victor engineering triumph!

Features in Abundance

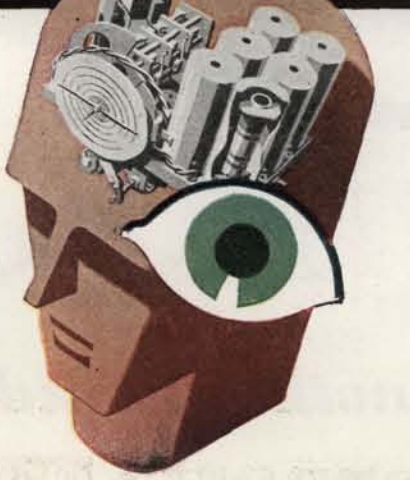
Third, these brilliant new sets have the new RCA Metal Tubes... new range dials... cabinets of rare beauty, scientifically constructed to enhance tone. Other fine features, too many to list. But visit your nearest RCA Victor dealer. He'll demonstrate these new sets—no finer ever bore RCA Victor's name! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America.

(Below)—**Console Model C7-6.** Handsome 7-tube Junior "Magic Brain" radio.... Price **$84.95.**

THE "MAGIC EYE"
... brings you silent tuning

The "Magic Eye," an electronic "beam"...tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye." Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes ... more sharply than any human ear could.

You get RCA Metal Tubes, too!



RCA Victor Console Model C11-1—An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye." 3 tuning bands. New "Selector" dial. Exquisite cabinet. . . Price **$150.00.**

Prices, subject to change without notice, from $19.95 up, f.o.b., Camden, N. J., including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. You can now buy these sets on C.I.T. Corp. easy payment plan. And remember, any set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes. Listen to "Magic Key" on WJZ and associated NBC stations every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m. EST.

RCA Victor Table Model T6-1. A six-tube superheterodyne with tuning range from 540 to 18,000 kilocycles. Price **$49.95.**

RCA VICTOR

How Hard is Steel?

THE CAMERA CAUGHT this expert making one of the most important of all tests that can be given a steel automobile part.

Under three-and-a-half tons' pressure a small ball of super-hard steel is ground down into the piece of steel being tested... and a microscope measures the "dent." This simple but extremely exact test shows how hard the steel *is*... and reveals how it will stand up under twisting, pulling or bending stresses.

Literally everything that goes into a Plymouth car must pass exacting tests. Such things as upholstery, rubber, the enamel that gives a Plymouth its lustrous finish...all have to go through "torture chambers" to prove themselves up to Plymouth's high quality standards.

The same earnest care is taken in every manufacturing step, in every department, at every point along the great half-mile-long assembly lines, to check and maintain the excellence of Plymouth workmanship.

All of which is giving Plymouth its famed ability to stand up and keep right on performing brilliantly, "running sweet," upholding its reputation for reliability and economy, year after year.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Ask for the New

Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.

1 Start with your unpaid balance.

2 *Then add insurance cost.

3 Then multiply by 6% — for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

NO OTHER CHARGES

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON *Screen and Theater*

WM. O. CHESSMAN *Art*
DENVER LINDLEY *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS *Photographs*
[illegible] *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

IOLA FREE LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Next Week

THERE'S a tradition about colleges—that they're quiet places where youth may study its books and play its games, secure from all disturbing contact with the outside world. That's the picture. But the outside world has a disconcerting way of trespassing on the campus. Take Morrison University for a fair example. As neat a little melodrama exploded there as ever shook the academic calm.

Bernard DeVoto, recording all its widespread repercussions in undergraduate and faculty life, presents a brilliant serial called "Life Begins so Soon."

IT DOES not require any profound study of the farm problem to reveal the fact that the farmer's troubles are symptoms of dislocation elsewhere. If there is an insufficient market for his products, it's clearly not his fault. Nor does it come from any lack of consumers in this country. There are plenty of potential consumers. Who, then, is "The Farmer's Enemy"? At Collier's request, Senator William E. Borah has expressed his view of the matter in a trenchant and memorable article. It will appear next week.

IF ONE is born a Pacific Coast female, what is she expected to be? The answer seems obvious: A big, outdoor woman. At least that is the way Mary Lou figured it out. But Mary Lou was small and pink and white and not at all fond of athletics. Even after she had given them up, though, she found she could still admire the big and the brawny in man. The trouble which that led to is told by Margaret Craven in "The Viking's Bride."

GENERAL BLAS ESPINA was genial and kindhearted. When he discovered, after the capture of Santa Cruz, that there were twelve thousand dollars in "Orphan Gold" at the company office he decided immediately to adopt it. This leads to a highly diverting short story by Gregorio Somers.

WHAT'S that cloud of sail roaring through the gray desolation of the North Atlantic? That, since you ask, is the Red Bonnet, outward bound from Liverpool. She's cracking on canvas, come hell or high water, because her young master wants to see a girl in New York. The "Record Passage" is described by Jacland Marmur in a superb sea story.

THE exciting pursuit of "Callingham's Girl" continues. In addition there will be stories and articles by George Creel, Katherine and Francis Drake, Edwin Muller, Ruth Moore Morriss, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

●

January 25, 1936

Cover by George de Zayas

NEWLIN B. WILDES
Side Show. The Cornelius Crocker Hair-splitting and Chowder Club falls in love. Page 7

WALTER DAVENPORT
Milk and Honey, Ltd., or Another Paradise Lost. William Aberhart of Alberta, the empty-handed Santa Claus. Page 10

KARL DETZER
Butter for Breakfast. Romance on rails. Page 12

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
Gunpowder Tea. To the China Station. Page 14

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Gobble-Rogue Run. The holiday of a hell-child. Page 16

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE and ETHEL PETTIT ROCHE
Callingham's Girl, Part VI. Kidnapped! Page 18

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Fisherman's Luck, by David M. Newell. Page 20

RUTH SEINFEL
Fit to Ski. The beautiful and cold. Page 21

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trail Smoke, Conclusion. The only possible conclusion, in fact. Page 22

HANNAH LEES
Sensitive Souls. One man's meat is another man's allergen. Page 25

KING CLANCY and DINK CARROLL
Anything Went. When there were giants on the ice. Page 28

GEORGE CREEL
The Retiring Senator. George Norris, threatening as usual. Page 32

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Tracking facts. Page 45

EDITORIAL
Rainbow Chasers. Page 70

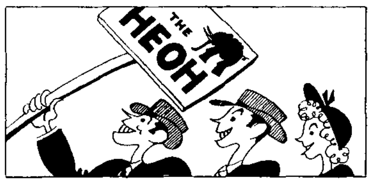
●

Any Week

SO MUCH has Mr. Bill McWetrey of Palo Alto, California, enjoyed Collier's that he feels he ought to do something nice for us. Therefore: "When you get so old that your feet aren't good for anything but filling a pair of carpet slippers you'll thank me as I thank you. There's an old guy in San Francisco who is going to adopt four young people between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. To become one of his adopted children will cost them a hundred dollars apiece. He figures to get a Townsend pension of two hundred dollars a month and for a hundred bucks each the four lucky ones he adopts can live on it with him. But they have to agree that if anything happens to the Townsend Plan they have to keep him. I'm just tipping you off to what sounds like a smart idea."

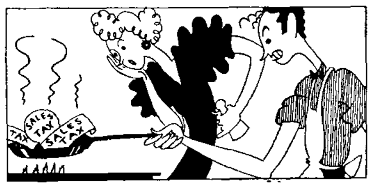
ALL of which would be spurned with considerable heat by Mr. L. H. Engle of Detroit, Michigan, who admits that he can't begin to tell us how "sick and tired I am of hearing people say that the government ought to do this for them and that for so-and-so and what-not for everybody else. Let's look around for one of these old-fashioned Americans who is willing to try to do something for himself, if there is such a person left. It seems to me that we ought to be able to find one or two left."

AND Mrs. George Lesk of Little Rock, Arkansas, is ready to join in any revolt you may have. "When I think of the taxes and increased food costs my husband and I have to pay to support certain people I know and others I see loafing on relief jobs, I am ready to join any movement that comes along provided it is led by someone with courage enough to stick to the idea that it's work or starve. My husband and I work hard for what little we have and there is no justice in compelling us to support professional bums."



WELL, Mr. Joseph B. Philbrick of Cleveland, Ohio, has organized a movement that ought to attract quite a number of followers. "I am a Republican but an alphabetical one," says he. "I am organizing the HEOH and propose to be heard at my party's national convention next summer. The HEOH is Had Enough of Hoover. Want to join? No assessments and no dues."

IN BOLIVAR, Missouri, a few days ago, Mr. R. H. Foster got one of that state's sales-tax tokens—a cardboard disc the size of a silver dollar. On the back of the disc a tax-weary citizen had printed, "Vote GOP and end this holdup." Mr. Foster sends it on to us with appropriate sentiments. But Mr. Gene Mercady of Seattle, Washington, who sends us one of this state's tokens on which a citizen has written, "You ain't seen nothing yet," is much more outspoken. Says he: "When we have paid off the veterans, pensioned off everybody over sixty, appropriated five billion dollars more to support the relief boys and built a few more dams and canals we'll be frying these sales tax tokens and eating them for our Sunday dinners."



MRS. ELIZABETH GRAFTON of Fayetteville, West Virginia, has read Collier's for years. Says so herself. Moreover, she's going to persist in it. That, she says, is the optimist in her. You see, we occasionally print things she doesn't like. "Sometimes," she writes, "something tells me you never heard of wastebaskets."

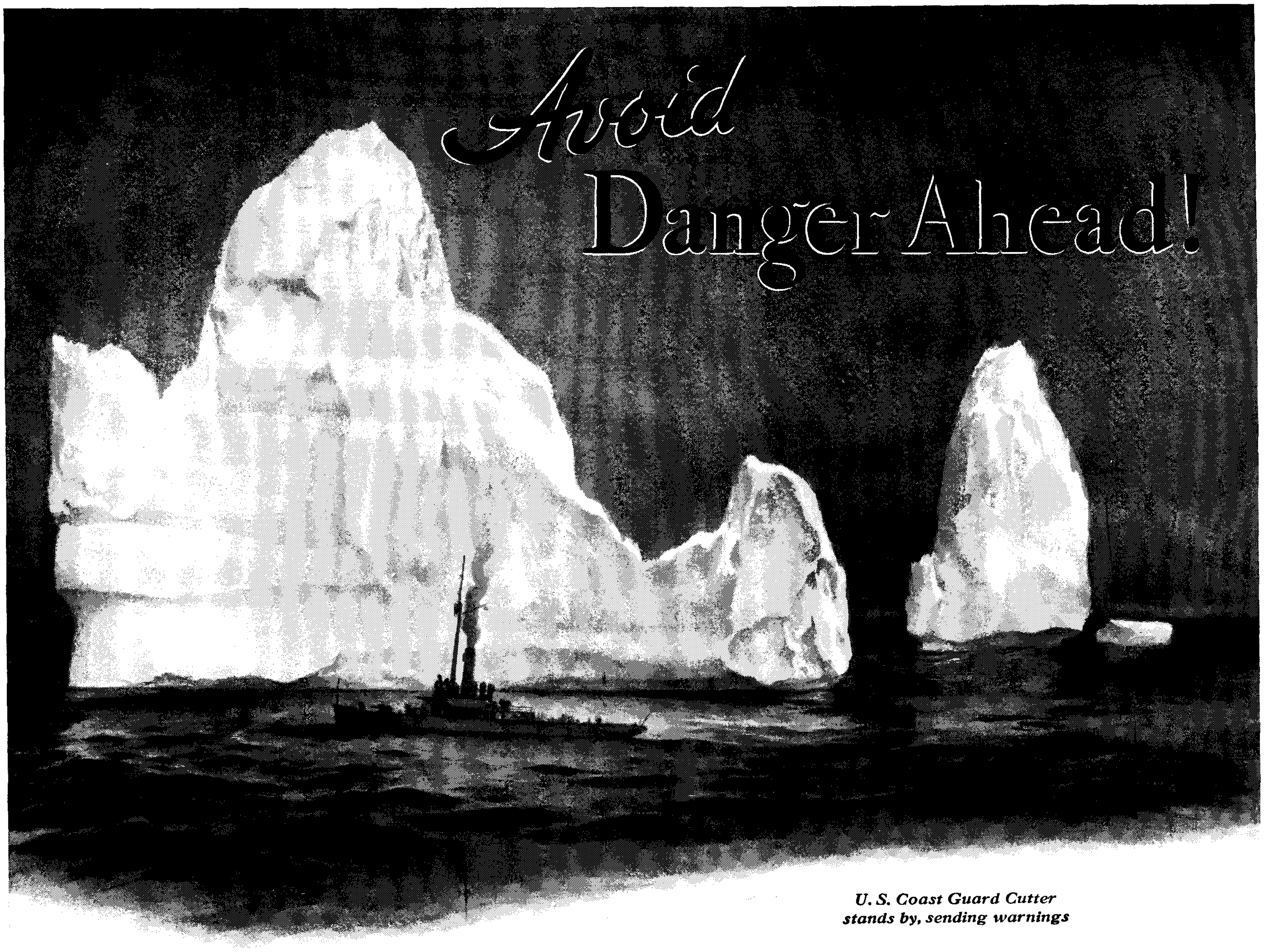
THAT'S the kind of letters we like. Mr. F. Leo Littig of Los Angeles, California, has the idea, too. Mr. Littig knows what he wants and isn't bashful. "We want a Chief Executive who will attend to business and keep his mouth shut," says Mr. Littig. "One that will do what he's told. We want the telling done by a majority vote of all the people. We want all the vicious laws foisted upon us since George Washington's time to be abolished. We want politics and politicians abolished."

BUT that part is supplied much better by Mrs. F. Gibbs of South Bend, Indiana. "What about having a board of eleven learned men examine every candidate for office before he actually appears before the people for election?" asks Mrs. Gibbs. "It would be an examination board which would find out whether the aspirant has any idea of what he is talking about. Maybe this is impractical but something ought to be done to elevate the standard of intelligence and general knowledge in our legislative bodies, including Congress."

WHO'LL examine the board?

Vol. 97. No. 4. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

Avoid Danger Ahead!



U. S. Coast Guard Cutter stands by, sending warnings

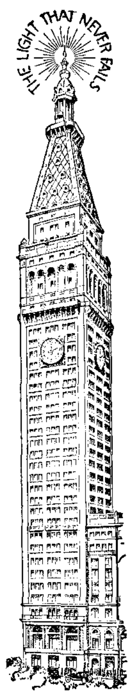
WARNED of icebergs ahead, the wise ship captain charts a course which avoids danger. Likewise, men and women with their doctor's advice should chart a course of living which will help to avoid some of the dangers to the heart. Children, as well as adults, need to have their physical condition charted. A child who is recovering from any infectious disease should be carefully examined to learn whether the heart has been damaged and needs special care. Prompt attention may prevent lasting heart injury.

A person may have a defective heart without realizing the fact. On the other hand, many people whose hearts are not impaired think they have heart disease. They mistake symptoms of other difficulties for indications of heart trouble.

Know your own heart. There need be little guesswork. In most cases your doctor can determine its condition. If advisable he or the specialist may suggest the fluoroscope and electro-cardiograph to find out whether or not your heart needs to have its load lightened to prevent a breakdown. Today many men and women whose hearts are far from perfect are able to lead useful, active lives because they know what their hearts can and cannot do.

If your heart is normal, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

A thorough physical examination, at least once a year, may be the direct means of adding many years to your life. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." You are welcome to your copy. And, above all, don't postpone the examination you ought to have. Address Booklet Department 236-C.

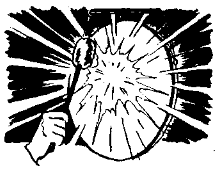

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1936 M. L. I. CO.



AMATEUR HOUR ON THE AIR! A girl who has hitch-hiked half way across the continent for this chance faces the microphone. Truly the wheel of fortune is spinning! Will it be a radio career? Or will a single stroke on that gong . . . to which her eyes constantly stray . . . bring her air-castles crashing to earth? One real-life drama follows another . . . as the amateurs seek fame and fortune on the programs of Major Bowes . . . of Ray Perkins . . . and of Fred Allen. Philco brings you every breathless moment . . . the full-throated notes of the hopeful baritone who sings with the confidence of Bing Crosby . . . the whispered words of encouragement to the would-be Kate Smith whose courage ebbs on the threshold of opportunity. Just as Philco reproduces every soul-stirring passage in a Sunday afternoon program of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony . . . or the trills of Jessica Dragonette . . . with a fidelity that lends naturalness and brilliance to every voice . . . that identifies and distinguishes the many and varied musical instruments!

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. It is a Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. It's *built-in* . . . not an accessory . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!*

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Philcos are available on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 TO $600

THE NEW PHILCO 116X

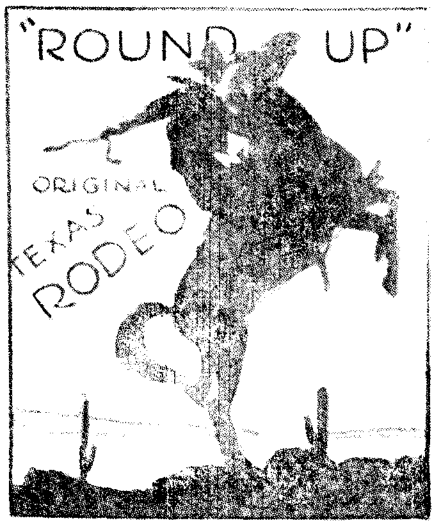
A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. Complete with exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System $180

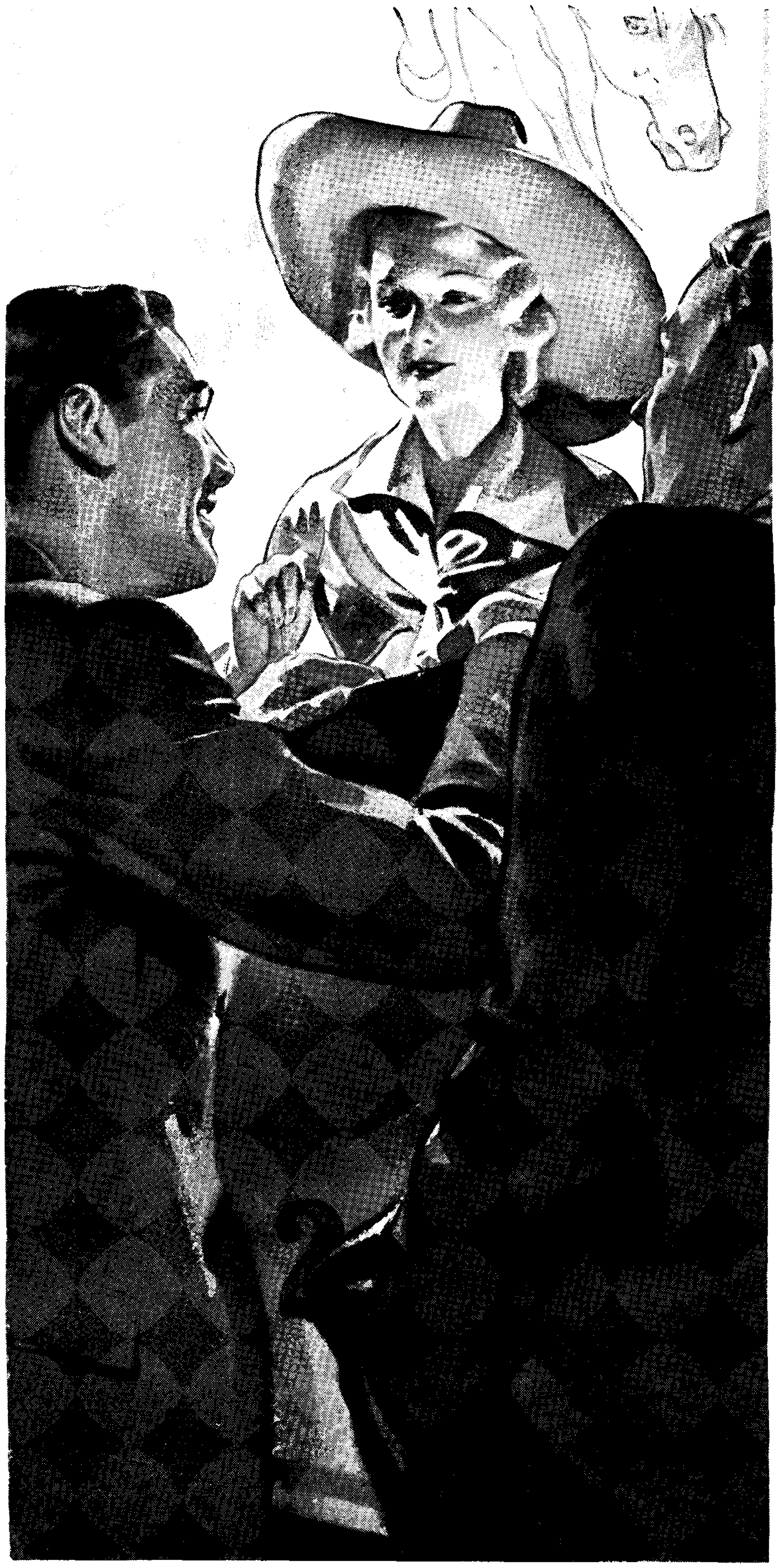
Collier's   The National Weekly for January 25, 1936

Side Show

Just about the most fascinating love story that ever came out of Boston: The story of Bender Martin, and the girl he was engaged to—and then the girl who came from the [illegible]

By Newlin B. Wildes




The Skipper said, "We could bark for you. We're very good barkers"

TH
ORIGINAL
RODEO

BENDER MARTIN—Arthur Tileston Martin, Third, if your reading includes the Social Register—was born on the water side of Beacon Street, the only side recognized by true Bostonians, and was, from birth, completely covered by a nice, warm and slightly suffocating blanket of traditions. Traditions which went back to Revolutionary days, to knee pants and ruffled collars, and which were all bound up in social position, training and just who was it married your great-aunt Emma.

They were kept carefully brushed and dusted and aired, these traditions, by the Bender's mother, who was busy through life with symphony concerts and garden clubs, and quite willing to admit, when cornered, that life of a sort doubtless did go on in places other than the Back Bay, but not in the least bit interested in it.

The Bender's father, Martin the Second, a kindly and rather preoccupied gentleman, played a conservative game of billiards at his club and spent the summers puttering about in small boats, a floppy white canvas hat over his rapidly graying hair. He was intensely proud of having a son, but not quite sure what he should do about it. Hence he did very little, beyond reminding his offspring that he was a Martin and should conduct himself accordingly.

Little Arthur was incubated under the sign of the Sacred Cod and the Baked Bean, and his first audible "A" was so broad that it had difficulty pushing its way through the typical Martin mouth. As time went on and he was at last able to walk without parental guidance, he was escorted carefully to the correct dancing school, where he practiced a discreet one-step-two-step glide with little girls who had heard vague mention of towns beyond Boston, but who shuddered dutifully at the thought. Still later, he was entered in the preparatory school where his father and his grandfather had gone, and after that, of course, in the college from which a great-grandfather had been suspended for racing a trotting horse on the Mall of a Sabbath.

There was, in the Martin drawing-room, a painting of this ancestor, with little lines making his mouth and eyes smile, as if he had been around in his day and had fun and knew what made the clock tick. But the present Martins did not approve of him at all, and watched carefully to be sure that none of his characteristics cropped out in Arthur the Third.

ALL of which should have meant that young Martin was a conceited little stuffed shirt, but which, possibly because of the horse-racing ancestor, didn't mean that at all. It meant, finally, that he was a tow-headed giant, door-size up and down and across the shoulders, with hands like a kid's wheelbarrow, blue eyes and a grin that wouldn't come off. Not even when an opposing tackle took him out of a play cold, and left him with foreign cleat marks on his face. Which didn't happen often, as Arthur usually took care of the spilling himself, and so satisfactorily that he was made captain his senior year. This was noteworthy primarily because there were only two other voters who came from his side of the tracks, the rest of the team being made up of mugs like myself from the West or from mill towns, with about as much background as the rear seat of an open trolley.

He had, previous to that, picked up the nickname "Bender," which I gave him because of the quaint habit he had of pushing the opposing team's line into its own backfield. I appreciated this trait of the Bender, because I was in college to make long runs and touchdowns, and he was of considerable help. Not, of course, that I was being paid to play football. The idea! I was paid to close a transom in a prominent graduate's office, once a month, and the graduate seemed satisfied with my work. At least he kept me on for four years, at which time I snared a diploma, along with the Bender, and got myself a job in the advertising struggle.

The Bender went on to law school because he was an obedient son, and because the Martins always had gone to law school.

Early in his second year of law school the Bender practically swamped the parental cup of joy by getting himself engaged to Mary Harwell, who had been aridly presented to society a year or two previously, and who also lived on the water side of Beacon Street. The Martins definitely approved of Mary, and the Harwells definitely approved of Arthur, both families having even gone so far as to mention this preference to their offsprings at various times and places. Which was a big mistake, but not, I believe, at all unusual among eager parents.

AT THAT, though, they weren't giving such a bum steer, because Mary, even to my crude western mind, was all right. She wasn't a pretty girl, Mary, but she was attractive in spite of too many tweedy, flat-heeled ensembles. She was put together nicely, and if a corps of beauty specialists had been turned loose on her, they might very well have brought out a number of good points, including brown eyes that were deep and friendly and hair that had a sheen and a gleam which couldn't be hidden by the way she fixed it.

She was a big girl and a little awkward and very shy, but she was a good egg and a good sport, and spent a lot of her time taking care of a bunch of settlement kids. She and the Bender were going to be married when he graduated from law school.

And then, one evening, we had a meeting of the Cornelius Crocker Hair Splitting and Chowder Club, which was an organization devoted to having dinner together, and consisted of the Bender, who was president, Skipper Sears, a guy named Obrien, who had been a guard on the Bender's team, and myself. After the meeting, we climbed into the Bender's car, and the Skipper said: "I'll tell you what. Let's go down to the beach and ride on the roller coaster. They've got a new one that practically turns over, and you sit in the front seat and swallow your stomach."

"That will be fun," Obrien said. "Maybe you'll fall out. Has anyone any money?" And it developed that I did and that was that.

THE roller coaster was good for five rides, after which the Bender won some cigars throwing baseballs, and we strolled down the boardwalk. I was walking ahead with the Bender and we were just abreast of a brilliantly lighted side show, when he stopped suddenly and stared at something. I followed his glance, and there, sitting up in the high booth selling tickets, was a girl.

Not just *a* girl. *The* girl. The kind that's always just around the corner. The kind that, some day, you're going to meet. Maybe you know. She had hair that was spun gold and burnished and caught the bright lights, holding just enough of the glow. Blue eyes, sky blue, steady and clear, with long, curved lashes over soft, ivory cheeks, and a mouth that wanted to smile and had even, white teeth, very white against her red lips. A small girl, very crisp, very dainty.

The Bender just stood there and looked, and I looked too, until her eyes crinkled at the corners and there was a dimple or two and she said, "The best show in the beach, boys. Thrilling, dangerous, breath-taking. And only a quarter," making it sound better than a command performance of Bernhardt, Duse and all the Barrymores.

The Bender put out his hand and I gave him all the change I had and he found another dollar bill and laid the pile on the booth in front of her, not saying a word. She laughed out loud, then, and it was a bubbling laugh, gay and joyous, as if we were all friends together and having a good time. "But there are only four of you," she said, "and that would be just a dollar," and the Bender grinned. "Maybe you're right," he said. "I never was much good at math anyway."

The girl gave us four tickets and the Bender put them in his pocket and stood there. "Well," she said finally, puzzled and maybe just a trifle annoyed because it was probably an old story to her, having men hang around the booth, "aren't you going in?" And the Bender shook his head. "I'd rather stay out here, personally. If you don't mind." And the Skipper said, "We could bark for you. We're very good barkers, all of us. We've been barking for years, here and there."

"Sure," I added my bit, "you just sit up there and save your voice and we'll pack the place."

The girl considered that, and us, very gravely. Then she laughed again and spread her hands in surrender. "All right," she said, "I don't think there's any law. You bark, and see that you do a good job of it."

"What's the show about?" the Bender asked. She made a little grimace and said, "You don't believe in signs, do you?" because the place was plastered with them. "It's a bucking horse show—a rodeo."

I don't think the barkers' union would have taken us in, but we made a lot of noise and the crowd actually bought tickets until it was a sellout.

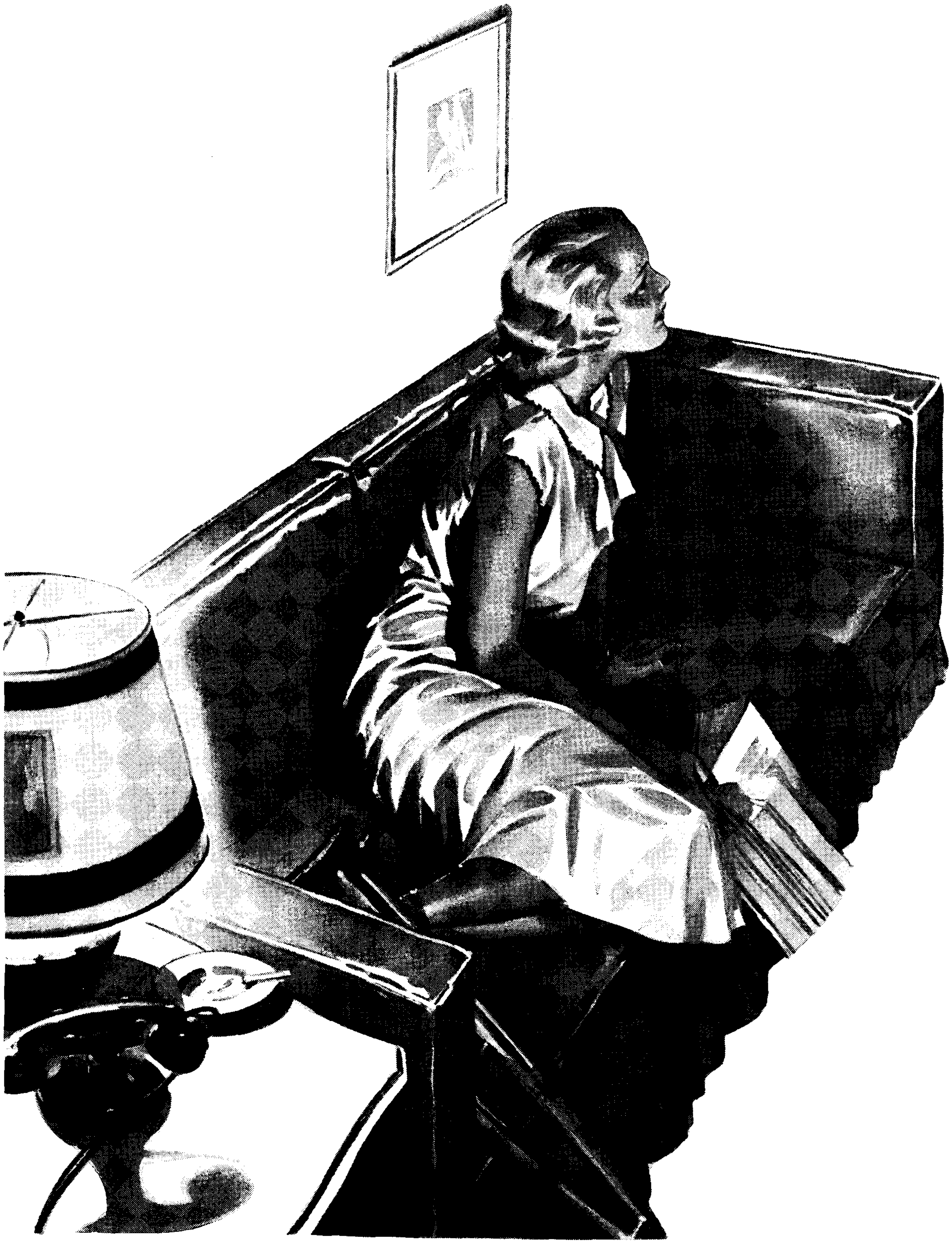
AFTER it was over, the girl counted up the money and said, finally, "You boys have made me twenty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, including three Canadian quarters. And I thank you."

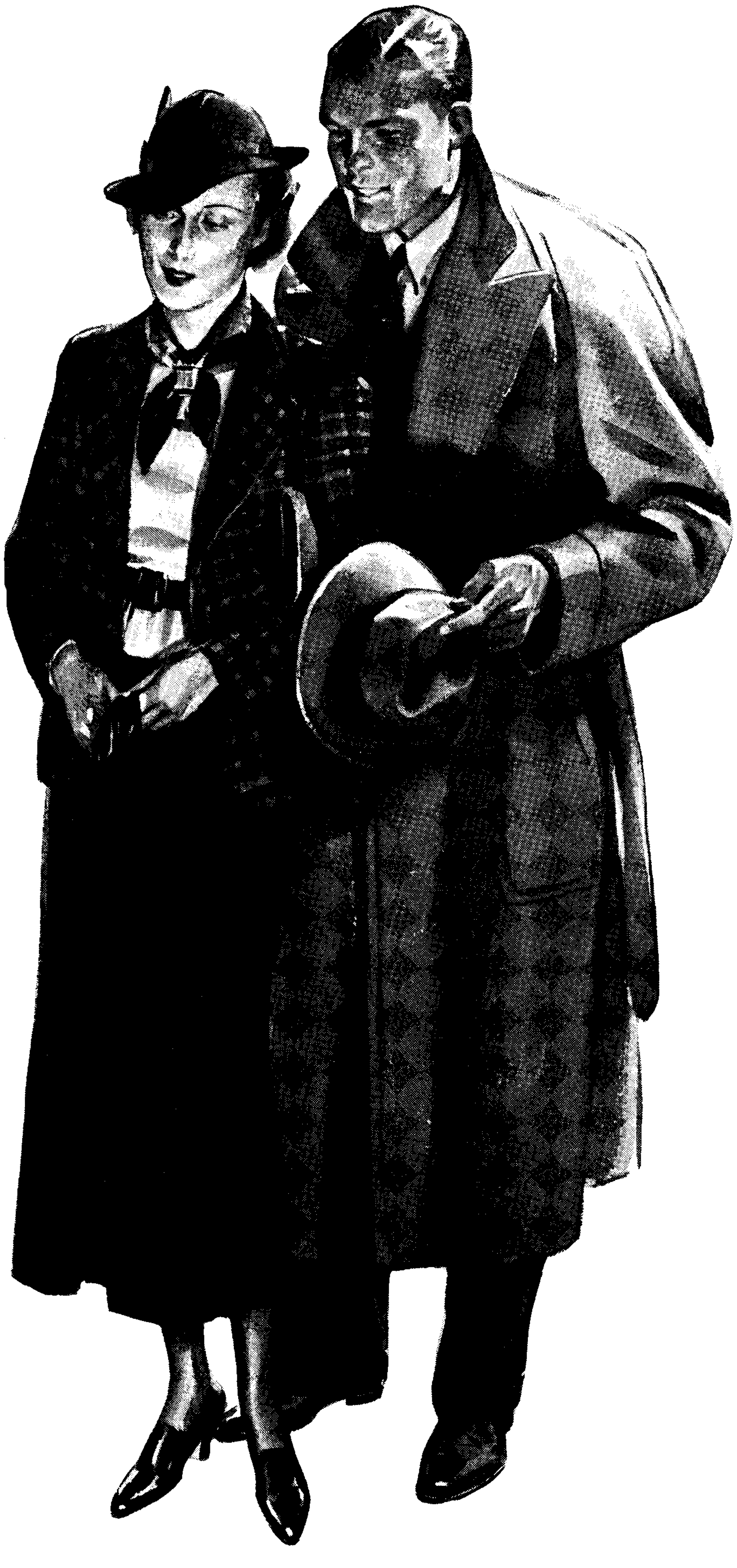
She smiled at the Bender, and he said, "Swell," mopping his forehead, "let's all go somewhere and celebrate. I'll tell you," he turned to the rest of us, "I think we ought to take—what is your name, anyway?"

"It's Virginia," she said, "Ginny Dusquene," and the Bender told her our names, ending with me. "That's Bill Springer," he said. "Just pretend you don't notice him," and that got me a smile for myself.

"As I was saying," the Bender went on, "I think we ought to initiate you into the Cornelius Crocker Hair Splitting and Chowder Club," and she didn't understand, as who would. "It's a club," the Bender explained, "very exclusive. Just us. And you, if you want."

"I think I do want," she decided, and then, suddenly, the smile and sparkle drained from her face and from her voice. "I'd like it," she said, "but you wouldn't. Not for long."





"You must promise to stay away and, more than that, never to let the Bender know." We promised

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"Why not?" The Bender was puzzled, and the rest of us stared at her, not understanding either. She hesitated. Then, "Tell the men back there to close up when the show's over, and put out the lights," and we did, but she still sat up in the high booth.

"Come on," I offered her a hand, but she didn't move. "You," she said to the Bender, "will you lift me down?" And he did, her red dress belted slender at the waist. He held her in his arms for just a second, turning then to put her down, and she said, almost pitifully, "Don't. Hold me please."

And then we saw. Saw, and it made your breath pull in sharp and quick, that her feet, tiny and trim in their high-heeled shoes, dangled limp and loose, helpless, from her slim ankles. And we stood there, staring stupidly, all of us, tight-throated and speechless, until she said, "You see," very simply, "I—I can't walk. So that it wouldn't be much fun for you. You don't," she added as if everything were over, "have to take me home. I get along very nicely." And in the back of the booth there were crutches. Crutches for her.

The Bender cleared his throat and his voice tried not to be husky. "Oh," he said, "I broke an ankle freshman year, and was on sticks for months. What's the difference?" And he carried her up the street to the car, the rest of us following along, I with the crutches under my arm, and none of us saying anything.

We went to a little place and had beer and sandwiches and worked at being light and amusing without succeeding very well, until someone in another booth put a nickel in the automatic piano, and Ginny did a dance with her fingers on the tablecloth, crossing them and making them walk up and down like small people.

THAT was funny until the music stopped and there was another silence, which the Bender broke. "Isn't a beach amusement park sort of a strange place to be putting on a wild-west show?" And Ginny said, "Yes, it is. But when you're down to two horses and two men, there aren't many places you can show. We put on as many performances as we can get crowds for, and do pretty well."

I wanted to ask her how she happened to be selling tickets in a place like that, and tried to lead up to it with "Who owns the show?" And she seemed surprised. "Why, I do," she said. "I own it and run it."

"You do?" The Bender's eyes flashed to her face. "What do you mean? Not by yourself?" She nodded. "All by myself. For over a year now."

"But good Lord," the Bender couldn't believe her, "you're just a kid. I mean—"

"I'm twenty," she said, as if that made her very old and very experienced," and I've been in show business for ten years. It was my father's, he started it, and," proudly, "once we had twenty horses, the best outlaws in the business, and steers for bulldogging, and fifteen cowboys. We showed in a big tent, two- and three-night stands, and it was fun, really, with big crowds and an advance man to get the posters up and our pictures in the paper. Then," she went on quietly, "the competition from bigger shows and the circuses cut in, until when my father died two winters ago, there wasn't much left but what you saw. And a big van that we travel in."

She stopped and smiled, a little uncertainly, and nobody said anything for a minute, wondering, I guess, if she would go on and explain what was on all our minds, on mine anyway, afraid that she would. But she didn't and after a while Obrien said awkwardly, "Gee, I think that's pretty good, your doing everything by yourself." And she laughed. "But I like it. Much better than being in an office." And changed the subject.

We took her home pretty soon, because, for me anyway, there wasn't much heart in an evening when your mind kept going back to a pair of feet that should have been dancing on a floor, instead of just fingers on the tablecloth. And a face that should have been happy and gay instead of just trying to be.

She lived in one of those beach boarding houses, a bright, unshaded light glaring in the hallway, a sagging car parked at the side, and the Bender carried her up the steps. I brought the crutches and put them under her arms.

"Good night," he said, and she smiled up at him. "Thank you," she said, "all of you. It was fun. And goodby."

But he waited. "Could I," he asked hesitantly, "could I come out and see you again? Tomorrow perhaps?" Her eyes went up to his, pathetically eager, wanting to believe him, not quite daring. "If you want to. If you really want to."

And he said, "Tomorrow, then," quietly. "Goodnight." And he left her and went back to the car.

NOBODY said anything until we had gone miles and then Obrien swore. "That's a hell of a thing," he said, "a girl like that all crippled up." The Bender didn't turn his head, and his voice was very low, almost for himself alone. "But it doesn't make any difference," and that was all. While I sat there beside him and thought about a lot of things, about Mary Harwell, and that I'd never seen him look at her as he had at little Ginny Dusquene. And worried, because the Bender had a straight road ahead of him, all plotted out, and detours are rough—and break things.

I was away and didn't see him for more than a month. Then, one afternoon, he phoned me.

"Could we have dinner tonight?" he said; and I said, "Sure. Why not?" and met him at his rooms at six.

"Where'll we eat?" I asked, pouring myself a drink. He didn't say anything for a minute, and then he turned to me. "Listen, Bill, you probably don't know it, but I've been seeing Ginny almost every day. I have. I'd spend every minute with her if I could. If she'd let me." He paused, looking at me almost defiantly. "You don't think I ought to see her, do you?"

"Well," I said carefully, plopping ice into my glass, "since you ask me, I don't. I'm no holier-than-thou, as you know, and what you do is your own business. But you happen to be engaged to a darn' nice girl who would be most awfully hurt if someone should tell her. I don't suppose," I added, "that you've told Mary yourself, have you?"

"No," he said, "I haven't. She's been away, in Chicago and in Maine, and—and anyway, I wanted to wait until I was sure."

"Sure?" I said, startled. "Sure about what?"

"Sure," he said, "that I love Ginny and that she loves me."

I looked at him, amazed. "But good Lord, Bender," I said, "you can't be serious about this kid. You can't be. Even if—if everything else were all right, she—she's a cripple," and wished that I hadn't said it.

But it didn't bother him. "Yes," he nodded, "she is. But that can be fixed. You see, five years ago she was thrown from a horse—thrown up against the boards in the ring, and it hurt her back—paralyzed the nerves so that she can't—can't walk. But there's an operation that could—that probably could—make everything all right. I know. I've asked."

This, I thought, has gone a long way. "Why hasn't it been done before?" I asked, knowing why, and he said simply: "Money. They've never had the money, and it would cost thousands. There are

(Continued on page 58)

Milk and Honey, Ltd. *or Another Paradise Lost*

By Walter Davenport

Twenty-five dollars (or more) a month for every man, woman and child in the Province of Alberta. That was William Aberhart's preëlection pledge. Now he's Premier and ten thousand unmusical voices are inquiring, "Where's my dough?" Unfortunately, Mr. Aberhart has no dough. Neither has Alberta. Loans on the province's natural resources? The bankers, thank you kindly, aren't making any. Here's a lovely theory strayed into the realm of practice—Social Credit in action

MR. WILLIAM ABERHART, who can be serenely gracious up to a certain point, suddenly arrived at that point. Thereafter, he made no effort to cloak his suspicion that we knew nothing about the science of money. And we weren't offended. For years we had known what Mr. Aberhart was just discovering. However, he had just met us and you shall have evidence before we have finished here that Mr Aberhart had a number of much more important things on his mind. With more to come.

He is, as perhaps you know, the new Premier of Alberta, Canada. There have been moments when he could be forgiven for wishing that he weren't. His political position is very much like that of a governor of one of the United States except that he is not elected by the direct votes of his people. Rather he acquires his post as the leader of his party—in this case the Social Credit Party—which was voted into power by a poverty-stricken electorate which is still wondering what Social Credit means.

It is highly likely that they are never going to find out. Yet Mr. Aberhart is an extremely important gentleman. He's even better than that—he's interesting. In these days of vaudeville economics and camp-meeting sociology it has been given to Mr. Aberhart to demonstrate the something-for-nothing theory. He is the first prophet of any of the endless chain of non-Marxian share-the-wealth ballyhoos to have been taken at his word by a people and told to go to it—and make it snappy, or else. So Mr. Aberhart and Alberta richly deserve your attention.

Mr. Aberhart's party was voted into power because he, its spokesman, had promised to pay every adult citizen of Alberta—rich and poor, employed and unemployed, about 400,000 in all—a minimum of twenty-five dollars a month. Had he said twenty-five cents Mr. Aberhart would be very much better off today. The outlook is such that Mr. Aberhart may be compelled to wish that he had said nothing at all and stayed home in Alberta, where he was reasonably happy. Mr. Aberhart's principal trouble is that, being no great shakes as a politician, he is still sincere and is trying to do what he said he would.

But he went much farther than that. He also promised that minors, too, would enjoy the bliss their elders would know. When a child shall have reached the age of sixteen, Mr. Aberhart would pay him five dollars a month. After that, youth would be rewarded on a sharply ascending scale. At seventeen and eighteen the youngster would receive ten dollars a month. When nineteen years old he would get fifteen dollars. And when he is twenty his bonus would be twenty dollars. And no questions asked. The only hardship attached to these beneficences would be that everybody would have to spend as fast as they received. No hoarding would be tolerated.

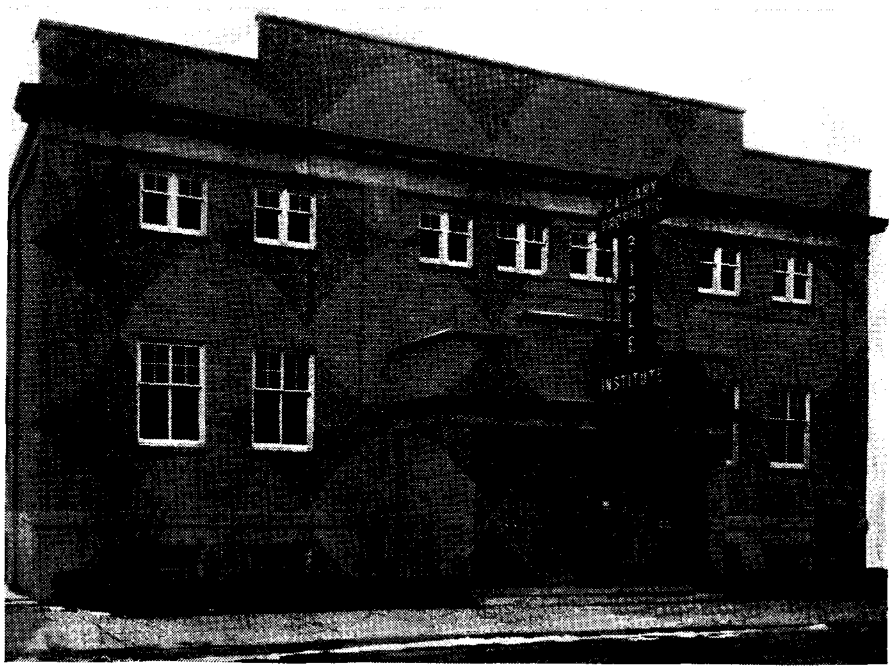
Now all we asked Mr. Aberhart, thereby bringing him abruptly to the end of his stock of patience, was where he was going to find the money and just how he proposed to accomplish his undeniably popular project. And as we weren't offended by his undisguised scorn for our lack of mental agility, neither were we lonely. After wandering up and down Alberta a while discussing Social Credit (which we were having some trouble in assimilating) with numerous citizens of Medicine Hat, Calgary and Edmonton, we came by the comforting knowledge that approximately 99.9 per cent of the populace was down with us at the foot of Mr. Aberhart's class. Indeed, there came moments when we were compelled to wonder whether Mr. Aberhart himself wasn't somewhat doubtful. After talking with him for a while the wholly unworthy thought popped into our head that there might be times when Mr. Aberhart could wish that the voters had been just a bit less enthusiastic in taking him at his word. At any rate, before we left Alberta we were considerably more content with our own lot, glad enough, anyway, that we were not occupying Mr. Aberhart's large blunt boots.

Some Embarrassing Questions

Maybe it's because we had talked to too many of his neighbors before we got to the premier's office. Possibly a mass of melancholy facts barred our path to understanding. For example, there was the unrouged stenographer in Parliament Building. It would be just as well to know that there will be no cosmetics in the Aberhart government if he can help it. And no smoking nor tippling either. At any rate, she was a trifle pallid—and maybe for a variety of reasons. She merely wanted us to find out, if we could, when she and her sister stenographers were going to be paid.

And then there were the several Albertans who, among thousands, had invested their money in Provincial Savings Certificates—something like our American Postal Savings. They wanted me to ask Mr. Aberhart when, if ever, they might expect to get their money. In fine patriotic innocence they had invested their savings at three per cent in the provincial treasury. And suddenly they found that the government didn't have their money. Of course, Mr. Aberhart, having succeeded to the premiership of a witheringly mismanaged province, had nothing to do with this dismal state of affairs. But the fact remained that the treasury was as innocent of funds as a Monday morning sailor. Yet Mr. Aberhart was pledged to pay to the adults of Alberta ten million dollars a month, to say nothing of the youngsters. A nasty predicament, we thought.

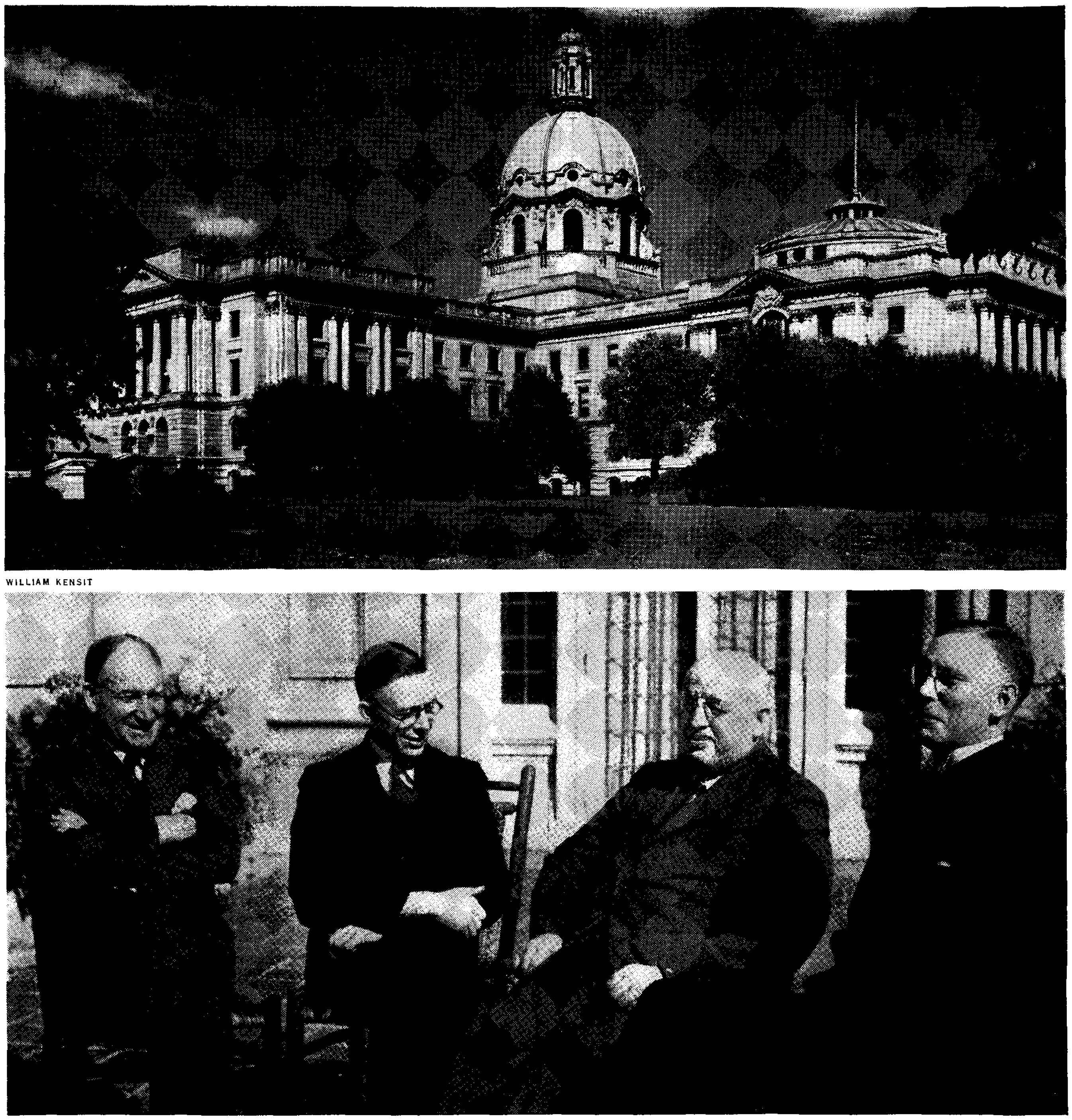
To make the background against which Mr. Aberhart appears the more complete, there is Alberta's debt, which must somehow be liquidated. The province owes the world something like $162,000,000. It is pledged by law to pay the farm



W. J. OLIVER

KEYSTONE

Above, the shrine from which sprang Canada's prophet of a New Day, William Aberhart, Social Credit Premier of Alberta, shown below with our own Father Coughlin



WILLIAM KENSIT

WILLIAM KENSIT

Above, Alberta's Parliament buildings, headquarters of the social experiment by which Premier Aberhart and his staff, shown below, promise to make the province a debtless paradise

coöperatives a subsidy of more than $9,000,000. Within five years local banks expect the province to take up about $25,000,000 worth of bonds and at this moment they are dunning Mr. Aberhart for $5,200,000, the amount due now.

So all we asked, stupidly enough, was how he, Mr. Aberhart, proposed to get away with it.

Picture of a Prophet

He was sitting at his desk at a completely relaxed loll. When Mr. Aberhart sits down there is no nonsense about it. He gives himself with whole-hearted entirety to the chair and the rest is up to the chair. He is large, heavy and slumberous. Physically, Mr. Aberhart is not one of those gentlemen you proceed at once to forget. A prophet with fires out—or maybe they've merely been banked. He is fifty-eight years old. He has a vast, colorless face. His pallor seems to extend far below the surface. He has some white hair on the sides of his bomb of a head but the whole is so pale and pigmentless that you don't notice it. As he spoke to us his tired, neutral, close-set eyes closed tightly as though he'd like to shut out the world—and in particular the sight of those who couldn't believe. But most of all you remember his mouth—a narrow, left-slanted mouth with soft, extra-heavy, bloodless lips which don't quite meet and through which he breathes wetly. Huge, waxen, hairless, weary; you wondered whether he'd bleed if stabbed.

He lifted his arms with heavy deliberateness and slowly, precisely joined the flat tips of his white fingers, spread wide apart, making a tent of his hands. He was deliberating—ponderously. Then his eyes opened to the narrowest of slits behind his black-rim pinch-nose glasses and out of his puffy mouth there came the sound of humming. We tried to identify it but couldn't be sure. Maybe it was the Doxology. We tried to name it but became confused when we caught a suggestion of O God, Our Help in Ages Past. At any rate it was clearly devotional and probably familiar enough to Mr. Aberhart. He is the superintendent of the Prophetic Bible Institute at Calgary, an independent, fundamentalist institution he founded years ago to compensate for his unfulfilled ambition to be a conventionally ordained clergyman. In person and via radio he leads a Sunday school class of five thousand inhabitants of the prairie provinces.

Thus he sat motionless and nerveless for seconds while he finished his breathy humming, contemplating us through the slits in his fringeless eyelids. Then suddenly he thrust his tented hands toward us and spoke in a sepulchral bass freighted with reproof and even pain.

"You are tradition-minded like all the rest," he intoned. "What is the tradition mind? The tradition mind fears the new, refuses to admit of anything that personal experience hasn't taught. It stands for convention only. It is the enemy, the narcotic, yea, the poison that kills progress."

Then, almost sing-song, like a man who had tired of the subject, he explained:

"Money! Currency! Cash! What are they? Where will all the money, money, money, come from? My dear neighbor, these dividends are not to be paid out in money. Credit, credit, credit. Have you heard of it? Well, these dividends will be in the form of credit. Here, take this manual I have written. Read it. These dividends will be credit certificates much as banks issue loans. Say you're an Albertan. You would be given a dividend book and a book of blank, non-negotiable certificates. Am I going too fast?

Credit, the Catalyst

"So. Each month you would be required to take this dividend book to the State Credit House which we shall establish within the next eighteen months or perhaps two years. In it you will receive a credit entry of twenty-five dollars. If you are employed, earn wages, your wages too will be entered on the credit side. There are details to be worked out, ironed out. I am giving you the fundamentals. Wages, too, should be paid in credit, you see.

"You follow me? Anyway, you now desire to make purchases of goods or services. You will merely fill out a blank non-negotiable certificate for the amount of the purchase of goods or services and sign it. You give it to the person with whom you have made the transaction and he takes it to the Credit House and receives credit for so much of your credit, transferred to him. Am I clear? We shall issue no new money—no new currency."

Perhaps we still looked a bit blank. At any rate Mr. Aberhart paused briefly. After regarding us closely for a time he continued, regardless:

"I understand. I understand. And I hope to make you understand. You wonder where all this credit will come from, what it will be based on. Very well. This credit will be a charge against the natural resources of Alberta. Does this answer your doubt? Are not government bonds based on the resources of the nation? We are accused of wanting to abolish money. What nonsense! We seek merely to spread wealth by converting currency into credit and distributing credit. Do you follow me? You're trying? Well, that's better than most.

Never Mind the Budget

"Let us proceed, then. We shall demand that all of this credit dividend and all salaries, wages and incomes from whatever source must be expended by the end of the year in which they are received—month by month, in fact. See here, my friend. We regard the province as a great, rich corporation which should, if properly managed, pay dividends. Do you own stock or shares in a privately controlled corporation? Do you receive dividends? Ah, that is the understanding answer. You do here and you don't there. But you should everywhere. Good management here produces dividends. Bad management and worse makes yonder corporation unable to pay dividends. Well, sir, every citizen is a stockholder in his government and it should pay dividends. Every citizen? Yes, every citizen. Of course, there must be coöperation by the stockholder. Agreed?

"So far so good. Every recipient of credit dividends, salaries, wages and other incomes shall then start clean every year. But to encourage individual enterprise and to enable men to provide adequately for the future of themselves and their loved ones, surplus credit may be issued from time to time to them and with it they will be permitted to purchase government bonds—the province's bonds. Good?"

Apparently Mr. Aberhart thought that this would be enough for the moment. He relaxed again, tented his hands, closed his eyes and once more the sound of humming issued from his lips. We took advantage of all this to ask about the province's huge debt. Wouldn't it be necessary to liquidate that debt and balance the provincial budget before—

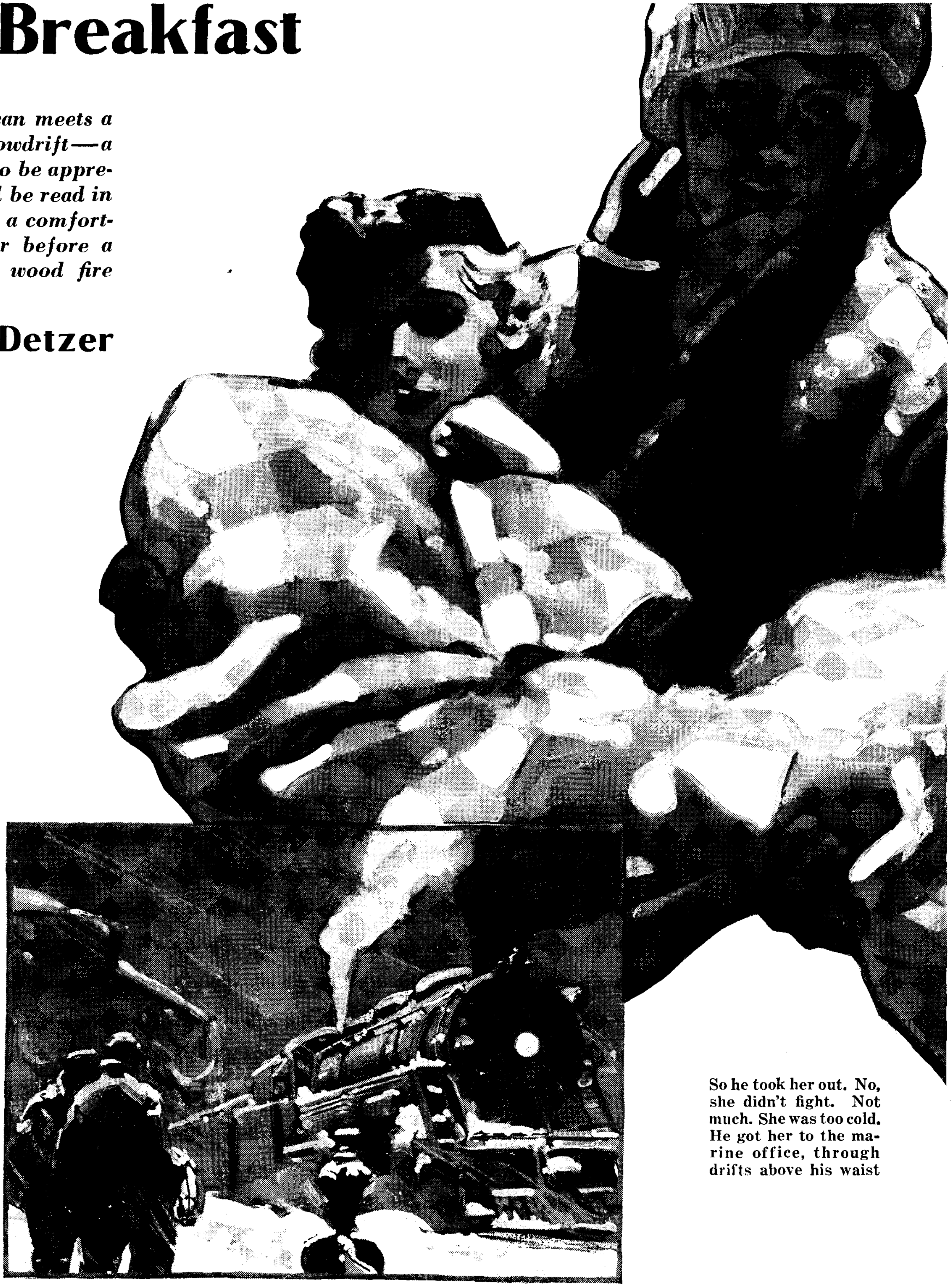
"Of course," said he. "But be the budget balanced or unbalanced, we shall go ahead with Social Credit. Such is my pledge. To get freed from public debt we must transfer as soon as possible the foreign debt into a domestic one. Follow? Then, you see, all payments toward this liquidation of the public debt will constantly circulate within Alberta. Debt is unnecessary, my friend. Individuals may be freed from private debt through this issuance of monthly credit dividends and a guaranteed commission on all commercial turnover. That would give all producers and distributors an income.

(Continued on page 54)

Butter for Breakfast

Charley Duncan meets a girl in a snowdrift—a story which, to be appreciated, should be read in the depths of a comfortable armchair before a nice, roaring wood fire

By Karl Detzer



So he took her out. No, she didn't fight. Not much. She was too cold. He got her to the marine office, through drifts above his waist

WHENEVER young Charley Duncan took hold of anything, all creation and a hundred yard engines couldn't yank him loose.

That's not a bad trait for a railroader, or a seagoing man, either, and as it happens, Charley used to be both. Yes, sir, both at the same time. It was this way:

Charley's old man was general traffic manager of the Western Lakes Short Line. Red Ball Duncan, he was called, because he was always putting the heat on for speed and more speed, and he'd have liked nothing better than to make every car we handled a red-ball preferred. What's that? Never heard of the Short Line? Well, that proves you haven't done much carload shipping out of Wisconsin.

Listen, mister. It's a mighty important line, even to you, right here in New York, for if you had fresh butter on your toast this morning, or a brace of fresh eggs with your bacon, there's an even chance the Short Line handled 'em for you.

That's their specialty. Butter and eggs. And cheese, and canned milk, and apples in the fall of the year. Perishables, you understand. Up in Wisconsin right now, some hen's laying an egg . . . a thousand miles from here . . . and day after tomorrow that same egg will roll into New York, fresh for somebody's breakfast.

YOU can thank the Short Line for it. It yanks trains across the lake from the Wisconsin shore to Mackiport, there in the state of Michigan, then kitty-corner down that state and under Detroit River, hell-tearing through Canada, over Niagara suspension bridge, and then into the big burg, all in thirty-six hours.

Charley Duncan was clerk in Mackiport yard. Yeh, yard clerk was his title. Of course, there was a yardmaster over him. Joe Bristol was his name, but Joe never had a word to say. He let Charley run the job, and did Charley run it!

Not just because he was Red Ball Duncan's boy; in spite of it. If your old man happens to be a big shot on a railroad, you've got to work twice as hard to make good. The boomers and the rest of the boys see to that. They put things in your way.

That's what they did to Charley at first, but they soon got over it. He hadn't been in Mackiport a month before the word got around; Charley Duncan was a railroader. No two ways about it.

He figured a thing out till he knew he was right, then went ahead. And on a railroad or a ship it's the baby who knows how and does it that runs the works, no matter if he's got gold braid from his cuff to his neck, or is just a billing clerk.

Charley learned first of all what freight was really preferred, and why. We didn't handle silk or gold ingots on our line. Nothing romantic. Just butter and eggs and cheese . . . but, mister, it's butter and eggs and cheese that pile up profits in the long run. Deliver 'em fresh, with no delays, and you've got a railroad that even the receivers have to admit is good.

So Charley put 'em down the line. He made up his trains so neat and booted them out of the yard so fast that no shipper in the whole state of Wisconsin had a rightful kick coming. Of course, they did kick, being shippers, and not knowing what it's all about. They weren't so much interested in New York's breakfast as in hitting the market at its peak. So they cussed us out when anything happened to cause delay, and sometimes Charley cussed them, too, like any railroader.

When the thermometer was sitting on its bottom and the carboats rolled loggy with ice and the snow packed six feet deep into every cut from Mackiport to Detroit, you couldn't always hold your schedules, and sometimes the trains didn't make the run in thirty-six hours. Sometimes it took forty. Or fifty.

THEN the shippers would holler to our traffic agent in Wisconsin and he'd grab his pencil and begin to fire radiograms across the lake, wanting to know this and that and what the hell. Buck Sterling, night wireless man and telegraph operator at the marine office, would pull his typewriter around and drop a pair of yellow blanks and a carbon in it, and would bang off the messages as they squealed out of the receiver and hand them to Charley.

"Here's another complaint," he'd say. "Read it and weep."

But Charley didn't weep. He would stand there, backed up to the cannon stove, with snow on his shoulders and his cap pulled over his ears, and read the complaints by the light of a switchman's lantern slung to his arm. And sometimes he'd do a little hollering on his own.

There was one shipper in particular used to bear down on him. A big independent named Porter from over Green Bay way, good for a carload of eggs a night. And if those eggs were one hour late crossing Niagara suspension bridge, well, Charley would hear of it. Plenty.

"I'd like to get that guy Porter!" Charley would say. "Like to rub his nose in all the drifts from here to Buffalo!"

Then he'd wade back into the little yard and begin to herd cars again, breaking up strings to the right length and tonnage for the next westbound boat. That usually took his mind off his troubles.

Then one night Buck Sterling was sitting at his radio desk in the smoky little storebox between the marine office and the yard clerk's room, when our Wisconsin station said to him: "New complaint from Porter Farms. Porter wires he'll ship all the way by rail if there's any more delay. Hold you responsible that there are no further causes for complaint."

The message was addressed to old Joe Bristol, the yardmaster. But it meant Charley, because Charley was running the yard.

Buck slapped it on Charley's spindle and said: "New yowl from Porter," and turned back to take the clearance from Boat 5 that was squealing across the air.

CHARLEY picked up the complaint and began to shake his head sharp and sudden, the way he did when he got mad. Then he tramped to his desk and wrote something on the back of a yellow clearance card and leaned over Buck and threw it down in front of him.

"Send this to Porter," he said.

Buck read it and shook his head.

"Remember General Order 29," he reminded Charley. "In any argument with operating department, the shipper's always right."

"The shipper doesn't happen to be right this time," Charley answered.

"Let me send this tomorrow," Buck suggested, hoping Charley would change his mind by morning.

"Go ahead, and send it," Charley said. "Personal message. Charge to me." So Buck sent it.

"A. L. Porter, Greendale, Wisconsin," he clicked it off on the bug. "Railroad is different from poultry farming stop We have no hens to do our work for us stop Temperature twenty-five below zero stop Wind fifty miles per hour and snow four feet deep stop Your shipment only seven hours late New York."

It was signed, "Duncan, Yard Clerk."

Charley didn't hear anything from Porter direct, but plenty from his old man. You'd think the kid had been setting fire to orphan asylums, the way Red Ball took on. Porter had sent him a copy of Charley's message, and Red Ball burned up the company phone from the general office in Detroit, tearing the seat out of Charley's pants.

Hereafter, Charley would run his own job and leave telegrams to the traffic department, that had sense enough not to insult customers, the old man said. And what's more, if Charley stuck his neck out again, he'd be fired. Red Ball told him plenty.

When anyone complained after that, Charley would just read the messages and throw them on the floor. Sure, the trains were late sometimes. It was one of those winters, starting to snow and blow in October, and keeping up through March. Try a hand at railroading in such weather, mister. Just try it!

And there was Charley, busy as a freight-house cat, trying to keep up schedules. To see him work, you'd think he stood alone between New York and starvation.

Then one day a special order came through from headquarters, countersigned by Red Ball Duncan, with copies to everyone along the line. And strange to say, it didn't mention butter and eggs. What it did mention was machine parts, heavy castings, carload lots of iron and steel. Starting tonight, when Boat Number 9 arrived in Mackiport with three cars of them, we'd have a new class of preferred freight.

They'd be red-ball cars, three or four every day. And they were to be extra plenty hot. Ahead of butter and eggs, if you can imagine such a thing.

If that order had come in August, the boys would have tried to laugh it off. The carboat business can take a lot of kicking around when the weather's fair. But not in March. Not this kind of March I'm telling about. Nobody does much laughing around the carboat slips in that sort of weather.

Have you ever been cold, mister? What I mean, cold? Twenty-five below zero, and the wind screaming, and snow cutting your face like broken glass shot out of a gun? And snow waist deep on the levels and ice floes rolling in the lake? And engine failures? And wires down? And switches frozen tight as a weld? And everybody in the place forgetting there is such a thing as a twelve-hour shift and working twenty-four hours running? Cold, that's what I mean.

Charley had the night trick, but he'd been working day and night pushing the red-ball trains out the yard as fast as the boats dumped them at the dock. Late that afternoon he went over to town to get some dry socks, his being frozen to his feet. Just as he left, old Joe Bristol called him aside and said, "Listen, Charley, you better lay off an hour or two. Don't come back till seven."

BUT he was back at six, driving into the yard behind the highway snowplows that were fighting to keep the road clear. His was the last machine to get through that night. When he stopped in front of the No Parking sign at the marine office, there were icicles hanging to his eyebrows and he looked pretty well licked already.

First thing he saw was the new order, tacked to the bulletin board behind the stove, with his old man's signature very large and important on it. A couple of deckhands from Boat Number 8 were standing there reading it, and he rubbed the snow out of his eyes and looked over their shoulders. Then he said, very quiet and slow: "Iron castings, eh? Well, that's what I'd call red-hot perishables!"

Buck heard him and came to the door of the radio room. "I can explain it, Charley," he said.

"It'll take a lot of explaining," Charley answered, "and a new book of rules. Perishables are perishables, Buck, all the brass hats to the contrary. There's no two ways about it."

"Two very plain ways," Buck corrected him. "I've been handling a lot of messages for your old man leading up to this. International Motor Machines has been dickering with him for a month. These cars are trial shipments. If we put 'em down the line in nothing flat, we get a permanent contract."

"And if we push 'em ahead and leave butter and eggs on the sidings in this weather, the eggs will freeze. And the butter'll get stale. And every shipper in Wisconsin will have the right to holler bloody murder. What do you have to say about that?"

"It'll be too bad," Buck answered.

"It would," Charley said. "Only we'll not leave 'em on the sidings. There's a lot of people depending on those eggs and that butter, down in New York. And when I make up tonight, I make up light. Got to, this weather. A heavy train wouldn't get to mile 291. It'll be twenty-four light cars and a double-header pulling 'em. That's what it'll be. And no place for red-ball castings. They'll wait on weather."

CHARLEY stood there, looking twice too broad, for he had three sweaters under his dirty old sheepskin mackinaw, and extra pants besides. His eyes squinted half shut from frostbite, and his red stocking cap was perched up high on his head like a clown's cap, and the frost had left two round white marks on his cheeks, where it bored deep. I tell you, mister, he looked comical!

He said to the deckhands: "So New York wants castings for breakfast! Two castings on toast! Machine parts! To hell with them!"

Buck admitted: "We haven't had a kick out of Porter Farms for three weeks. Too bad to stir them up again."

Charley looked at the boat board in the outer office and saw that Boat Number 9 wasn't due till eleven.

"Cap Johnson's taking quite a licking out there," Buck said. "I just contacted 'em a bit ago."

"What's dispatcher say?" Charley asked.

"Says start train M-D 2 at eleven-thirty. That'll give you half an hour to yank the cars ashore and make up."

Charley laughed, a sort of drunken laugh. Oh, sure he was drunk. Not on liquor; on cold. You get as drunk on cold as on applejack, if you take enough of it. Only, you don't get over a cold jag so fast. Sometimes you don't get over it.

Charley picked up the copy of the Telegraph 23 report for Boat 9 and held it to the light. He had a hard time seeing through the frostbite in his eyes, but at last he made it out.

THE 9 was carrying thirty loaded cars and one empty tonight. Besides the three cars of castings, there were three canned milk, ten butter, eight eggs and six cheese, all for New York. And symbol train M-D 2 at eleven-thirty would have only twenty-four cars.

Charley said, "The milk will lay over with the castings."

"The order about the machine parts came from your old man," Buck reminded him.

"Yeh," Charley said. Joe Bristol came in, kicking the snow off his boots, just then, and shaking it off his lantern, and Charley told him how he was going to make up the train. He talked slowly, and a little thick, so that anyone that didn't know cold firsthand, would have thought he was on the foggy side. But old Joe knew. He was cold himself.

When Charley finished, Joe said, "It'll get you in trouble, lad." But Charley shut him up quick.

"So what?" he demanded.

Joe couldn't answer that one. He only reminded Charley: "Your old man is right particular about these test runs, Charley. Castings weigh more than butter and shippers pay by the ton. He'll be madder than a basket of timber wolves if the castings get left behind."

But Charley just looked at him and said, "Butter and castings for breakfast, eh?" and tramped back into the yard.

He couldn't see the lighthouses out on the breakwater through the blowing snow or even the station lantern by the coast guard lookout across the harbor. The cars that the westbound train brought in at five o'clock were standing in the yard, ready to break up into four strings, for the idlers to push on Boat

(Continued on page 67)

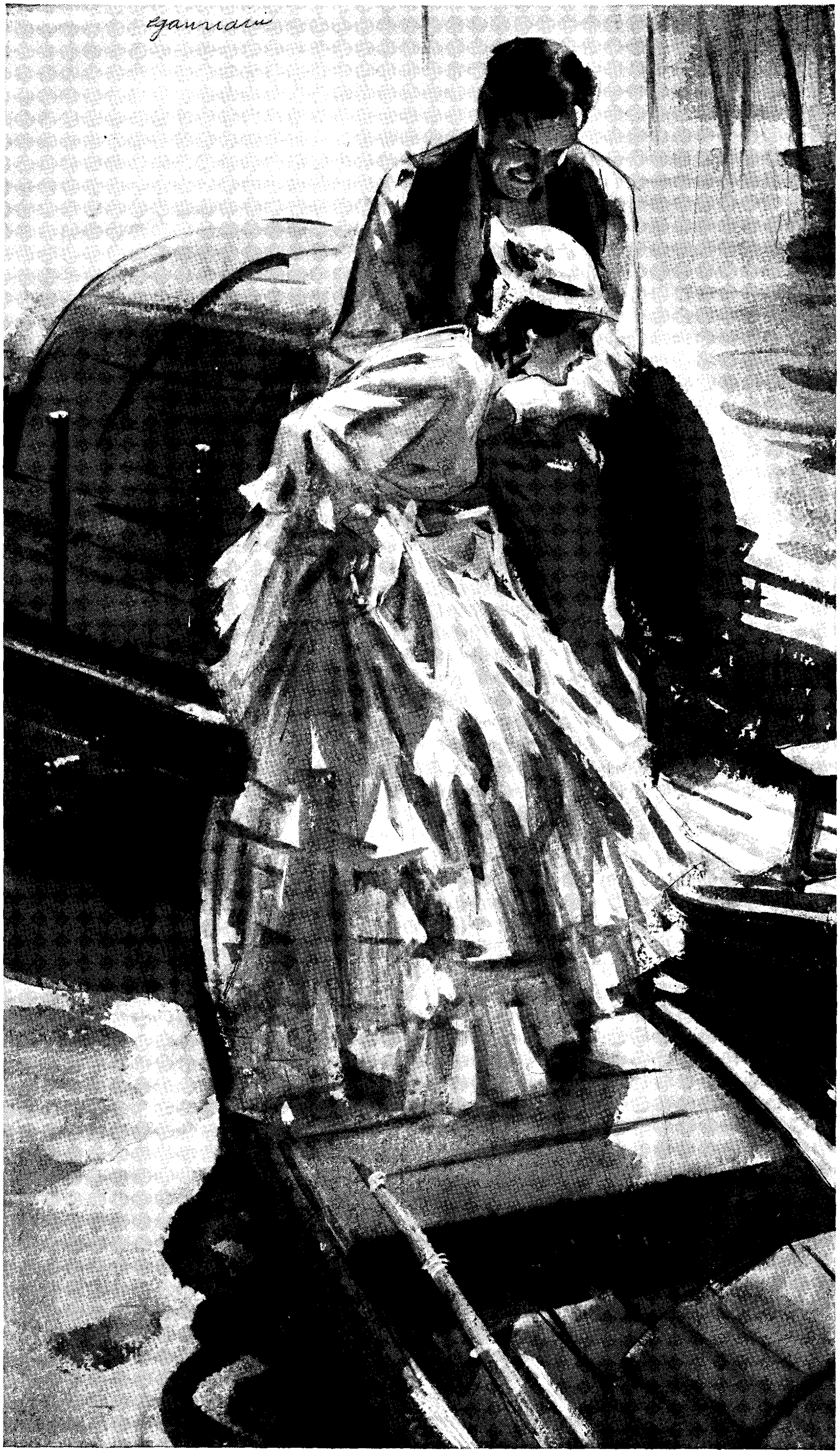
ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Gunpowder Tea

By Sidney Herschel Small

A romance of the days when Yankee Clippers were new in the China trade

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



THE white mist on the river west of Canton was fast dispersing under an early sun, and young Richard Bartlett, in the sampan, heard distantly the sharp, metallic cry of a cock pheasant, while he tried to remember everything he was supposed to do on his first inspection of tea packing. It was not only the glorious freedom from the routine in the American hong which kept him from thinking like a Salem trader and the son of the company's head; twice yesterday he had glimpsed the girl who was visiting one of the English factories, a girl legally arrived now that the mandarins were permitting white women to enter China.

He had seen her once with her *amah* in attendance, and once again, closer, as she walked across the compound with an officer from the Danish factory, who had twirled a great mustache which was Rich's entire envy; he was quite positive that she had seen him, also.

As he squatted in the gliding sampan, he lifted his own hand to an imaginary mustache, assumed a stern expression such as the older men took on when they discussed prices and native troubles and opium and the rascally mandarins, and then, grinning suddenly, hoped that the boat coolie had not been watching. Nevertheless, a pair of mustaches, or a frogged coat with a gold chain across it, such as the Dane had worn, or even a carved ivory-headed cane, must have value in a woman's eyes, and he was completely tired of being "dear Richard" or "that sweet boy" or even "Mr. Bartlett's great son Rich" to the wives of the factors; he was twenty-three, over six feet, burned brown by a full year in Canton. . . . And her name was Agathea.

Halfway across the world, the Liberty party, in New York, were assuring the election of a Mr. Polk and the incredible defeat of Mr. Clay; this news had come with the new-built China packet, the Ann Bartlett, but was hardly less startling than the speed of her first voyage. Despite beating against the monsoon, this packet, with lines as symmetrical as a yacht, rakish as a pirate, with bows sharp as the toes of Chinese shoes, had stormed into Whampoa, below Canton, in ninety days exactly. It was a tremendous thing, sufficient to set mouths agape, since in the past the China trade had been dominated by ponderous, lofty-pooped East Indiamen. Here was a new ship that well might carry to Europe the cargoes of China.

Even while the astonished British factors were arguing the impossibility of so swift a passage, and trying to believe that it was merely Yankee boasting, the company of Salem men had already decided to send the Ann Bartlett to Liverpool with tea. She would show her lovely heels to anything on the seas, and the price for the first of the season's crop to reach England would be enormous. However, as Richard Bartlett, in the sampan, knew, the tea already contracted for would not serve. America drank green teas, Young Hyson, those delicate leaves gathered before the rains, or the tea called *chu'cha*, pearls, in China, and Gunpowder in Boston; it was black tea, Bohea, Congou, Pekoe, which must be shipped to England. And Rich was to see that it was properly moved from baskets to chests, and solidly stamped down, and that the Bohea was truly that, and not the mixture of fern and tea-stems called Canton Bohea. . . .

About him, on the river bank, the wheat stood tall and luxuriant. Great masses of clover were in flower, ready to be plowed by yellow oxen into the half-submerged soil. Wood-pigeons made a sound like water over pebbly sand; a cock-pheasant rose into the sky, a flash of scarlet magnificence. A group of village girls watched also; with them was a coolie in a blue-black jacket such as the settlement servants of the English factory wore, and when this Cantonese turned and saw Rich he hastily vanished into the wood.

Then Rich heard, "Come here, sir," and stood up so quickly that his narrow craft rocked under him. There was another sampan half concealed in the waterside thicket, and in it was the girl he had seen yesterday, alone; the vanished coolie, Bartlett knew, had sculled the sampan upriver, and now feared punishment for having left the white lady while he went ashore to banter with the village girls. Rich, as he essayed a bow, decided to mention the dangers of venturing into the interior, which would show her that, although he had no mustache, he had been in China for a long time.

"This very instant, sir," she called.

BARTLETT hurriedly snapped the order to his boat coolie, and the sampan was swerved so sharply that Rich lost balance, waved his arms, clutched frantically at air, and finally fell with a great splash into the muddy water. He heard, miserably, her laughter; she was still laughing when he pulled himself up at the edge of her sampan and he could not forbear a smile at his own plight.

"Sir," she said, "I was in no such terrible danger as you must have imagined. It is unkind to laugh, but you looked like a bird with its wings flapping."

"Perhaps you will know," Rich said, with as much dignity as was left him, "that there are indeed dangers in China, madam." Agathea Warren's face was demure as she said that drowning was ever a danger. "I did not mean that," Rich growled, as he dragged himself into his own sampan. "Your coolie has run away. I will send someone here for your boat, if the villagers do not steal it. Mine is the larger."

No girl, in Salem, in England, anywhere, could be at once so white and so lovely, under Rich's admiring gaze, as she sat now in his sampan, her cheeks brightened; her laughter was gone, but a smile remained.

"Sir," she said, "I was in no such terrible danger as you must have imagined"

"You must indeed tell your boatman to return to Canton with haste," she said.

"I cannot," Rich said. "I am sorry, but I have a business on hand that cannot be delayed." A heady feeling, pleasantly upsetting, came to him as he realized that she could do nothing save accompany him.

"You will return me to the English factory," Agathea insisted. Her eyes, angry now, were dark, like sapphires. "If you will not take me back, return me to my own boat. The river flows toward Canton." Rich shook his head. "Then, at the first village, engage a boat and boatman. I *will* go back."

It was out of the question, Rich told her; he wanted to do as she asked, but it was unsafe.

"I will transact my business as quickly as I can," he promised. "I assure you that it is important and that it cannot wait."

RICH squirmed under her growing scorn; her words dripped ice. No man, ever, had attempted to keep her against her will; Yankees, she supposed aloud, thought nothing of a lady's request when silver dollars were involved. Angry, thwarted, she struck not only at Bartlett but at what he represented, until Rich, goaded, blurted in defense that which was so often discussed at the American factory: "At least we do not trade opium for dollars!"

Her fingers tightened on the edge of the sampan. "It is blacks which you trade. And, sir, I am sick of your proper boasting." When Rich blinked in astonishment, she dared him to deny it. "Always boasting. Sir George has said you all boast of this silly new ship, which can almost fly over the seas. I trust that it is better at flying than you, sir; I do wish a shark in the river had bitten you."

There were, Richard Bartlett said wretchedly, no sharks in China. "Agathea," he then stammered, "if it is so important—if you must return—I—"

She put a hand to her hair. "It is important," she said. "It *was* important." Richard Bartlett did not understand the difference; to him it was merely repetition; to his surprise, she began to laugh. "I was to go only as far as the first bend in the river; here, you cannot ride, you cannot walk, and so—and so Sir George will be incensed. So am I. At you. How did you learn my name?" She leaned back. "Everyone tells me that it is lonely in China without a wife; Sir George vows he cannot live alone a day longer." When she finally returned, Agathea Warren added, the English factor would demand an explanation; she trusted that Mr. Bartlett was good with pistols.

Dueling, Rich informed her, was prohibited by the mandarins, along with many other things; by the Cantonese it was considered as murder and would be tried in the local courts.

"There is a sailor from the Ann Bartlett to be brought before them," he continued. "The man defended himself from thieves, at Whampoa, but heaven knows what trumped-up charges will be presented." What he wanted to know most he asked: "Why did you change your mind so quickly?"

Agathea's eyes danced. "Why did I change my mind about remaining? Is that what you ask? It is very simple. I was willing to remain only when you put my wishes above your own, sir! Now—do you go to buy some lovely things?"

Rich shook his head vehemently; it was only tea that he was to secure.

"Always tea," Agathea frowned. "It is all I hear, morning and night: tea."

Richard Bartlett said, "I cannot even think of tea when I look at it."

Agathea, a little warmly, clapped her hands; she liked his confusion, and the way he stumbled into safer ground. . . . It was pleasant to sit in the gliding sampan, to listen to talk of prosaic merchandise, and to know that he was thinking not of it, but of her. He was without Sir George's graces and worldliness, but he was young; from what gossip she had heard at the hong, he would be the wealthiest person in all of the China trade, and that was very wealthy indeed; more to the point, she liked him, as he talked. It was of tea. . . .

There was smoke rising along the north bank. As the sampan was sculled inshore, Agathea, marveling at her interest, said, "It is but natural that I visit Canton. My father was here; the East India Company." She laughed. "He almost lost his heart to an American maid; she was here, secretly, when women were forbidden."

Rich, his own heart doing double knocks on the wall of his chest, said that the girl must have been his mother; until now, he had thought that she was the most beautiful person in the world.

"You must still think so," Agathea said. "I can be nasty; I am unruly, disobedient." Then she looked shoreward, at the laboring coolies at the tea manufactory. "My father," she said. "Your mother." She began to laugh until Richard Bartlett laughed with her; it was as if a secret, beautiful thing bound them together.

The Chinese head of the establishment seemed tremendously pleased to see the representative of the American hong, for he smiled all over his face; he himself would show the foreign lady how tea became celestial. . . .

Coolies, naked save for a blue cloth, removed the wicker covers of deep baskets in which the tea had been carried down; they worked at terrific speed. No sooner was a tray filled than a coolie snatched it up and trotted to the long row of small furnaces, where the leaves were placed in iron pans, and stirred round and round to expose them to the drying action of the heat.

To Agathea the men at the furnaces, with firelight on their hungry, thin faces, appeared barbarically frightening; when they glanced at her with embarrassing frankness, she put her hand on Bartlett's arm. Li Chu'o, beside them, was so explanatory, so obsequious, that Rich wondered what the portly tea merchant was concealing. Everywhere there was the odor of tea. Several times their guide bent and selected a few hand-curled leaves from a basket.

"He tells me we receive such tea," Rich grinned, "but I know better. Such tea is intended for the mandarins. Ours—why, sometimes the coarse leaves are chopped fine, and sold to us as Young Hyson instead of Hyson-skin! We may have cheated the Chinese once, but they have learned rapidly."

AS THEY walked, Agathea heard a steady, dull beat. When they passed under the purple shade of a camphor tree, she saw what it was. On each of the open chests, row on row, a powerful coolie was treading; the black tea, for Liverpool, was being stamped down tightly to increase the contents, since the chests were contracted for by quantity but paid for by weight.

There were chests piled beside the low building, already packed, and ready to be sent downriver where the Ann Bartlett was waiting for her cargo. A coolie trotted past, and Rich recognized, in his basket, the rolled granular leaves of excellent Gunpowder tea. Even while he did this, he was counting the number of chests. He said to Li Chu'o:

"If there are fifty chests more than bargained for, we will take them at the same price. I, myself, wish one small lacquer box of Gunpowder tea, which

(Continued on page 62)

Gobble-Rogue Run

The mystery of the vanishing pearl—
an incident in the careless career of
Freddie Bottom, the scourge of Papua

By Gouverneur Morris

AFTER Captain Bottom's almost miraculous escape from the savage coast upon which he had been wrecked and his return to his family and friends, he stated that he was through with adventuring for all time and, a month later, hearing of a schooner which was for sale cheap, bought her, named her Get There II after the good ship which he had lost, and with jewel-like consistency went voyaging again.

And, as was his custom prior to departures, he chastened his sons Freddie and Johnny with good advice and propitiated them with appropriate gifts.

Johnny, who was going on fifteen, was a dutiful, responsible, handy boy who stood in no particular need of chastening advice and knew perfectly well that it was only proffered to him, in a rather loud voice, in the certain knowledge that it would be overheard by Freddie, aged nine, who did.

The advice varied very little from one departure to another.

On the present occasion it was as follows: "Don't get into mischief, do just what your mother says, don't take foolish risks and keep away from *Gobble-Rogue Run*."

Hearing the name Gobble-Rogue Run twice mentioned—once in the advices to Johnny and again in those for his own benefit—Freddie took the trouble to remember it and immediately after the sailing of Get There II for parts unknown, inquired the Papuan version of the name from one of the black servants.

The Papuan version, clipped of music, described a narrowing together of precipitous cliffs between which a stream or run flowed and which was a natural gangway, by which escaped felons made their way to the intractable mountainous interior of the vast island, and where sometimes the constables trapped them on occasional smuggling trips to the coast. It was on a boundary of Captain Bottom's plantation, and he had often the wish that a passageway of such ill repute might be a link in someone else's boundary. Cattle and poultry had a way of disappearing, and twice there had been battles between the escaped felons and the constabulary, after which the waters of Gobble-Rogue Run, where they slid into the bay, had been dyed a distinct pink.

THERE was a workmanlike map of the plantation framed in Captain Bottom's study, and by standing on a chair, and tracing on the glass with a jam-stained forefinger Freddie was able to make clear in his head the precise location of the forbidden pass and the way to get there.

Knowing that a shopping tour impended, and that his mother and Johnny together with the car and the chauffeur were to spend a day in town, Freddie made his preparations. Knowing by personal experience the power of appropriate gifts to appease and promote pleasant if not permanent relations, he made a secret collection of objects which he felt that his family could spare, and which seemed well-calculated to win the friendship of such felons as he might chance to encounter upon his expedition: A tin of cigarettes, two boxes of safety matches, half a dozen twelve-gauge shotgun cartridges, a bead bag which for more than a year his mother had given up for lost, a favorite long-lost pipe of his father's, a paper of medium-sized fishhooks for which Johnny had wasted a lot of time looking.

Immediately upon the departure of his mother and Johnny, he girded himself with a freshly sharpened machete, not for purposes of self-defense, but to slash a way through the bush where necessary, and had a little one-sided talk with the major-domo.

THE Papuans have no baby talk. Either you talk like a grown person or you don't talk, and Freddie, by no means gifted with the English tongue, was as fluent and easy in the native as any Papuan child of the same age would have been. Leaving out only such words as ought not to be translated at all into any language, Freddie spoke as follows:

"When the mother returns from the town she will ask first of one servant and then of another how the younger son has passed the time. She will learn that he passed the heat of the day in the room of books, turning over the leaves of books with pictures in them, and that after the heat the younger son walked in the garden eating only permitted fruits. All of you are witness to these things. If, however, any one of you should make a mistake and speak the truth, unpleasant things will begin to happen and they will keep on happening for a long time. Let memories of what has happened in the past when the truth was accidentally spoken be the warning."

He then turned his back on the house and was last seen by the major-domo moving in a somewhat staggering but purposeful way through the tallest coconut grove in Papua toward the mountains. His red, brush-bristle head, caught now and then in a sunbeam, seemed to catch fire.

A little beyond the narrow pass of Gobble-Rogue Run, found without difficulty, Freddie met up with his first and only felon. This was a talkative little monkey-faced black man armed with a long single-barreled, muzzle-loading gun and appropriately dressed for hunting in a horn for powder and a pouch for shot.

Freddie chanced upon the felon, who said his name was Bobo, at the moment when the latter was in the act of discharging his old-fashioned fowling piece at an overweight, powder-blue pigeon sitting sulkily on the lateral branch of a tree. The smoke passed, together with the acrid smell of burnt black powder, and the powder-blue pigeon, untouched, continued to sit sulkily, and cuddle his head in his pouted bosom.

The felon introduced fresh powder into the barrel of the gun, rammed a wadding of green leaves down upon it and, pouring some shot into the palm of his hand, was about to introduce that, when Freddie, who had drawn close, observing the peculiar shape if not the nature of the shot, objected.

"Square shot," he said, "is not good. Round shot is much better."

"Everybody knows that," said the felon without showing the surprise at Freddie's presence which he undoubtedly felt, "but who has any?"

"I have," said Freddie. At which he produced a shotgun cartridge and so bit into the business end that the cardboard wad, covering the shot, was loosened and could be plucked out with a thumb and forefinger. The round No. 8 shot from Freddie's cartridge was exchanged for the silver-bright but unmatched irregularly shaped metallic crumbs and fragments in the palm of the felon's hand, and a few moments later the overweight pigeon, still sulky-looking, his head still cuddled in his pouted breast, lay dead at their feet.

All the shot in the felon's pouch was thereupon exchanged for the remaining shot in Freddie's cartridges and with the help of Freddie's machete and matches the pair soon had a fire going and were roasting the pigeon. They passed the time of day. The felon's history was simple and without color. To enrich his private collection he had taken two human heads from their wearers without permission, had been tracked down by the nearest R. M. with six constables, torn from the bosom of his outraged but helpless family and clapped into prison. Finding the prison life not quite what it had been cracked up to be, he had escaped, made his way to Gobble-Rogue Run, passed through and joined himself to the outlaws who had preceded him. And here he was.

BUT at best, he confided to Freddie, it was an unsatisfactory life. There weren't enough women to go round, for one thing. The shot washed from the sands of the rivers wasn't really round, it was too heavy, and seldom flew where it was meant to fly. Gunpowder was also scarce and one had to depend altogether too much on the outmoded spear and blowpipe. It was an especially rainy part of the world. And, worst of all, it was just the kind of place that people avoid when they are alive and flock to after they are dead.

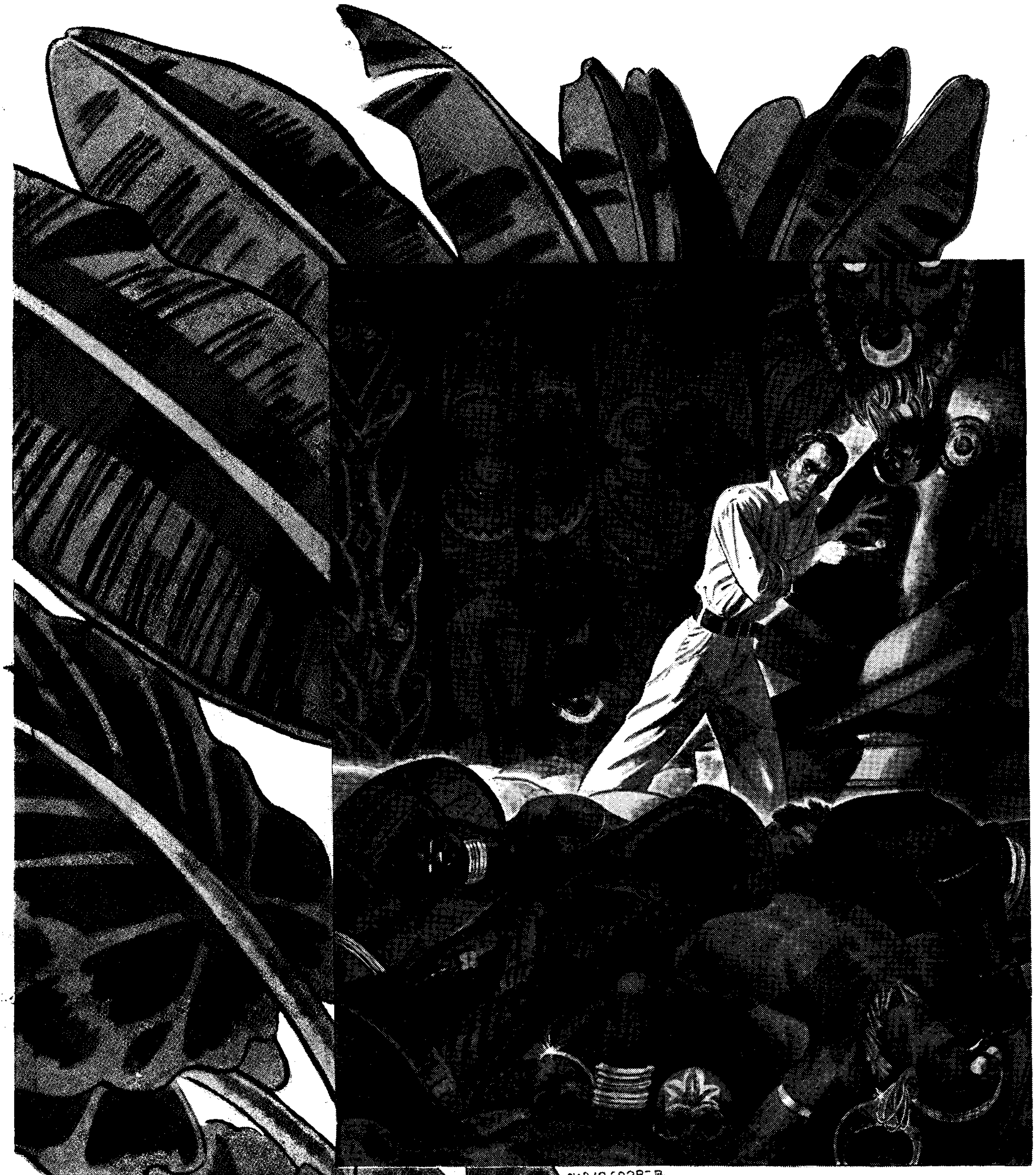
For his part he couldn't sleep a wink at night unless he had at least one candle nut burning in his hut, and more than once, more than twice now that he came to think of it, he had almost run right slap into a ghost more than sixty feet high, and thereafter had fallen and hurt himself badly in running the other way. A lot of pother over a couple of heads that hadn't been of much use to their owners even when on!

Freddie at once solaced his new friend, and justified his mother in the belief that the bead bag was irrevocably lost, by presenting it to the felon. While they devoured the roasted, greasy pigeon, there was between them a short, sweet silence of perfect understanding.

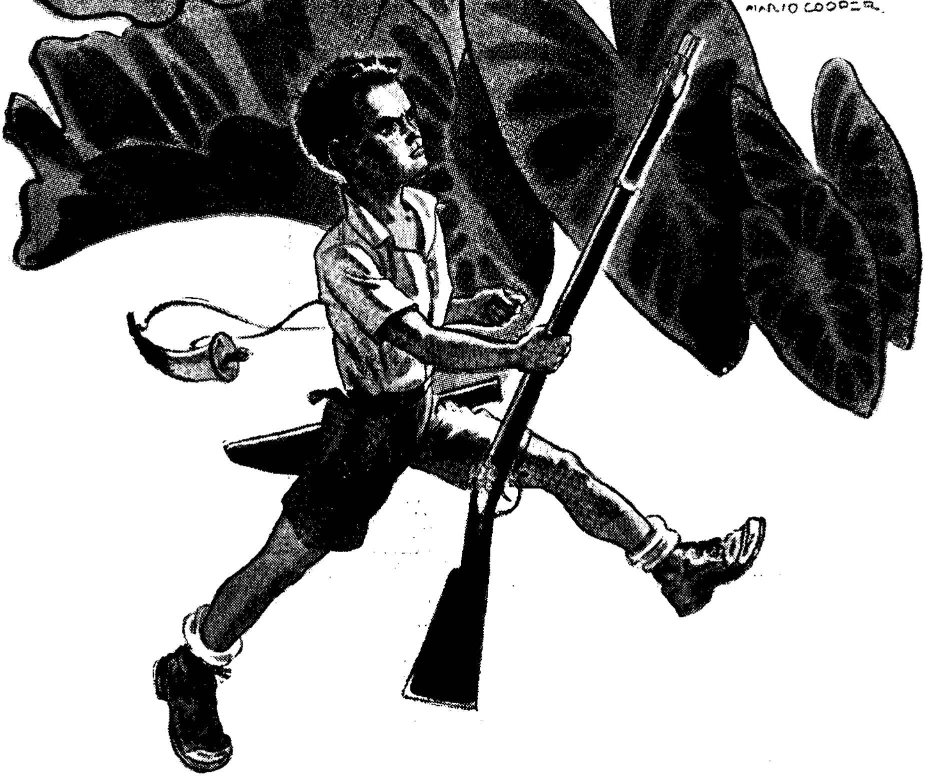
The pipe was presented, the matches produced, the tin of cigarettes was opened and the felon, having broken and stuffed a pair of them into his new briar, lolled in the shade and enjoyed a cool smoke. Freddie contented himself with a cigarette, occasionally squaring his mouth, tapping his taut cheek, as he had seen his uncle Waster do, and emitting a successful ring of smoke.

Freddie, carrying the felon's gun, not hurrying, headed for home

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Captain Bottom dug the pearl from the idol with his knife



The felon puffed coolly and interested himself in Freddie's head; thought that it would look well in a collection, and regretted the tribal law which for one long moon forbids taking of heads by either from the other of two who have pigeoned together.

"Oh, well," mused the felon, "some other time perhaps," and for the moment eschewing all thoughts of taking the bright red head for his collection, he decided to possess himself instead of the child's freshly sharpened machete with which he could so easily have taken it. And so, when he had finished his smoke he rose and, extending his hand with two fingers pointing at the desirable hacking knife, he said the Papuan word for "Gimme."

Freddie, also rising, resented the greedy, covetous, domineering note in the felon's voice, felt that he himself had already given far more than he had received, sensed real danger for the first time in his precious young life, and with all the swift mental activity of a genuine hell-child, came to the almost instant conclusion that the best defense is to attack. Slowly drawing the machete from its case in his belt, Freddie staggered a little forward, and halted, his left foot a little in front of his right, his eyes calculating the distance between the toe of his right shoe and a point on the felon's left leg, a little below the kneecap.

Freddie was not easy on shoes, and only the toughest kinds were bought for him. Those which he happened to be wearing were of stout leather with thick hobnailed soles and square toes bound with brass. If Freddie had been about to kick in earnest for the first time the odds would have been against him. But he was an accomplished kicker.

BORN with the knowledge that incessant practice makes for perfection, he had while still in the cradle done an unusual amount of preliminary work, and never once since those early days, if memory served correctly, had he neglected an opportunity to practice and keep his foot in. Opportunities were many. He was often angry, often vengeful, and often loud. Still more often he was in a cool, curious, calculating mood for experimentation. And it is doubtful if among all Captain Bottom's numerous black servants there was a single shin which could have been pronounced absolutely sound. But Freddie, who knew the facts of life, did not confine himself to shins, and on the present occasion he wished that his legs were as long as those of a grown man.

At the precise moment when it most looked as if he were about to make a present of the machete, he kicked the felon a rising kick, that was not without power, a straw's breath below the left kneecap, and as the felon doubled howling down and forward over his hurt, Freddie, with hell-child precision and for good measure, kicked him a second kick in the middle of the right shin, and a third in the middle of the face.

Then Freddie, carrying the felon's gun, walking fast, but not hurrying, headed for home. The gun, however, being extraordinarily heavy, the way long and the day hot, and Freddie having noted that a muzzle-loading gun is a long time loading and not wishing to receive its recoil in person, he simply rested the butt of the weapon against soft ground, discharged and abandoned it.

Just below the narrows, Gobble-Rogue Run flows for half a mile with even, unbroken briskness. Freddie, who had learned to swim before he had learned to walk, committed himself to the water, and was soon beyond any possible danger of a vindictive pursuit.

When Mrs. Bottom and Johnny arrived from the town with a bale of purchases and perspiration, the fresh white coolness of Freddie's attire put them to shame. And for a special treat he allowed his mother to believe that he had bathed and changed without being told to, just to give her pleasure. The lines of fatigue at the brows and mouth-corners of the bedraggled woman began to

(Continued on page 42)

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

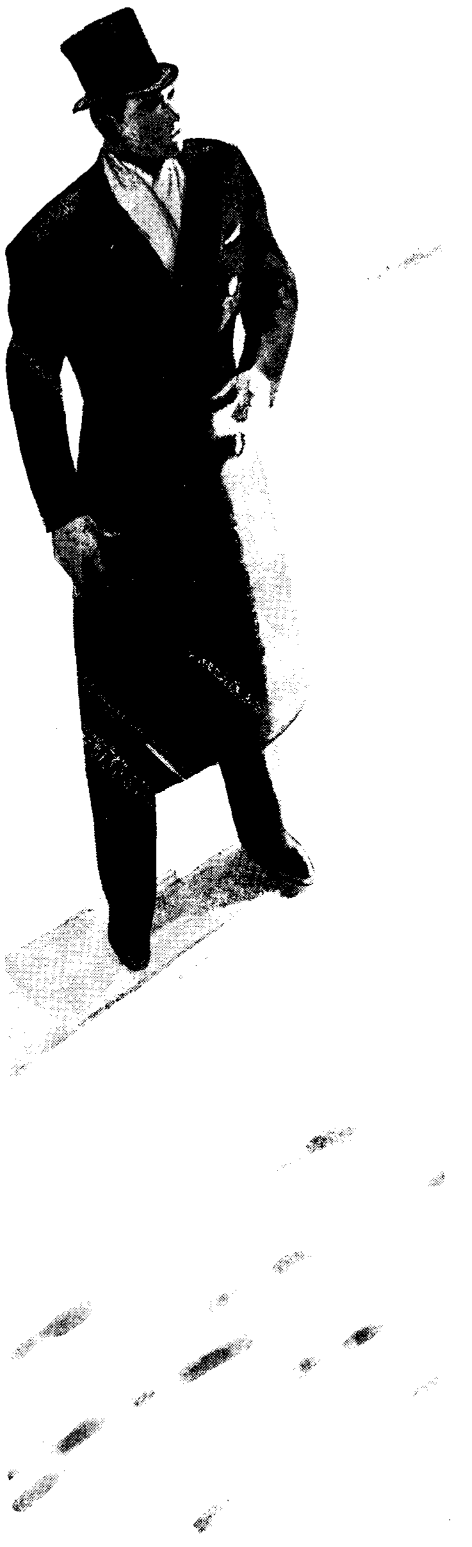
CREDITING circumstantial evidence, Bill Cantavo, leader of a famous New York orchestra, supposes that Walter Callingham, a Broadway playboy, and Mary Byran, an attractive Park Avenue girl, are having an affair. When, however, Tim Marsten, his closest friend, marries Mary Byran, he realizes that he has been wrong; and he ushers at the wedding.

The ceremony over, he receives a shock. Inspector Henderson, of the New York police force, appears on the scene, announces that Callingham has been murdered, and demands an interview with "Callingham's girl" —the bride! But Mary Marsten does not meet Henderson; instead, she disappears and within a few hours either throws herself, or is thrown beneath the wheels of a subway train.

The police have reason to believe that Amy Martin, a chorus girl, knows something about the tragedies. While they are searching for her, she telephones Cantavo (whom she knows slightly) and begs for an interview. But, shadowed by Jack Rapport, a jealous admirer whom the police are on the verge of arresting for selling narcotics, she does not keep any of a series of appointments she makes with him. To escape Rapport and the police, she accepts the invitation of Dinsmore, a member of Cantavo's orchestra, and goes to his apartment. There she confesses to Dinsmore, who professes to love her, that she and not Mary Byran was "Callingham's girl"! She is, she says, in love with Willy Jernegan, a well-known Broadway character.

Having picked up a number of leads from the girl, Dinsmore wires a friend, Tim Grady, in San Francisco, asking him to "get the dope on a tall, rich blond who is giving jewelry to a chorus girl." Meanwhile, sensational news has "broken": Sam Garetti, Callingham's butler, has been murdered—shot to death in Nick Braggiotti's apartment on East 74th Street. And equally sensational news has *not* broken: To avoid arrest, Jack Rapport has made careful plans for kidnapping Inspector Henderson! He confides in Dinsmore, who informs Braggiotti of the plot. . . .

Completely mystified by the murders, Cantavo calls on Tim Marsten. To his amazement, he recognizes Marsten's butler as a detective he had once known in San Francisco! A few minutes later, Broadway-bound in a taxi, he finds himself wondering why that detective is there. Then: "I think I'll do some detective work myself. I'll see what I can get out of Henderson."



VI

IN a garage on East Seventy-fourth Street, Bitz and Heinie, the two triggers, Tony, the driver, and Jack Rapport were talking things over.

"What do we want to snatch Sergeant Henderson for?" Heinie asked Rapport.

"We have to get Henderson. If we don't, we'll all be up at the Big House. Henderson is convinced that we bumped Callingham. While he is working on that job we didn't do, he'll uncover all the ones we did do. We've got to get him out of the way; he's sitting on our tails every minute."

"How do you know Henderson will be at Sixty-seventh Street?" Tony, the driver, wanted to know.

"Dinsmore told me," Rapport reassured him. "Now, get it all clear, boys. Tony, you drive the car along slowly and leave the curtains up! Why advertise that you're doing something? Do it all casually. Don't jam on the brakes and scream around the corner with drama. Prohibition days are over and you racket boys aren't as popular as you used to be. Gumshoe it all. It's a cinch."

"You think Henderson will be there at ten o'clock?" Heinie wanted to know.

"Between ten and ten-thirty at West Sixty-seventh Street. What do you care? Are you jumpy?"

"Are you going with us?" Bitz asked.

"No, three of you are plenty. It's a cinch. Grab him quick. Don't give him a chance to make a holler. And remember, I don't want him injured, so never mind using your gats or blackjacks."

"Oh—I was thinking—"

"Of course you were—but don't. Just ease him into the car." Rapport said it persuasively as if he were gently, affectionately assisting a very old lady.

"What about a machine gun?"

"Be yourself. Your gats are enough."

"I've been through this so many times before," Bitz said with aggrieved resignation. "You never know when you'll need a typewriter."

"You ought to be a motion-picture director. You want noise and hubbub."

"I've been through this so many times before," Bitz kept arguing his right to an opinion.

"Henderson will fight. He's plenty tough," Tony said.

"Then you stay home and I'll do it myself," Rapport jeered.

Tony said, "It's not that, Jack. But he's tough. He might gum it up."

"I've been through this so many times before," Bitz repeated to no one in particular, because he thought no one would listen.

"Well, take a Tommy gun then," Rapport said.

IN AN apartment on East Ninety-sixth Street, Braggiotti and the Big Shot were closeted in secret conference. Right after that, the Big Shot had given the boys a pep talk, and now he was framing the plot. This was an innovation. So was the Big Shot himself, for that matter. The boys listened to him with sinister indifference.

"What do I do to Heinie? Rub him out?" Sandy asked.

"You do nothing. Heinie's doing us no harm. He's planning and executing our snatch for us. What could be better?"

"Yeah. But that's going to surprise Heinie and he'll be mighty mad when he finds it out," Sandy replied.

"Don't always be shooting someone. Be friendly sometimes. Suppose Heinie does get mad. What about it?" the Big Shot wanted to know contemptuously.

"He's a killer."

"Well, what would you be doing at that time?"

That sounded better. Sandy brightened perceptibly. "Heinie is a mean louse. He always was. He ran right into jail once and stole a grand from my kid brother."

"What was your brother in stir for?" Braggiotti asked from the floor, where he was shooting craps with the Negro.

"For stealing a grand," Sandy said.

"Everybody took dough from that punk," Braggiotti said contemptuously.

The Negro wasn't listening. He was admiring his luck with the bones. "I ain't never seen so many naturals in all my puttings together," he said, with naïve surprise.

Sandy was still thinking of Heinie. "I'd like to go over Heinie just once."

"While he's doing what?" Braggiotti wanted to know.

"Stop the game, boys," the Big Shot said to the two on the floor. "Let's clean it all up." They rose and listened with attention. The Big Shot continued his instructions: "Rapport's boys are doing the kidnapping at West Sixty-seventh Street and West End Avenue. Now—here's your job—you're going to hijack Heinie and take the man Heinie is kidnapping—that man is Sergeant Henderson. I want *both* Heinie and Henderson. You all know them both, so you won't need a finger. Now, Braggiotti, you just stand by and see that no innocent bystander gets into it. You're all to be at Sixty-seventh Street at nine-thirty o'clock. Henderson will be there between nine-thirty and ten-thirty and so, of course, will Heinie. No noise. No shooting that's not necessary. And Braggiotti, look out for innocent bystanders. They're the babies that love to testify."

"What about the artillery?"

"All of it. What do you think you're going for? But, and I want you to listen, I don't want any unnecessary shooting."

"Heinie's plenty tough."

"He's not half as tough as innocent bystanders," the Big Shot said.

"Heinie's driver, Tony Manzetti, is a troublemaker, too," Creepy said.

McGURK spoke up. "Tony is yellow. Clip him just a little and after that you can tattoo a zebra on him, stripes and all, and he'll just lie down and cry about it. The guy won't take it."

"Never mind Tony. Keep your mind on Henderson. He's the best shot in the East. He'll pick you off one by one before you know the fight has started."

"With what?" Braggiotti wanted to know with contempt.

"With a revolver."

"Against a machine gun?" Braggiotti found amusement in that.

"Of course you've heard that old wheeze about the righteous man being thrice armed, haven't you?"

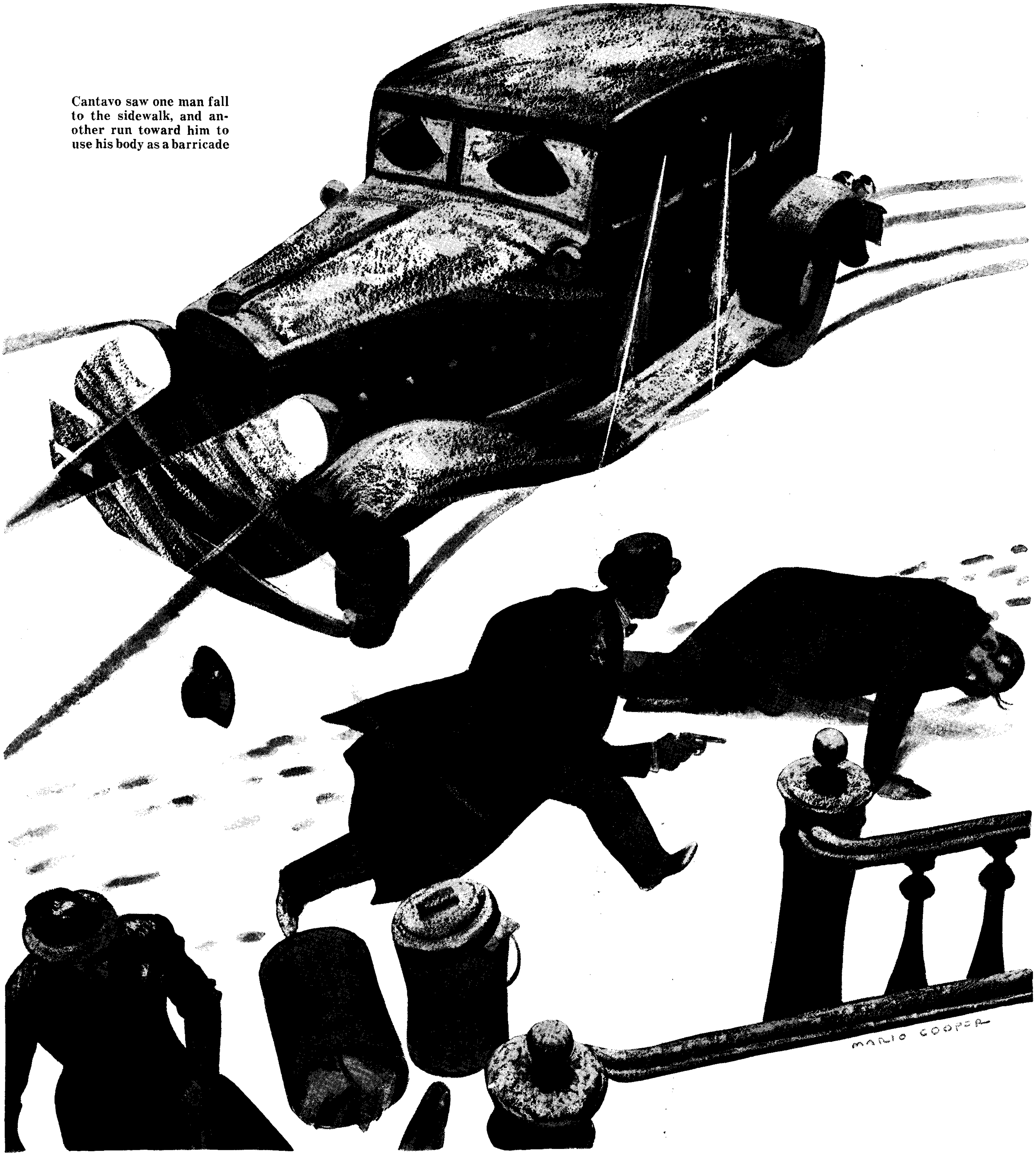
"What does that mean?" the Negro asked.

"It means he's heeled three times. So the idea is that you grab him before he has time to shoot first. And don't make a mistake about it. And if you have to kill him, okay. It might be better to kill him and take no chance."

"Why not bump Heinie, too? Really, boss. Just Heinie? Why not?"

So the Big Shot explained. "Because I want Heinie. You can talk turkey to a live guy better than to a dead one. A live man is more amenable to reason, if you ever went to school and know what that means. Also he will tell you more. Also he'll cross his pals with greater success, and he'll squeal with more enthusiasm. A dead man is too damned honorable. I don't like to do business with him. And, anyway, we may need Heinie to take the rap later."

As the Big Shot closed the door after him, Braggiotti said, "Don't pay any attention to anything that sap said, boys. We don't want Heinie. Don't bother with him at all. We want Henderson. So just hijack Henderson from Heinie and make sure you get him, also make sure you don't plug him. And when we get through with him, he'll be glad to tell where he put his slice of the Callingham dough." Braggiotti was guilty of a slight deception here, but he considered it to be in a worthy cause.



Cantavo saw one man fall to the sidewalk, and another run toward him to use his body as a barricade

"He and that loud, smart-aleck braggart that was just here split even. I tell you Callingham had forty thousand bucks on him when he was killed. These two guys killed him and took the dough. And now they think they're going to cut in on our racket. Like hell they are!"

"How do you know Callingham's girl didn't do it?" McGurk asked.

"She didn't have anything to do with it, I tell you."

"How do you know? *You* were never permitted to know the moll," McGurk said sneeringly.

"Sam Garetti, Cal's butler, told me. Garetti told the bulls that the girl killed Callingham just to keep all of us out of the picture."

"Just the same, I still think Cal's moll tucked Cal in his grave."

"Henderson and that show-off big shot of ours killed Cal, I keep telling you."

"How could Henderson have done it? The papers said he was at that swell's wedding down on Park Avenue."

"He could have killed Cal and gone to the wedding afterward, couldn't he? Who do you suppose has been giving that show-off, louse, big shot of ours police protection all the time, if it wasn't Henderson? I suppose you think we got away with things because we're popular!"

"Rapport's going to get into trouble sometime if he teams up with that guy," Sandy said righteously.

DOWN at police headquarters the chief and Henderson were in conference.

"Do you feel sure, Henderson, that the Callingham mob will be there?" the chief asked.

"I'm sure as anything."

"I've been skeptical about this idea all along," the chief said. "However, we'll try it."

Henderson listened while the chief told the ten policemen lined up before him the set-up. "Now, here's the situation, boys," the chief explained. "We've third-degreed all the Callingham gang. We can't get a thing out of them. They have a good lawyer and we can't be too rough; we haven't any real evidence on any of them. But tonight they're making a snatch up at West Sixty-seventh Street. If we get a life sentence hanging over one of them for kidnapping, that someone will talk. So we want them to get away with the kidnapping. And

(Continued on page 46)

Fisherman's Luck

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By David M. Newell

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

THE cat jumped up onto the table and began to lap out of the cream pitcher. Cap'n Ben got out of his chair with a murderous gleam in his eye. I held my breath. Cap'n Ben placed a huge, horny palm under the cat and gently, very gently, removed it from the table. Then he spat through the open door of the houseboat and continued his yarn.

"The bullet didn't hurt so bad, but when the blood run out all over my new white suit I got sore. I clapped my hand to my side and I felt it come away all sticky and I knowed my suit was ruined. So I acted kinda hasty. I shot one time and the feller fell. Right away he commenced hollerin' and I reckonized the voice. It was that same double-crossin' cracker from Shark River and I want to tell you he was a-pitchin' and a-wallerin' and a-bellerin'. I walked up and seen his gun layin' there on a pile of oyster shells and I picked it up. It was a little old cheap nickel-plated owl-head and when I broke it I seen that only one shell had been fired. That's all I wanted to know."

"What did you do then?" I asked, just as the cat hopped up onto the table again.

"I shot him twice in the face and left him there," grunted Cap'n Ben, his face turning purple with rage as he saw the cat stick its head into the cream pitcher. *I had never seen a cat crushed to pulp* by powerful hands, and I waited breathlessly. Cap'n Ben picked the cat up as a little girl might have done and carried it to the door. Even more gently he placed it on the deck.

"After I killed that Shark River feller I didn't have no more trouble to speak of. I had to whip two or three east-coast net fishermen who kept gettin' in my way and one day I carved up a Cuban with his own knife, but all in all things was pretty peaceable and I could usually show my parties plenty of fish. There was only one thing that interfered with my fun and that was the sharks. Them hungry devils would get about one tarpon out of every ten that we hooked, and there ain't nothin' worse than to see a Yankee dude blow up when a shark takes his first tarpon away from him. Maybe he has come all the way from Detroit or Chicago and has fished for a week without no luck. Then on the last day he ties into a big tarpon.

"To you or me who've seen tarpon and caught tarpon all our lives there ain't nothin' excitin' about catchin' one unless he's two hundred or over, but to this Yankee dude it's life and death. He grunts and he sweats. His teeth chatter and his knees knock together like the bill of a mad owl. He wouldn't lose that fish for a million dollars and right about then a big hammerhead rolls up. What happens? You know what happens. The hammerhead, if he happens to be a big one, just swallers the dude's tarpon. Otherwise he cuts the tarpon off right back of the head—as clean as you would do it with a cross-cut saw."

I WAS listening, all right, but I couldn't take my eyes off of that cat. Slowly it was working its way toward the table. Cap'n Ben did not see it.

"Then comes the grief," he continued, spitting smack into the middle of a school of minnows which had come alongside. "This here Yankee dude has a wall-eyed fit. He stamps and he cusses and then he begins tryin' out his alibi on me. 'Forget it!' I tells him. 'There ain't nothin' to be done about it.' And right then I had an idea. By gosh, maybe there was somethin' could be done about it! Here I'd been guidin' twenty-seven years on the west coast o' Florida and was just now wakin' up a little. I'd had a bellyful of them sharks—now I'd give them a bellyful!

"The next day I was fixed. Boy, was I fixed! I had me about a six-pound black grouper and in that grouper was a stick of dynamite and a waterproof fuse. And I bought me three of the longest cigars I could find. I meant to have fire ready at all times! Well, my party was a Boston feller and he didn't know as much about fishin' as a wild dog knows about Sunday. He was a-settin' there in his chair, half asleep, with his rod restin' on the gun'l, when the strike came. It was a big fish and it lifted him half out of his chair. 'Er—ah—something seems to be pulling on this!' he says. 'I wouldn't be at all surprised,' I answered, throwin' out the clutch and listenin' to his reel scream. About that time his fish went into the air—ten feet straight up—and I seen he had a big one, one-seventy-five or better. 'Hot dog!' squalls the Boston feller, talkin' like real folks, 'I jerked him clear out of the water. Did you see that, Captain? I jerked him clear out of the water!' Well, what can you say to a guy at a time like that? I told him he was doin' a good job on the fish and, for a beginner, he really was.

"After forty-five minutes his fish was tired. I seen it roll up and gulp air about fifty yards out and I told him, 'Go to work on him now—or a shark might get him.' I didn't speak an ounce too soon, either, for about that time I seen the fin of a big hammerhead cuttin' the water off our port bow. 'Look, Captain!' the Boston feller hollers. 'Do you see that creature? What is it? Looks like either an upright piano or a pony!'

"'YEAH, I see it,' I says, grinnin' to myself, 'and right now I'm goin' to make it wish it was somethin' else somewhere else.' With that I lit the fuse and tossed the loaded grouper overboard. There wasn't nothin' to it. The shark took it like a kid would a gum drop. I sure was tickled.

"'Strange creature!' said the feller from Boston. 'A shark, I take it?'

"'He is now, but he won't be long!' I chuckled.

"'How?' chirps the feller from Boston. 'He looks long to me.'

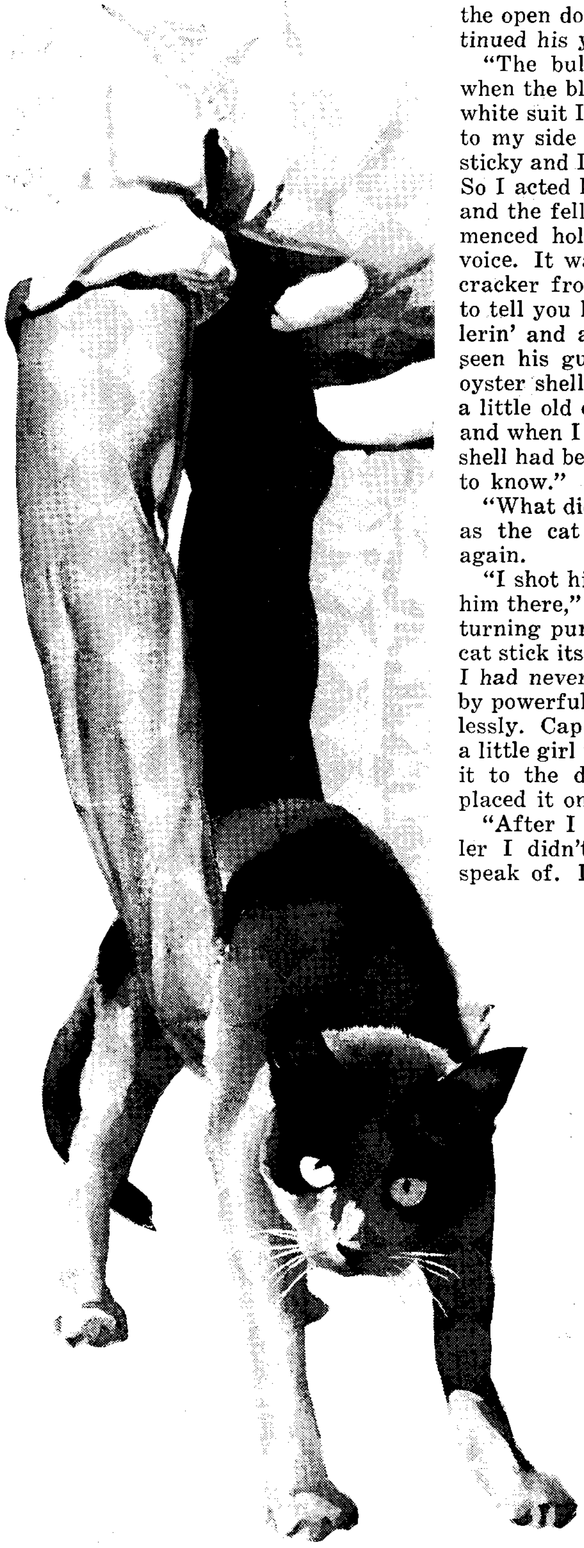
"I was just goin' to tell him about the joke when I seen that it wasn't a joke. That devilish shark had come back for more! There he was cuttin' through the clear green water beneath us, lookin' for more grouper. I thought about that waterproof fuse and I got sick all over. 'Look out!' I hollered, kickin' the motor wide open. 'Look out for what?' says the Boston guy, fallin' down in the bottom of the boat when she jumped forward. 'Look out for that shark—he's loaded!' I squalled, reachin' for the boat hook.

"THERE hadn't been any use tryin' to outrun the shark. There he was right under us, and I took a crack at him with the boat hook. He was too deep. I started up again, wide open, and threw the Boston feller into the bait box. The shark stayed with us. I shut off the motor, then, and shut my eyes, too. The shark was right under us when he went off. Baloooooom! I felt the old tub bow up in the middle and I remembered seein' the Boston feller fly up like a bean on the end of a loose plank. The water began rushin' in through all the seams—where the caulkin' had blowed out—and if it hadn't been for Mat Ringo comin' alongside I'd have drowned and the boat and the Boston feller would've sunk in fifteen fathoms!"

"Lucky," I laughed.

"You tellin' me?" growled Cap'n Ben, getting to his feet, and I saw that his face was purple. The cat was licking out of the cream pitcher.

"Ever since that day," continued Cap'n Ben, "I've been kind to dumb brutes. It pays. But"—and here he picked the cat up ever so gently—"if you get onto that table again I'll blow you into forty thousand pieces!"



Cap'n Ben placed a huge, horny palm under the cat and very gently removed it from the table

Fit to Ski

By Ruth Seinfel

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Skiing down mountains is great sport—till snow gets into your eyes and the icy wind hits your backbone. But here we are to the rescue with smart and becoming ways to defeat the elements

YOU don't need the price of a ticket to the Tyrol, because the Tyrol has come practically to your door. You can hardly take a stroll on a snowy day in the country without tripping over visiting Austrian ski champions. The hills are full of bright young things determined to go down the slide standing instead of sitting. Railroad companies are wrestling furiously with schedules for more and more "snow trains"—winter inns on rails complete with dining cars, sportswear shops, ski-and-skate repair shops—to carry an exuberant populace out of the big cities to where the snow is whitest. The ski shops in the stores entertain as eager a crowd fingering windbreaker jackets and red woolen mittens as are yearning over bareback beach costumes in the Southern wear departments. One Fifth Avenue emporium has gone so far as to erect a wooden ski run on an upstairs floor, with artificial snow and Alpine experts to induct novices into the mysteries of the Arlberg technique and the Stem Christiania.

Seriously speaking—and they are all quite serious about it—there is no need any more to sit at home envying those trim figures flying down the wind on the winter sports posters. Among the ecstatic crowds who flock to the railroad stations so early of a crisp Sunday morning, skis over their shoulders, not one in ten is an expert, and a good half of them are making their first acquaintance with fun in the snow this season. What they have discovered is that, expert or no expert, whether you stop in a telemark flourish or merely sit down at the bottom of the hill, if you're properly dressed for winter sports you can have a very good time.

Don't Be a Ski Rabbit

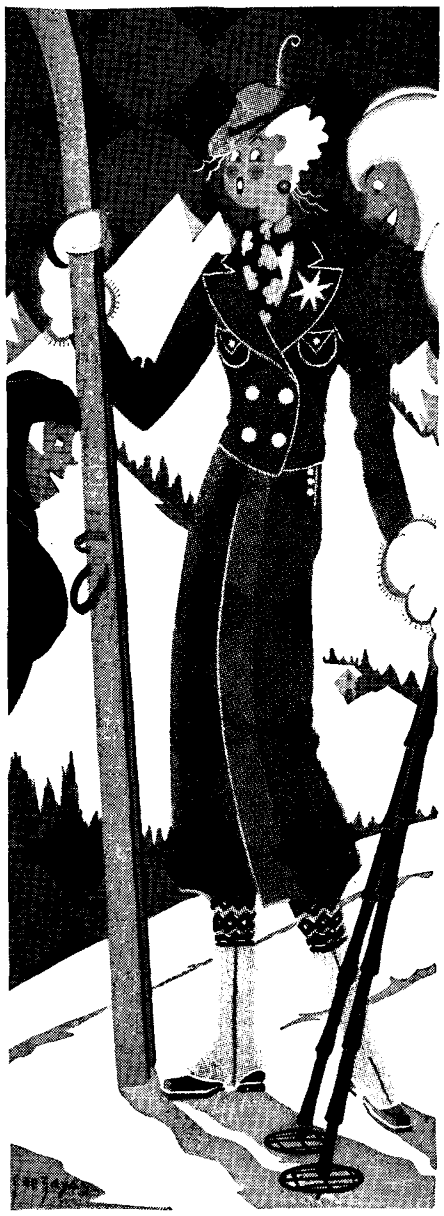
Skiing is the current mania. That doesn't, however, eliminate the other classics by any means. When the world is turning white under a fresh snowfall somebody who knows is going to tempt you out for a tramp along level ground on a pair of snowshoes, and you won't hold it against him if you go. Then there's bobsledding, which has its hair-raising moments and its devotees. And skating, which has recently become an exercise chiefly of grace and skill, namely figure-skating. The beauty of it is that one outfit will see you through all of them handsomely, and that outfit is the one that will take its place of honor in your wardrobe as your ski costume.

There are two ways you can go about it. You can dress for sport or you can dress. A snow-weathered Austrian gentleman known as Mr. Lanz of Salzburg, who put his home town on the fashion map and drew a big bright circle around it, made the choice clear.

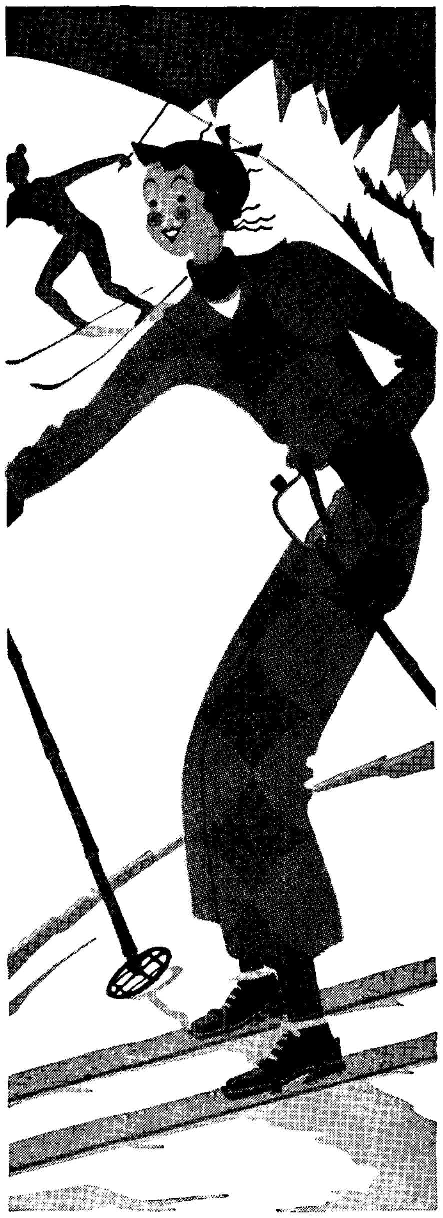
"In Salzburg," he said, smiling politely, "we call them the little ski rabbits. They look so nice, yes, and everybody likes to look at them. But we would all be surprised if they really were to ski."

If it's a little ski-rabbit you aim to be, go to it—there never were better pickings for a girl who wants to dress up. Choose the newest and trimmest little ski suit with its tight jacket and plus-fourish trousers, bright socks and gaiters and ski-boots. Wear a scarf to match your socks and a tricky little Alpine hat, and on your hands perhaps sealskin mittens. You will look very nice, yes, and everybody will like to look at you. What matter if your cute little jacket is too tight in the arms and back for easy action, too loose in the cuff to keep the wind out, and so short that snow leaks in around your middle; what matter if the tricky little hat has a tendency to blow off, and the fur mittens don't let you grasp your ski poles very firmly—you'll collect quantities of invitations to drink hot chocolate or spiced hot wine.

When it's sport you're after, however, your point of view is subtly different. You'll be more interested in the designs favored by practiced skiers the world around. Katharine Peckett, who has made life happy for skiers these many years at her inn in the White Mountains, says that means for one thing a slightly longer jacket that won't let snow in around your waist. You'll want to make sure pleats or gathers give your back free play. And as you stand poised at the top of the glistening hill, crouching a little with your head up into the wind, knees limberly bent and skis pointed straight for the thrilling, breath-catching swoop downward, you can be certain you not only feel right in your clothes but look well turned out to boot.

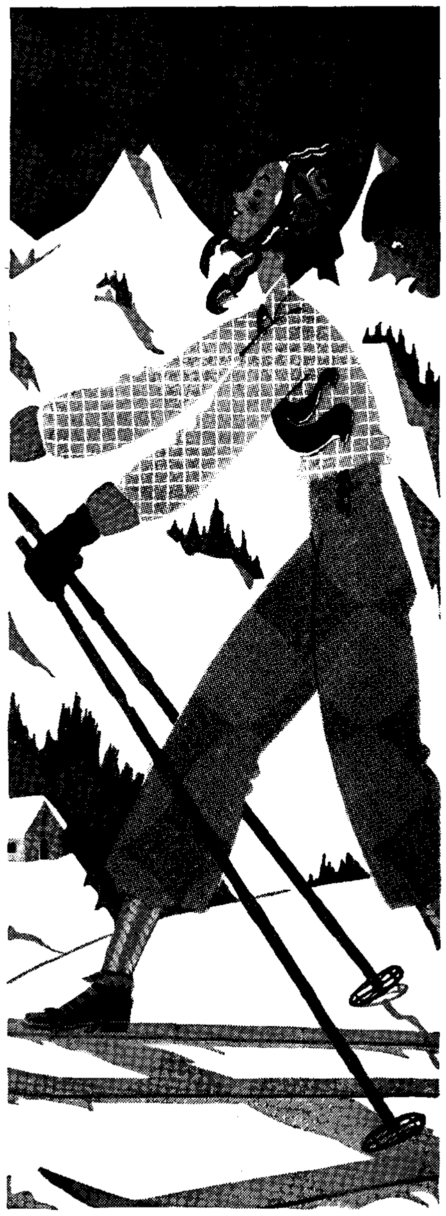


If it's a little ski rabbit you aim to be, here are the fixings



Tracking down the mountain in a classic ski suit that works

You can be certain, that is, if you take to heart a few basic principles and cling to them with rock-ribbed determination. Principle Number One: you want to be warm, but sharp air and exercise will whip your blood into riotous circulation, so—not too many clothes. Number Two: your skis and boots weigh something, and you want to move freely; hence, lightweight clothes. Number Three: the wind is fine on your face, but chilly on your back, so you'll want your clothes to be as windproof as possible. And, fourth, snow is wet, so you'll want to see that your outer surfaces don't offer a toe hold to every passing snowflake. Don't be surprised at the comparative absence of fuzzy wool things on the counters—the experienced winter-sports-woman knows that a brushed wool sweater collects icicles enough to look and feel like a crystal chandelier at the end of the afternoon.



Wear a plaid shirt, and a giddy kerchief tied under your chin

Underneath, then, you'll want a silk-and-wool or lisle-and-wool suit of underwear that will be absorbent and won't scratch. Be sure that it has long legs and fits smoothly, and if it is two-piece let there be no gaps. Once you're certain you've got the practical thing—and months of experiment went into making winter-sports underthings just right—there's no reason why you shouldn't feel gay under your clothes in sky-blue or bright hunting yellow. Red flannels are positively somber compared with the newest in winter underwear.

Next, your classic ski trousers, made of gabardine that will shed the snow, in black or dark blue because they're the traditional colors and they look so nice against the white landscape. This year the trousers are shorter and fuller, and are worn with white canvas gaiters which keep the snow out of your ski boots. The gaiters may not stay white

(Continued on page 44)

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

A STRANGER in the country, Buck Surratt, a cowboy who is looking for a job, rides into the little cattle center of Morgantown. There he learns that someone has just murdered Les Head, one of the sons of "Old Martin" Head, a prominent cattleman—and that he is decidedly suspect.

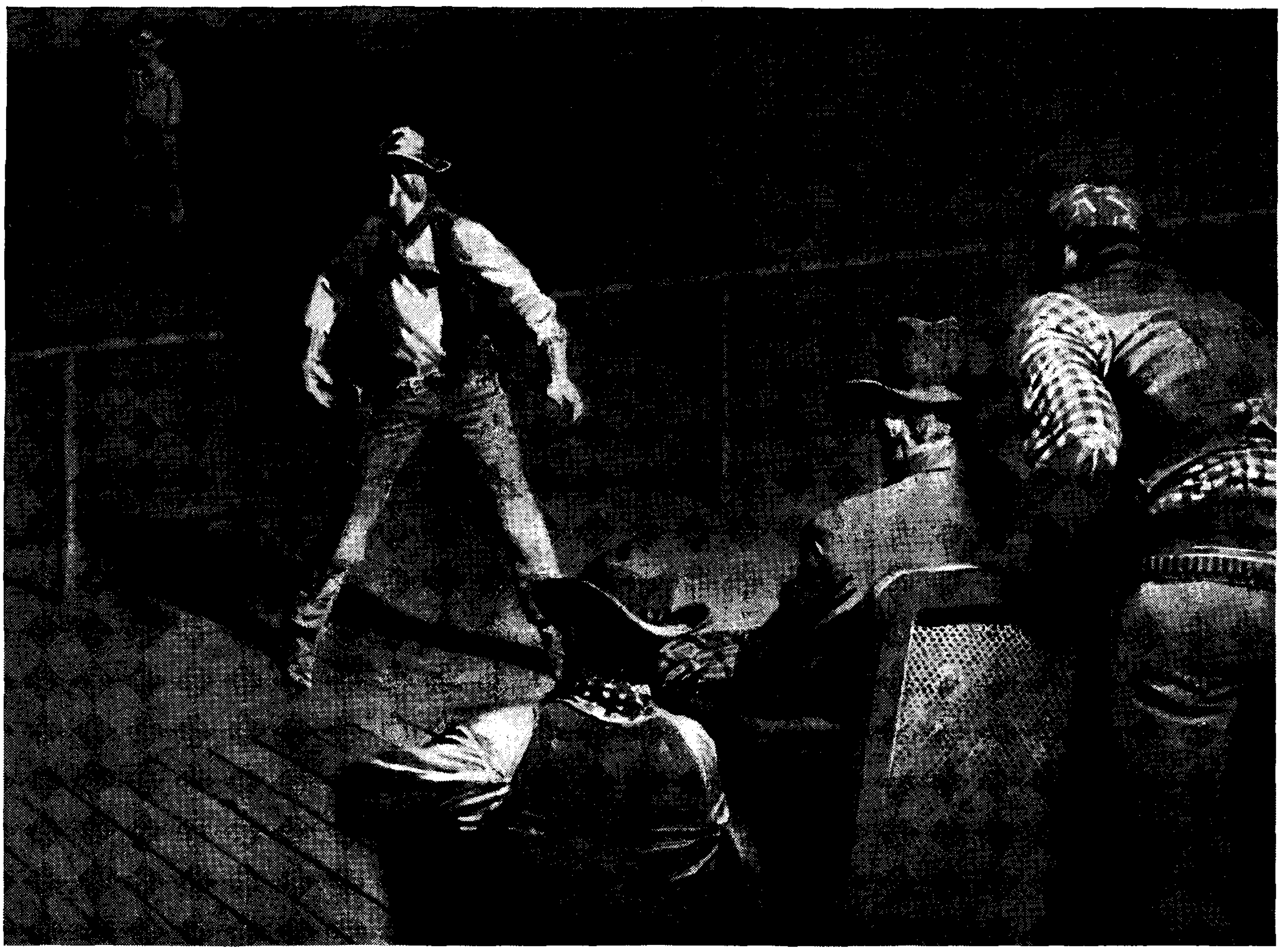
Following a severe interrogation, he is released. And Sam Torveen, a sheep-raiser, gives him a job. Torveen has many enemies—Les Head's brother, Bill Head, Ab Cameron, Dutch Kersom, the Peyrolles boys, Henry Ranier and others. He and Bill Head are especially bitter against each other, because both are in love with Ab Cameron's daughter, Judith Cameron. Cognizant of the situation, Surratt is not surprised when, a short time after his arrival, war breaks out between the two factions.

Torveen has only a few followers, among them Ferd Bowie, Nick Perrigo and Surratt. Attacked by overwhelming numbers, he is wounded and forced to retreat to a near-by cave, which he makes his headquarters. Surratt risks going to town for a doctor.

When he returns to the cave, he is accompanied by Judith Cameron, who wishes to be near Torveen, to nurse him. But long before that memorable ride, he has had to face an incontrovertible fact: he, too, is in love with Judith! . . .

Unable to move Torveen, the men in the cave find themselves trapped by Head's forces. Perrigo is shot. Dying, he makes a confession to Surratt—tells him that he is the father of Annette Carvel, a girl regarding whose paternity Morgantown has often wondered, and that, to protect her, *he had killed Les Head!* . . .

Surratt has another narrow escape. Ferd Bowie, who hates him and has turned traitor, tries to shoot him. His aim is bad—Surratt is not even wounded. And the boy rides away, to join the enemy. No sooner has he done so than Surratt, too, rides away and, by resorting to a clever stratagem, misleads Head's men regarding Torveen's whereabouts. Then he returns to the cave. No one is there—Torveen has succeeded in starting for Temple's ranch! Surratt follows swiftly to join his friends.



Old Martin spoke distinctly enough for Surratt to hear: "Turn around, Bill"

Conclusion

WATER kept rolling down his skin, the night's slow wind turned him more and more cold, and his thoughts could find no breach in the wall Bill Head had put around Torveen. The bitter fact was, Torveen had been whipped. He had been driven off his ranch and could not return to it, and all that this night's riding had done was to give Torveen a temporary and fugitive safety. In Temple's place he could weather through his bullet wound; but when he was able to ride again there would be no safe road for him except the road that led across the pass to another land. Sam Torveen had shoved his chips to the middle of the table and made his bet. But Bill Head had drawn the better hand, leaving Torveen a ruined man. There was no way left to fight Bill Head, except by rousing the two-bit ranchers who believed, as Torveen believed, in free opportunity. But the weight of Head's riders kept them still; they had not come to Torveen's side.

For himself, Surratt acknowledged, it made no great difference. This was an episode that had neither more nor less meaning than any other. Beyond the pass lay another land, another day, another episode. But for Sam it meant the end of his fortune and his hope. And then, questing through this deep, dismal reach of pines, Surratt understood something else with an inexorable clarity. Torveen's faith was in him and he had no alternative but to face this trouble to the last end.

There was one way he had always known could be followed, which was the way an outcast might use—to ride by night, to shoot from ambush, to raid the big outfits at weak places, to strike and retreat and strike again, to throw this country into fear and confusion; to make men afraid of the daylight and leave them sleepless at night. It was a way of ruining the country. But it was not Surratt's way. He could not play that stealthy, prowling part. His trail had to be open and his actions plain to all men. And, as he came through the trees and saw the dark outline of Billy Temple's house sitting in the sloping meadow below, he realized there was only one opening Bill Head had honestly left him, only one opening he could honestly take.

HE HAD seen this coming. Whatever the result, whatever bearing it might have on his own fortunes or Sam Torveen's future, he had to accept the challenge of Bill Head's personal hatred. Bill Head had put him in the light of an outlaw and if he ran from it the thing would follow him like his own shadow the rest of his days. Moreover, he had in public named Bill Head yellow and Bill Head sought him now to answer that. He could not run from his words; he had to stand by them. It was once more the old, old pattern that never changed. There was a pride in men that terribly ruled them. Just or unjust, it governed them and gave to their lives a dignity they had to have.

He came softly across the meadow, sending his call against the lightless house. "Torveen." He waited there, feeling at once the emptiness of the place and not understanding it. A dog rushed forward from the house, snarling dismally at him. He called again, "Torveen," and rode on to the porch. He got down here, with the dog circling his feet. Crossing the porch, he stood by a closed door and tapped it and had no answer. He opened the door and saw a vague white square of paper sway loosely on the panel. When he called Torveen's name again, his voice ran dismally through the house; he knew definitely then that this place was deserted. He reached over and pulled the paper from the door and stepped inside to light a match. One word alone had been written on the paper: "Morgantown."

Whether it was for him or somebody else he didn't know. He whipped out the match and stood there, puzzled and thoughtful. There was warmth in this room that signified recent use; and a faint eye of light crept through a corner stove. He turned back to the porch and sat down to remove and drain his boots. The dog crouched in the near-by dust, gutturally displeased. Surratt rose again and went to the door, to dig out of the panel the tack which had held the paper; he refixed the paper on the panel. Afterwards he went to his horse, swung up and left the yard. He was thinking now of Torveen, who had been in bad shape; maybe Brann had taken him to Morgantown as a last resort. At least he could think of no other meaning the single word might convey, and so he swept down the road toward town.

He went at a slow canter, feeling the weariness of his horse; and it occurred to him then that he was weary too in a way that sleep could not help. The wind roved the pine tops, lifting up a steady, abrasive sound. It was, he judged, near eleven o'clock; and strangely his thoughts turned to Judith Cameron and her face was clear to him in this darkness and the memory of her voice laid a soft and stirring and sad music in his mind. It was still with him, that melody, when he came out of the timber and found the lights of Morgantown below him.

ALL trouble, he recalled, struck at Morgantown from these hills—which would be therefore the quarter men watched. So he cut across the pass road, circled behind the buildings and came out at the lower end of the street. Paused, he scanned the street carefully.

But it was silent and almost empty. People were not sleeping—that he knew from the lights shining angularly out of shop and second-story windows. They were awake and waiting for the result of that quarreling up in the hills. This was Morgantown, a cockpit of cattle wars. Of the merchants and hangers-on here he had no fear, for they were like merchants the world over, keeping their opinions hidden from the partisans who rode so recklessly back and forth. It was Head's men he visually sought; and he saw none. A figure came through the saloon doors and turned upward along the board walk, passing the bank. Two men sat quietly on the porch of the White House. Somebody somewhere plunked casually at a guitar and water spilled liquidly into a near-by drinking trough and made pleasant echoes. The smell of dust was in the

(Continued on page 35)

8,000 ARE "STOP-AND-GO"
YEARLY MILEAGE
10000
0
10
20
30
40
50
60
70
LIGHTS
CHOKE

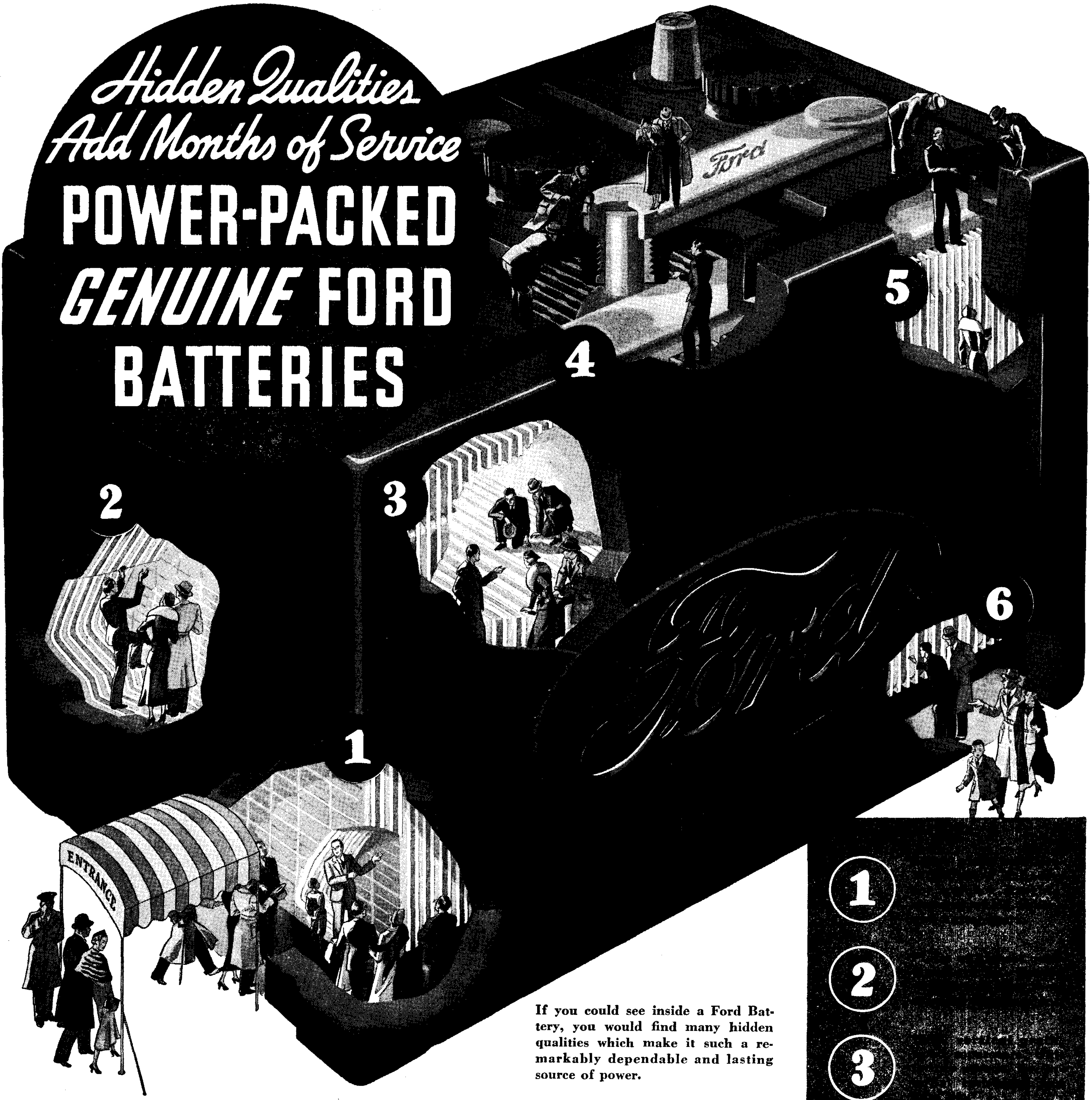
666 Miles a Month
154 Miles a Week
22 Miles a Day—
all demand a Stop-and-Go gasoline

Today it's stop-stop-stop . . . shift-shift-shift . . . all day long! Just ONE of your daily stops and starts can waste a *quarter mile of gasoline!*

You can't change traffic, but you CAN cut down the waste. Just as your car needs 3 shifts of gears . . . your gasoline needs *3 kinds of power*. You need one power for quick *starts* . . . one for fast *acceleration* . . . and one for steady *running*.

Super-Shell is the *first* gasoline with these 3 kinds of power in perfect balance. On sale at over 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from Coast to Coast!

SUPER-SHELL



Hidden Qualities Add Months of Service

POWER-PACKED *GENUINE* FORD BATTERIES

If you could see inside a Ford Battery, you would find many hidden qualities which make it such a remarkably dependable and lasting source of power.

1 [illegible]
2 [illegible]
3 [illegible]
4 [illegible]
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]

Built for Modern Cars... *and Guaranteed*

MODERN cars need batteries that are packed with power . . . built to stand up under the heavy demands of electrical accessories and winter driving.

High-power capacity and long life are outstanding features of Genuine Ford Batteries. Maximum plate area and a large amount of active material give Ford Batteries capacity for the toughest jobs. Quality is not sacrificed to obtain low cost. Strict Ford standards of quality in materials and workmanship insure the strength and dependability which have made Genuine Ford Batteries a value recognized by users as far beyond the price.

GENUINE Ford PARTS

Don't put up with battery troubles. Install a Ford Battery in your car now. Available in 13, 15 and 17 plate sizes—all fully guaranteed. See your Ford dealer for the one that fits your car or truck.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Sensitive Souls

By Hannah Lees

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

Few allergic plights are sadder than sensitivity to the orris root in cosmetics

Your sainted aunt who becomes ill at the sight of a cat, your revered uncle who can't work in a hay field, your temperamental friend who can't stand anything with milk in it are all sufferers from the same trouble—allergy in one form or another. Ten million like them in this country keep the doctors at work early and late. It's a fashionable ailment now, with handsome compensations (suppose you're allergic to your wife). But it doesn't do to be unfair about it—one man's meat is another man's allergen

IT WAS in the accident ward of a large hospital in a strange city that I first heard about allergy. Things were pretty quiet, and so my simple sprain was receiving more attention than it deserved when a taxi came tearing up to the door. A man staggered out of it, carrying a woman. Her face was blue and swollen. Her eyes were glassy and her breath came in feeble gasps. The man, apparently her husband, seemed dumb with fright and I sat there, adhesive plaster dangling from my ankle, for several moments thinking wildly of heart failure, asphyxiation and poison, while the doctor in charge tried to find out what had happened.

Finally in tragic tones the man gasped out the truth: "She's eaten parsley. They told her there was none in the soup but there must have been. Just look at her!"

It sounded to me like a movie comedy but nobody laughed or looked surprised. Nobody even seemed to feel surprised but me and nobody seemed frightened but the husband. One of the nurses got him to a chair and told him not to worry. One of the doctors quickly but calmly gave the woman a hypodermic injection of something and in less than a minute a natural color came back to her cheeks like magic and she began to breathe more easily.

Consider the case of the kid who couldn't be spanked because it gave him the hives

Then someone had time to relieve my almost frantic curiosity. "The woman is allergic to parsley," I was told casually, and, as I still looked just as curious, "that is, she's peculiarly sensitive to it. It was a bad reaction but she'll be all right now that she's had adrenalin."

A Many-Headed Monster

That was my first encounter with the word allergy and I thought it was my first encounter with the affliction, but I was wrong. I've found out a good deal about it since that would surprise you. For instance, that friend of yours who has bronchial asthma and that other friend who gets hives from strawberries both really have the same trouble as the lady who had eaten parsley. They're allergic. And so are all the people you know with rose colds and hay fever. Eczema is often allergic and so is migraine—sick headache to your grandmother. And it isn't very bright to be irritated by that friend who makes a problem whenever he comes to dinner because he can't touch a thing with milk in it, or that delicate lady in your acquaintance who grows faint at the mere sight of a cat. They're probably not the fussy hypochondriacs you think. More likely they're simply allergic, too.

It seems absurd that all these different things can really be the same. You wouldn't have thought migraine and asthma were much alike, would you, or hay fever and hives? Neither would doctors a few years ago but they know now that they are—exactly the same thing coming out in different parts of the body in varying degrees: a spasm of the muscles and a swelling up of the tissues. Only in allergic migraine it is the blood vessels of the brain having a spasm and in asthma it is the bronchial tubes. In hay fever it is the lining of the nose swelling up and in hives it is the skin. There are lots of other ways of reacting, too: spasms of the stomach, for instance, swelling up of the throat like the lady who had eaten parsley, swelling the joints or eyelids or practically anywhere. But they are all just symptoms of the same condition, allergy. And what proves it as well as anything else is that treatment for all these different ailments is practically the same.

Reactions with a Vengeance

What it comes down to is that certain people are born with an abnormal capacity to react to various substances. They're not diseased at all. They're just peculiarly sensitive. Practically anybody will sneeze if he smells pepper or cough if he inhales wood smoke or get red and watery in the eyes if he peels onions. Most people get a rash from contact with poison ivy. Well, allergic people will sneeze or swell up from contact with things that don't affect ordinary people. They may react in any number of different ways, and in any degree from a slight sneeze to a total collapse, but if they react at all remarkably to things that don't affect ordinary people, they are allergic.

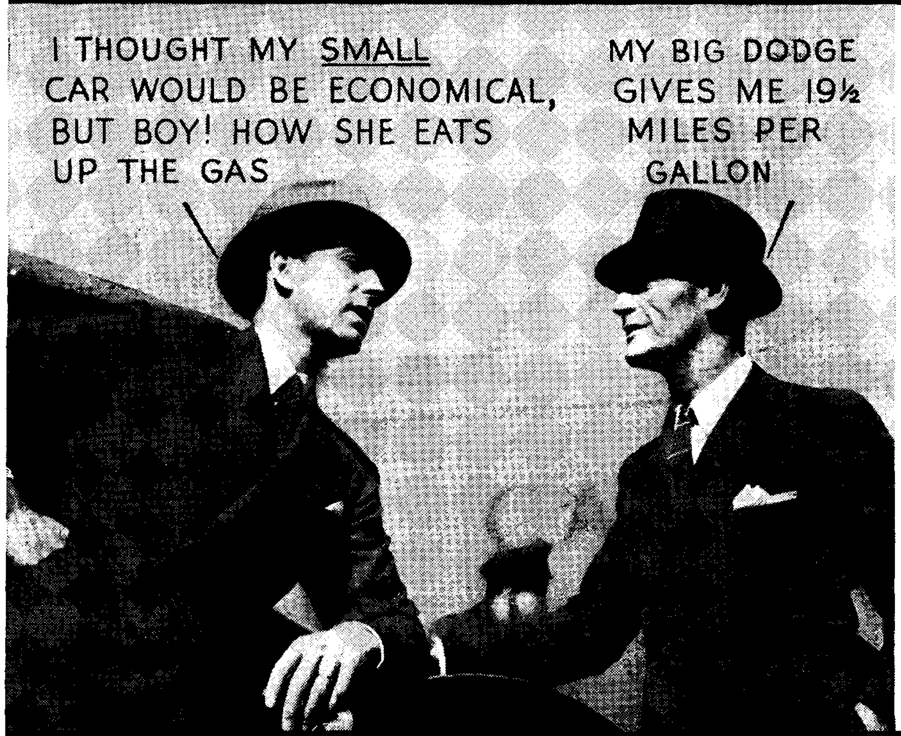
Obviously there is something which makes these people different from the rest of the world. Doctors haven't found out yet what it is and no one doctor is even willing to subscribe to any one theory, but all over the country, and in Europe, too, they are working at it along different lines. One large group of doctors suspects that allergy is caused by a deficiency of calcium in the system. Their reason for this suspicion is that a surprising number of allergic patients are greatly improved and even cured by taking calcium, or foods that contain calcium.

Other doctors are working on the possibility that allergy may be caused by too much secretion from one gland or too little from another. Still others think, and this is probably the newest theory, that allergy may be tied up with an excessive alkalosis. This theory is highly entertaining in view of the popular superstition that everything from hives to hangnails is caused by too much acid in the system, but it may easily turn out to be the nearest right of all. Many doctors are now deliberately putting their allergic patients on diets that will cause hyperacidity, or even giving them hydrochloric acid by mouth to produce an

(Continued on page 64)

"She's eaten parsley," he said. "Just look at her!"

RIGHT WHERE GAS AND OIL ARE SOLD . . . THAT'S WHERE YOU


I THOUGHT MY SMALL CAR WOULD BE ECONOMICAL, BUT BOY! HOW SHE EATS UP THE GAS
MY BIG DODGE GIVES ME 19½ MILES PER GALLON

—AND OIL—WOW!
DODGE SAVES ME 20% ON OIL

BIG DODGE *Costs Less*

*Big, New, Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (4 door with built-in trunk) $760**

GET THE REAL STORY OF THE BIG MONEY-SAVING DODGE!

MY CAR'S BEEN IN THE SHOP TWICE
DODGE HASN'T COST ME A CENT ON UPKEEP SO FAR
THAT'S WHAT ALL DODGE OWNERS SAY – IT COSTS LESS TO OWN THAN A SMALL CAR

TO OWN THAN SMALL CAR

– Owners Everywhere Report..

Based on Record-Breaking gas & oil Savings

"I'M GETTING 19½ miles to the gallon!"... "I'm saving 20% on oil"..."I get about 135 'free gas miles' every week!"... From all over the country—from cities, towns and villages—come reports of the record-smashing gas and oil savings of the big, new 1936 Dodge—18 to 24 miles per gallon and up to 20% savings on oil, owners report.

And these owners contend that Dodge actually costs them less to own than small, lowest-priced, competitive makes, because Dodge savings quickly wipe out the small difference in first cost!

Brilliant New Style!

Yet, with all this, Dodge gives you such brilliant, new style that noted auto editors and famous fashion authorities—from coast to coast—have hailed this new car as the most beautiful Dodge ever built!

And no wonder they all enthuse—these men and women who know. At very first glance you'll grasp the sheer beauty and smartness of this big, new, Money-Saving Dodge . . . the car that has survived the most terrific and tortuous safety tests ever devised . . . the car that everybody knows is built to "take it."

But in this Dodge Beauty-Winner of 1936 you get even more than economy and ultra-modern styling. Dodge gives you the time-proved protection of Dodge safety-steel bodies and *genuine* hydraulic brakes—hydraulic brakes that have more than 8 years of experience in hydraulic brake building behind them . . . the famous Airglide-Ride . . . redistribution of weight equally to all four wheels . . . longer, more flexible springs . . . Chair-Height seats... and patented Floating Power engine mountings.

New, Low Prices!

See this new Dodge today. Drive it. Compare it point for point with any competitive car priced within $500 of Dodge. Roomier, more luxuriously appointed than ever before, the big, new, Money-Saving Dodge is now offered at new low prices—only $640* and up—just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

*BIG, MONEY-SAVING DODGE: Coupe $640, Rumble Seat Coupe $695, 2-door Sedan $695, Touring Sedan (2-door with built-in trunk) $720, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760. Convertible Coupe $795, 7-pass. Sedan (with built-in trunk) $975, Convertible Sedan (with built-in trunk) $995. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.*

Through the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company New 6% Time Payment Plan you will find it easy and less costly to arrange time payments to fit your budget.

"... No sensible person believes in throwing money away. That's why I bought a big, new Dodge. It's the handsomest looking car Dodge ever built—crowded with expensive car features—big, roomy, luxurious. But it will cost me less in the long run than the small, lowest-priced, competitive cars ... It's giving me over 19 miles on a gallon of gas and using about 20% less oil. I drive a car plenty and what I save on gas and oil and upkeep on the big, new, Money-Saving Dodge will more than make up the difference between the cost of my Dodge Beauty-Winner and one of the small, lowest-priced, competitive cars ..."—*Ralph E. Nesbit, president, Ralph E. Nesbit & Co., New York City.*

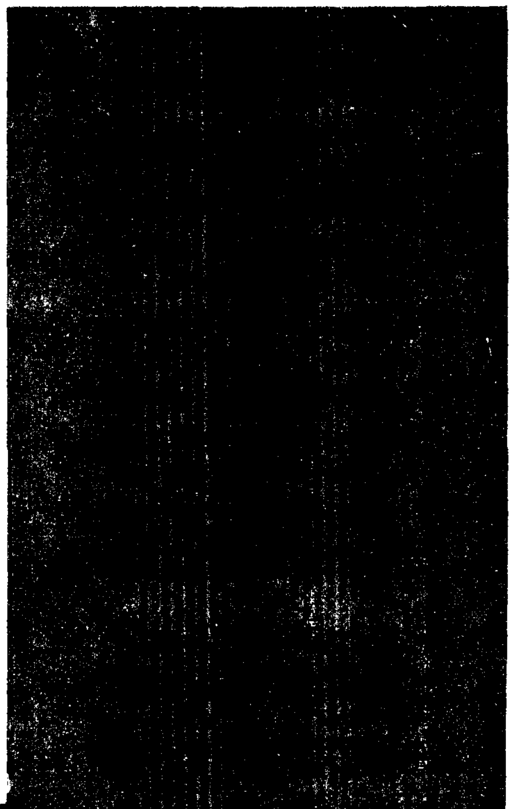
Big MONEY SAVING DODGE *at new low price – only* $640*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

Anything Went

By King Clancy and Dink Carroll

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

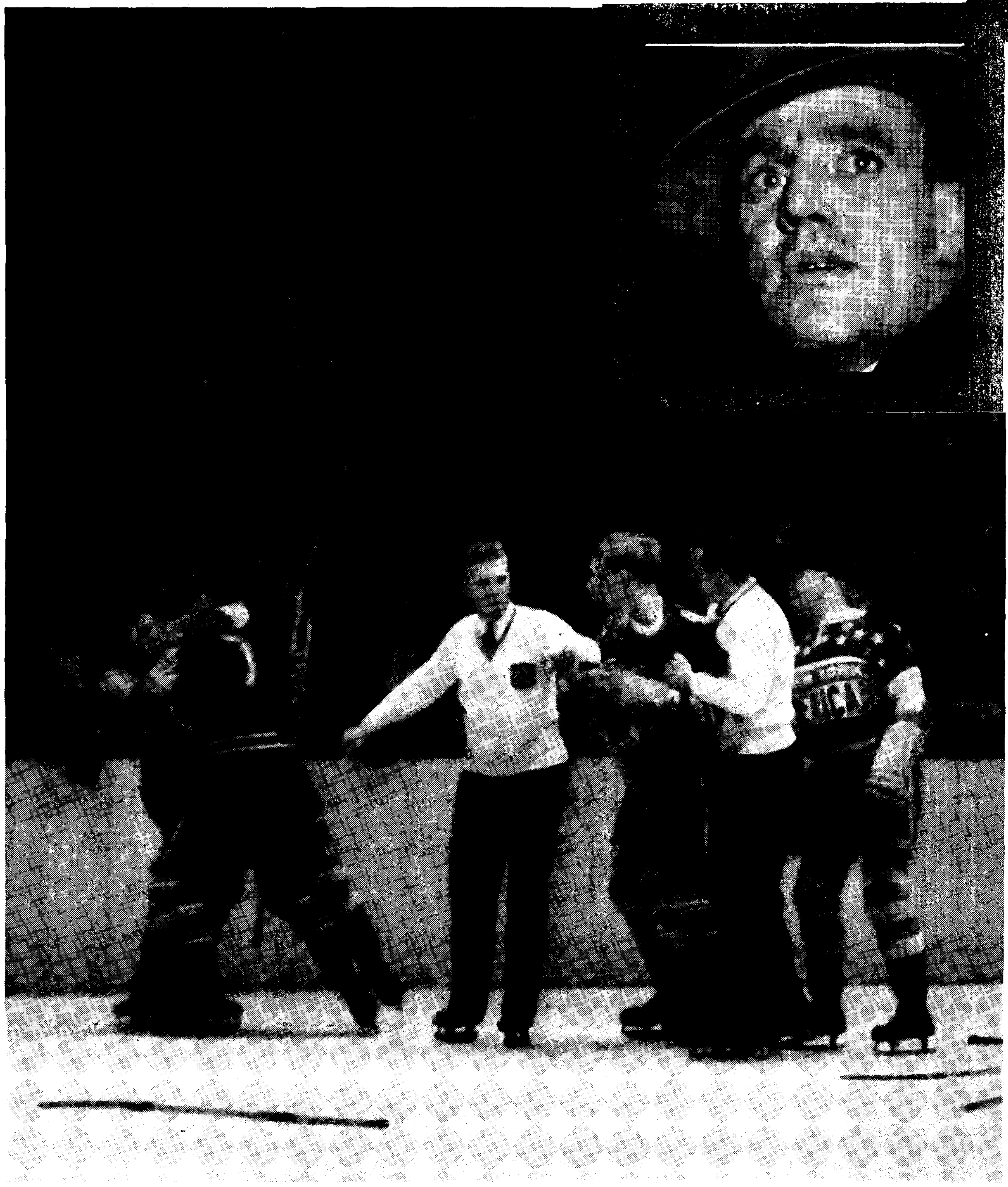


WHEN I was a kid running around the streets of Ottawa, professional hockey was in its Stone Age. The money game was unknown in the United States and only four Canadian cities—Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal and Quebec—had representation in the National Hockey League. All league games were played on Saturday nights and the game was as rough and tough as the players wanted to make it, which was so rough most of the time that ninety per cent of the spectators were male, the gentler sex not being able to stand the shock of seeing the rink suddenly transformed into a slaughterhouse.

Still, it was great stuff for the gents and you couldn't keep them away any more than you could stop them from sitting in at poker games or patronizing the corner saloon. It was a distinctly masculine pastime and not all of the fights took place on the ice or between the players, so worked up did the customers sometimes get.

The classic "bad men" of the time were Minnie McGiffen, of Toronto, and Newsy Lalonde and Bad Joe Hall, of Montreal. Gentleness was not a characteristic of any of the players of that era, but with these men in the game there was sure to be fireworks. Let a man outskate them, outbump them, or just outsmart them and you waited around, with your scalp tight on your head and your blood running cold, for the payoff.

Dick Irvin, that quiet, efficient little man who now coaches the Toronto Maple Leafs, the team I have played on for these last five years, was a contemporary of Lalonde's. One afternoon last winter on the Detroit-Chicago train he recalled a brush he had years ago with the flaming Frenchman. "Newsy was my check," Irvin said, "and he made a sudden break with the puck. I tried to catch him from behind but I couldn't quite reach him. He wriggled through the defense and sniped a pretty goal. We swung behind the net together and I said, "Nice goal, Newsy," for it was a nice goal and I meant it that way. But Lalonde thought he was being ribbed and he flipped his stick up while we were in back there where the referee couldn't see what went on, and opened my face for seven stitches."



Well, I had seen Lalonde play many times and that was exactly the way I remembered him. He dominated the play almost every minute he was on the ice and he didn't care how he did it. This year, they tell me, he is to be a referee in the National Hockey League. I'm only thankful that he's not returning as a player, so fearful is my childish recollection of him. But one thing you can bet your last nickel on is that he'll have everything under control in the games in which he officiates.

In a group that was discussing tough hockey players recently was Mike Rodden, the veteran referee who has seen them all.

"Was McGiffen really such a bad man, Mike?" he was asked.

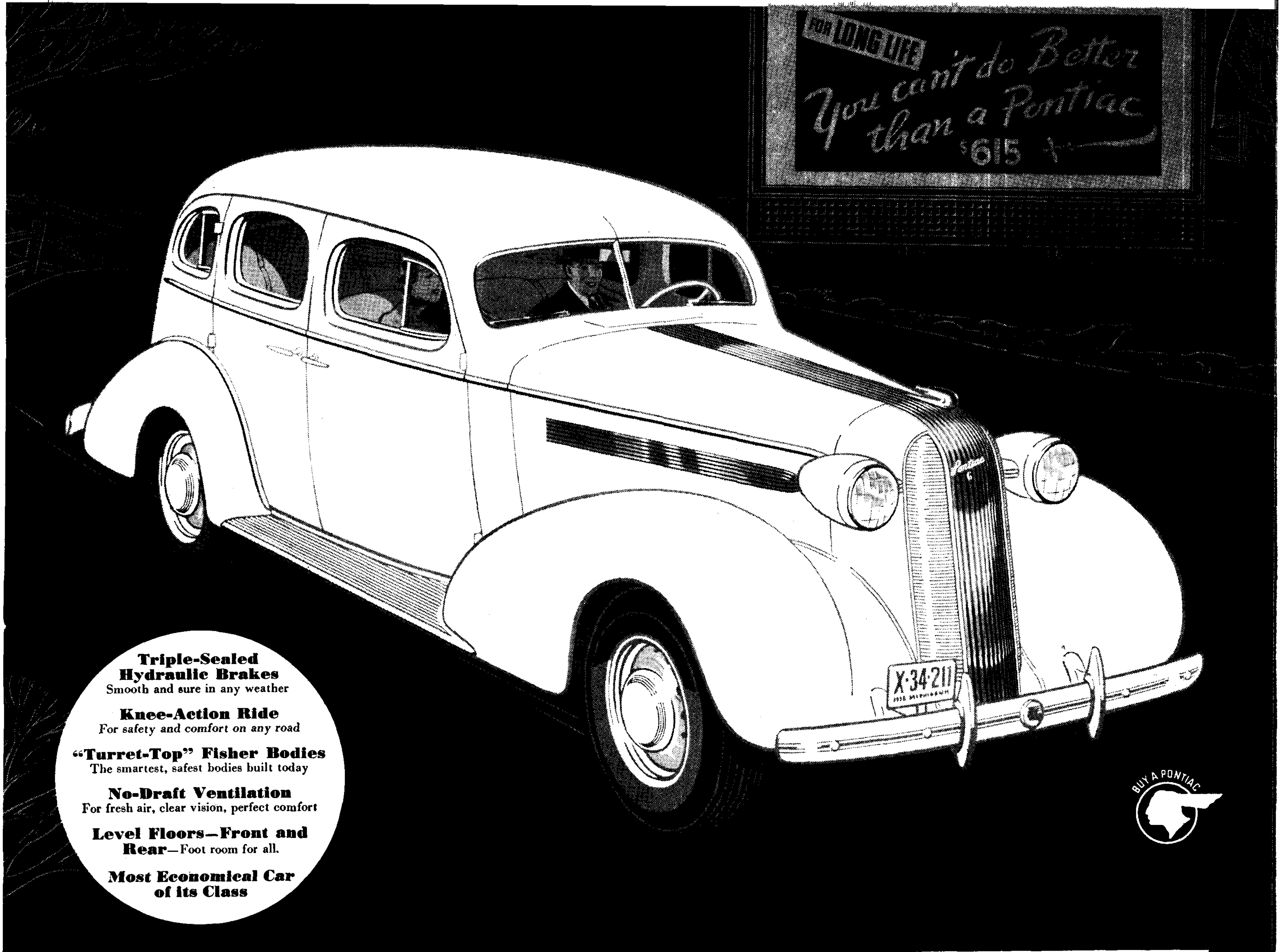
Mike considered a moment and then made his pronouncement. "McGiffen wasn't a bad man," he said. "He was a madman."

Mayhem with a Smile

The feud that went on between McGiffen and Bad Joe Hall was a thing of beauty and of terror. One night McGiffen, launched on one of his wild, high-charging rushes, tried to go over Hall. Bad Joe bodied him and then butt-ended him with his stick. The check hit McGiffen in the middle and bent him over so that the butt-end of the stick caught him in the mouth instead of in the ribs. He straightened up and skated a few feet with his hand over his mouth. Taking the hand away, he spat his teeth out on the ice like a mouthful of peas. He tried to say something to Hall but couldn't speak; his lips moved but what came out was only a hoarse whisper; then he smiled through his raw gums and went back to his position without even taking enough time out to interrupt the game.

They were a curious crowd, these old-timers. What they ever hoped to gain by going after each other the way they did is more than I can understand. They must have known that none of them would ever take a backward step, but they tore in just the same. Not that courage and physical prowess aren't admirable qualities, but you like to see some kind of intelligence moving behind it all, and that's just where those hardy

(Continued on page 51)



Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes
Smooth and sure in any weather

Knee-Action Ride
For safety and comfort on any road

"Turret-Top" Fisher Bodies
The smartest, safest bodies built today

No-Draft Ventilation
For fresh air, clear vision, perfect comfort

Level Floors—Front and Rear—Foot room for all.

Most Economical Car of its Class

*Illustrated, the De Luxe Six 4-Door Sedan—$770**

The most beautiful thing on wheels

and the most economical car of its class

IF YOU are tired of cars that are all alike . . . if you want your new car to *look* new, different and distinctive . . . make your choice from the Pontiac line of big, economical, low-priced sixes and eights. The famous Silver Streak is the one new note in motor car styling. And Pontiac is everywhere acclaimed the most beautiful thing on wheels!

Pontiac's economy leadership is just as emphatic. *With the same driver under exactly the same conditions, a Pontiac will go farther on a given amount of gas and oil than any other car of comparable size and weight.* As for dependability—Pontiacs are built to go farther with less attention than any other low-priced car!

See this Silver Streak beauty before you choose your next car. Spend 10 minutes at the wheel. That's all it takes to prove beyond a doubt that you can't do better than a Pontiac.

PONTIAC $615

**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety plate glass standard on De Luxe Six and Eight. Standard group of accessories extra. A General Motors Value.*

All Pontiac cars can be bought on G.M.A.C's new 6% plan, which greatly reduces the cost of buying on time.

“608 gallo

Who is th

ns, please”

nportant customer? . . it's YOU!

FIVE gallons now . . . ten gallons more a few days later. Small amounts, but add them up. *You buy 608 gallons of gasoline each year, if you run your car as much as the U. S. average!*

That's a lot of any kind of merchandise to buy. It's your 1936 gasoline order. It's important to the gasoline companies. It's important to you!

• • •

You may have felt that all gasolines are pretty much alike, that it makes little difference which well-known brand you buy.

Yet the purchasing agents of companies with heavy gasoline requirements do not feel this way. They *cut clean through* competitive claims . . . let nothing but facts determine their choice.

Likewise, we believe we are entitled to *your* order on specific facts like these:

Developed as emergency duty gasoline, Texaco Fire-Chief meets the Government's rigid specifications* for emergency vehicles. Yet it sells everywhere today *at regular gasoline prices.*

The Greyhound Bus Lines insist on low-cost operation. That is why the motors in these great transcontinental buses are driven by Fire-Chief.

Surveys indicate that more tourists now use Fire-Chief than any other brand of gasoline. Nation-wide demand from coast to coast, has made Fire-Chief available in all of the 48 States.

Gar Wood, speed-boat king, says, “I want alert engines. That's why I use Texaco products in the champion Miss America and Fire-Chief in my car.”

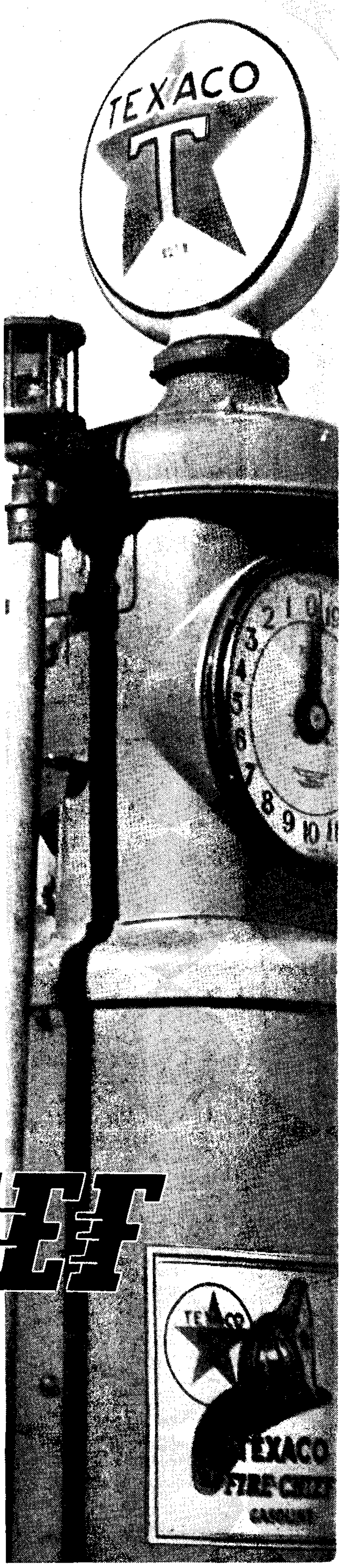
Purchasing agents have chosen Texaco products for many big airlines, such as TWA, Braniff, Delta and Northwest.

Prizes are awarded each year to the bus lines which show the greatest efficiency in maintenance and operation. Four of the first-prize winners for the last five years have been regular users of Fire-Chief.

In 1935 the winners in *all classifications* of these awards for “completeness and efficiency in maintenance methods and practices” were regular users of Texaco products.

• • •

You owe it to the yearly size of your own order to buy on specific facts like these. Look for the famous Texaco trade-mark. That's where Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline is sold . . . that's where you can always buy with confidence.



TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

● TUNE IN ON THE *“JUMBO” FIRE-CHIEF* PROGRAM

Direct from the New York Hippodrome's stage.
TUESDAY EVENINGS AT 9:30 E. S. T.
Coast-to-Coast over the N. B. C. Network.

---

*Federal Specification VV-M-571 for Emergency Motor Fuel

The Retiring Senator

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THE stage lost a great actor when George William Norris decided against the sock and buskin and went in for law and public life. Neither movie nor speakie has his equal, for without the aid of grease paint, costumes or footlights, the senior senator from Nebraska plays emotional scenes with a poignacy that would not shame a Barrymore or an Arliss. Take, for instance, his big sexennial production entitled All Alone in Lobbyland or The Heart Bowed Down.

As regularly as the time comes around for Senator Norris to run again for renomination and reëlection, he picks a spot in the exact center of the stage, sinks into an attitude of weariness and despair, sighs heavily and loudly for a while, and then in a voice that is scarcely more than a whisper, yet skilfully calculated to reach every corner of Nebraska, sadly announces that he has made up his mind to retire from the public service.

Worn out with his years of struggle against the powers of privilege, and more than a little disillusioned, he yearns only for the peace and quiet of his humble home in McCook. Ah, if he could only tell of what he has seen and suffered; days of siege by the Power Trust when he had to wait for midnight to crawl on his belly to the spring for a drink of water; desperate charges into the Cannon's mouth, and savage hand-to-hand encounters with Lame Ducks, Federal Judges and Old Guards. But he is too tired!

The Senator Yields

Yes, he admits reluctantly, he has had his victories. There was, for instance, his successful drive against the iron rule of Uncle Joe Cannon, speaker of the House in the old days, and its Czar; the enactment of an Anti-Injunction law that lifted labor up from the dust; the famous fight for government development and operation of Muscle Shoals, out of which came the Tennessee Valley Administration, a sock on the chin from which the Power Trust is still reeling; his sponsorship of the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution, ending Lame Duck sessions of Congress; and the good Lord only knows how many minor matters. But why mention them? All he wants to think of is rest and repose.

Anyway, these very victories, all won for the toiling inarticulate masses, have taken heavy toll of his strength, sapping his vitality, lowering his blood pressure and dulling the edge of his spirit. Surely he has earned the right to take off his shoes and sit by the fire, happy in the companionship of his family and friends. And may it not be that the interests of the people will be best served by shifting the burden of the battle to younger shoulders?

George W. Norris, U. S. senator from Nebraska. As usual, there isn't a candidate in sight to prevent his sacrificing himself, once more, in the best interests of his state

PHOTO © BY HARRIS AND EWING

An offering with very little variety, to be sure, but the same can be said of Uncle Tom's Cabin, East Lynne, The Old Homestead and other classics that are eternal in their appeal. Before the curtain shows any signs of falling on the Norris show, the voters of Nebraska are sobbing like children, anguished at the thought of losing their great champion, and from every section of the country comes the frantic demand that "Uncle George" put aside his own personal inclinations, and "sacrifice" himself again for the sake of America's oppressed millions.

Senator Norris yields eventually, as a matter of course, but while his return to another six years in the Senate has the outward appearance of a disconsolate trudge, those peering under his hat brim are able to see the hint of a happy smile. Close observers also note that there is nothing valetudinarian about the manner in which he pulls up his pants, adjusts his galluses and prepares to resume his battle with the myrmidons of the Power Trust.

As a senator, no less than a candidate, "Uncle George" does some very fine acting, and it is indeed fascinating to compare his technique with that of some of his fellow progressives. Couzens of Michigan, for instance, champions his causes with an aggressiveness that borders on apoplexy and, while California's Hiram Johnson has mellowed quite a bit, he still barks like a sea lion when any of his pet measures are opposed. Wheeler of Montana resorts to the bludgeon in debate, Costigan of Colorado favors the rapier, and Bob LaFollette is apt to wax contentious. Henrik Shipstead, the Minnesota Norseman, takes the floor as though he were leaping to the prow of a Viking ship.

Forty Years in Public Service

Not so with "Uncle George." Sitting far back on his shoulder blades, and speaking as though it were an almost intolerable drain on his shattered constitution, he makes an approach so mild, benignant and appealing that often whole days pass before standpat senators realize that he is striking powerfully and directly at the very things they have been taught to hold most dear.

Not one word of this is to be taken as disparagement of Senator Norris' courage, idealism and long record of unselfish public service. With respect to the superstition, however, that he is a sweet, simple, childlike soul—a sort of Babe in the Woods—it is only necessary to glance back over his political career. Moving to Nebraska from Ohio and Indiana in 1885, he had barely learned the road from his law office to his home before he landed the post of prosecuting attorney for the county. Three terms there! Then a high judicial honor, sitting as judge of the fourteenth Nebraska district from 1895 to 1902. Two terms! After that a member of Congress from 1903 to 1913—five terms—followed by elevation to the United States Senate where he has been ever since. Four large full terms!

If anybody imagines for one moment that this record does not indicate political sagacity of the very highest order, then he doesn't know Nebraska. With the possible exception of the inmates of Kansas, Nebraskans take their politics more seriously than the people of any other state, and any candidate who can get himself elected for a stretch of forty-odd years, without a reverse, is certainly out of the maiden class.

Nebraskans Are Norris Addicts

A hard-working, useful life, but one for which he was admirably fitted by early training. Never at any time did the Norris mouth know a silver spoon. Born on a farm in Sandusky County, Ohio, back in 1861, he sweated and froze at the usual farm tasks until his middle teens—milking, plowing, shocking wheat and shucking corn—and then he switched over to school teaching in order to establish contact with legal tender. Out of his savings he managed to pay his way through Baldwin University and the Northern Indiana Normal school, and then another spell of teaching during which he read law at night. More money laid by, he finished his studies at Valparaiso University in 1883, and after being duly admitted to the bar, taught school again for a whole year before he could purchase the necessary law books for an office. Then Nebraska!

A courageous, independent man as well as a shrewd, resourceful one. Just as he fought his party on the issue of "Cannonism," so has he kicked over the traces whenever he felt that the Republican organization was headed the wrong way. He came out openly for Smith in 1928, and when Nebraska gave a whacking majority against the Brown Derby, it was thought to be the end of "Uncle George." Standing for reëlection in 1930, however, after the usual retirement act, he won handily, and in 1932 calmly campaigned for Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Let no one doubt that he will run again in 1936, and that he will be reelected. Nebraskans are what might be called confirmed Norris addicts.

To fight a Cold do two things for your system

CLEAN OUT THE INTESTINAL TRACT
COMBAT ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

TODAY, medical authorities agree that there are two important steps to take when a cold threatens—*two ways to put your system in fighting shape:*

1. **Cleanse the system**
2. **Combat the acidity that encourages a cold**

And Sal Hepatica is especially designed to do *both.* Not only does Sal Hepatica rid the intestinal tract of wastes—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but in addition, Sal Hepatica produces a definite alkaline reaction to combat your acid condition . . . help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

Unlike Ordinary Laxatives

When you consider that colds take hold and hang on best in an over-acid system, and that a cold tends to *keep* the system acid, you'll understand why this anti-acid action of Sal Hepatica gives it a great advantage over ordinary laxatives in fighting off colds. For though ordinary laxatives *do* cleanse your system, they are not designed to correct acidity.

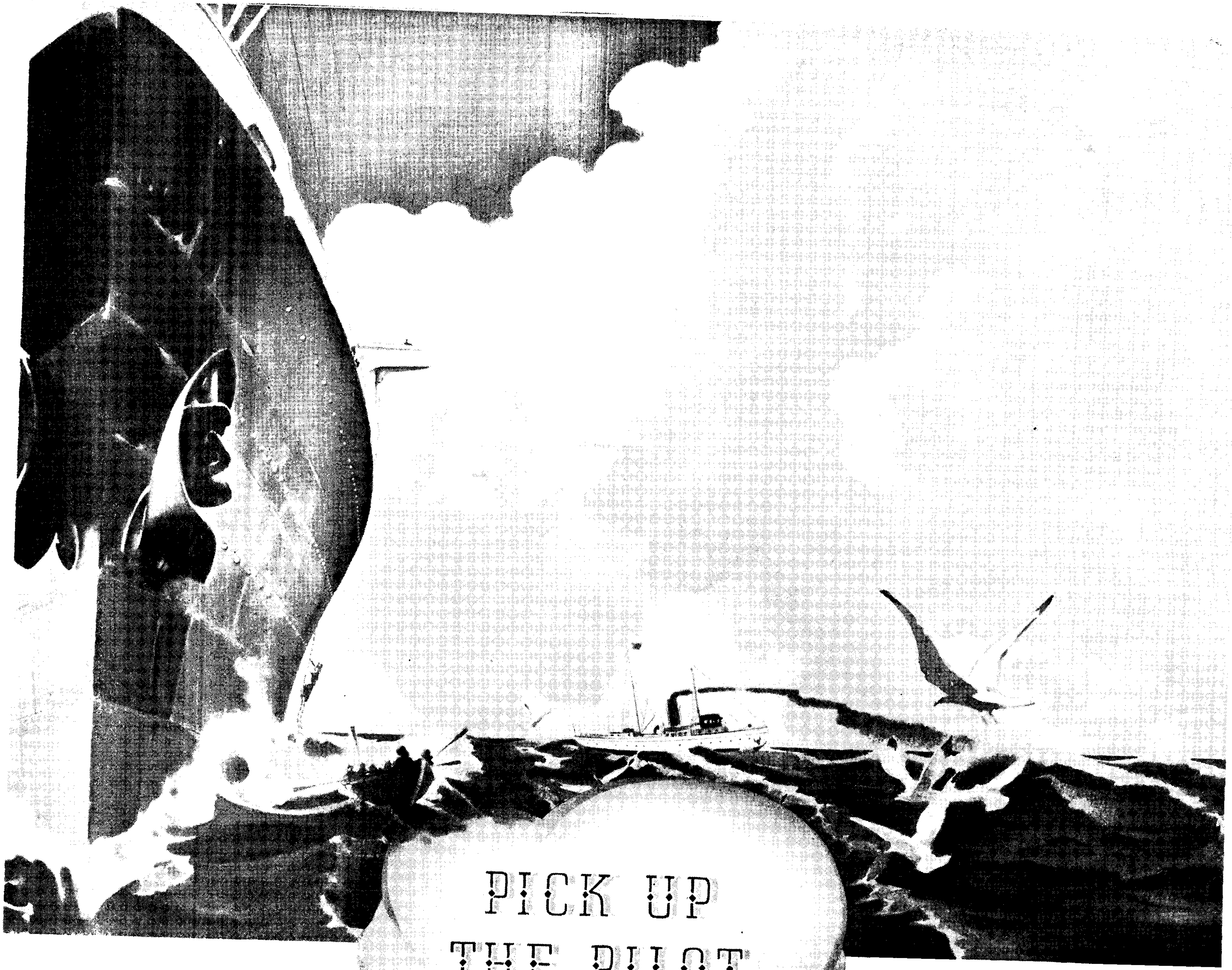
Do this at once

At the first sign of a cold, take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—both to cleanse your system and to combat acidity. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today!

Sal Hepatica
(ORIGINAL)
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
WELL BALANCED
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL-MYERS CO NEW YORK

THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." Every Wednesday Night, over N B C Nation-Wide Network.



PICK UP THE PILOT

...WHEN YOUR SHIP COMES IN

● There is nothing so thoroughly satisfying, so substantial, as owning a home. And the thrill of building one, today, is like the thrill of exploring strange seas that beckon with a magic lure, for new materials and fresh architectural thinking have brought into being new designs for living that are almost revolutionary.

Consider glass. Its more generous use has been instrumental in creating this new type home. No other building material is so stimulating. No other decorative medium so effective. Picture windows. Corner windows. Window walls. Glass enclosed porches. Double glazing. Mirrors. Mirrored screens. Table tops. Doors. A hundred other practical and popular uses that make owning a modern home an endlessly exciting adventure.

The possibilities of glass are infinite. But glass, despite its increased importance, is only one of countless factors to be considered in building.

There have been radical advances in many other fields. Architects know about these changes. One of the first responsibilities of their profession is to keep informed. The intimate knowledge that results from their constant study and keen analysis assures you permanent satisfaction and lasting value in your building investment *when you retain an architect.*

With better times ahead, many homes, stores and other buildings that have been only dreams will soon become realities. When your own ship comes in, on the heels of this favorable wind, be sure to PICK UP THE PILOT... have an architect guide you safely to port.
Libbey·Owens·Ford Glass Company, Toledo, O.

L·O·F Polished Plate Glass, either clear or in colors for distinctive and unusual mirrors.

L·O·F Quality Plate or Window Glass for home and office window glazing.

Tuf-Flex tempered plate glass is ideal for special uses that require greater strength.

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD

Quality Glass

L·O·F Safety Glass provides greater protection than ordinary glass in your car.

Vitrolite, colorful structural glass for store fronts, restaurants, bathrooms or kitchens.

Blue Ridge Figured and Wire Glass for partitions, transoms and decorative uses.

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 22

slow wind; the door of the dressmaking shop stood open, full lamplight streaming out.

He rode up the street, in the center of the street, and came abreast the light and turned to catch a view of Annette Carvel standing inside. He was about to stop there when a voice came casually to him from the porch: "Surratt."

He rode over, and wet and hungry as he was his nerves began to whip up coolness and a restlessness. Old Martin Head sat there, blanketed in the dark, with Tom Bolderbuck beside him. It was Bolderbuck who had spoken, for he spoke again, the tip of his cigar throwing a faint glow back upon the solid, enigmatic surface of his face. "Why?" said Bolderbuck.

"Torveen here?" said Surratt.

"No."

Old Martin Head's big torso tipped away from the chair. His head bent forward and Surratt felt all the tremendous power of that man's eyes strike against him, searching for weakness, searching for truth, searching for something. The saloon doors squealed behind Surratt. He threw a quick glance over there, to see Pokey coming across the dust. But Pokey recognized him and the shock of that threw the little man back on his heels, as though he had checked himself on the edge of some sharp drop. He remained thus frozen for a moment, letting Surratt's aroused attention have its way. Afterwards he drawled mildly: "That's all right," and walked a wide circle around Surratt and got to the hotel porch. He sat down, spreading his arms along his legs, so there could be no mistake about his intent.

"Surratt," said Bolderbuck evenly, "You—"

Old Martin Head interrupted with a curt, over-riding grunt: "Be quiet, Tom!"

Surratt flashed a long, careful look around him, rummaging all the shadows of doorway and alley. He was straight in the saddle and his shoulders were faintly swaying.

"Anything more to say, Tom?"

"No."

SURRATT wheeled, crossing to the dressmaking shop and dismounting.

Annette Carvel had her back to the door. She heard him come and she turned, and all at once her face—so responsive to her moods—registered inexpressibly the swing of her emotions. The light of pleasure and relief was there and the way of her heart was there for him to see; but that was only for a moment. It fled before a strange, startled fear. She said, throwing the words out with an expelled breath: "You shouldn't be here!"

"Annette," said a woman's voice. Turning, Buck discovered Mrs. Carvel in the doorway of another room.

"No, you shouldn't!" repeated Annette, almost in a cry.

"Who's in town?" asked Surratt.

"Old Martin."

"Anybody else?"

"No," she murmured. "But they'll be back."

"Torveen—Brann? Miss Cameron? They're not here?"

"No. Where are they?"

He shook his head, listening to the fall of a horse's hoofs in the street. The horse stopped somewhere above the shop. There was no other sound just then. He had something in his mind and didn't know how best to say it, though he understood he had it to say. He looked at Mrs. Carvel; he took off his hat. He said, quietly: "Nick Perrigo was killed this afternoon."

He was immediately to know what that news meant to her, for her lips came together and the straightness went out of her body. She put a hand against the door casing, lowering her head. Annette turned her curious eyes from Surratt to her mother. She said: "What is it?"

"In his way," reflected Surratt, "he was honest. I saw him die, and he died regrettin' many things."

MRS. CARVEL rose. She looked at Surratt in a way that hurt him and saddened him immeasurably. It was a sorry thing to stand before this woman and watch old tragedy rise in her eyes. It was there. But he kept thinking of Perrigo and of Perrigo's regret; and he felt bound to represent that little man truthfully. It turned him toward Annette. "He liked you. He said he remembered you best as a little girl wearin' a red bow in your hair."

"Me?" she said, deeply puzzled. "Me."

But Mrs. Carvel was near to crying. She said, "Thank you," in a muffled voice and walked back into the other room. Surratt's attentive ears kept registering the rise and fall of talk on the hotel porch. The run of time bothered him and his nerves were stretched by a strain he felt and could not identify.

Annette Carvel murmured: "I don't understand."

He shook his head. "Never mind. Maybe it will help you to know that the glove found on Les Head's bunk meant nothing. You're loyal to your friends, Annette. It is a strong light in a dark place. If you ever find a man you can put that loyalty on he'll be lucky."

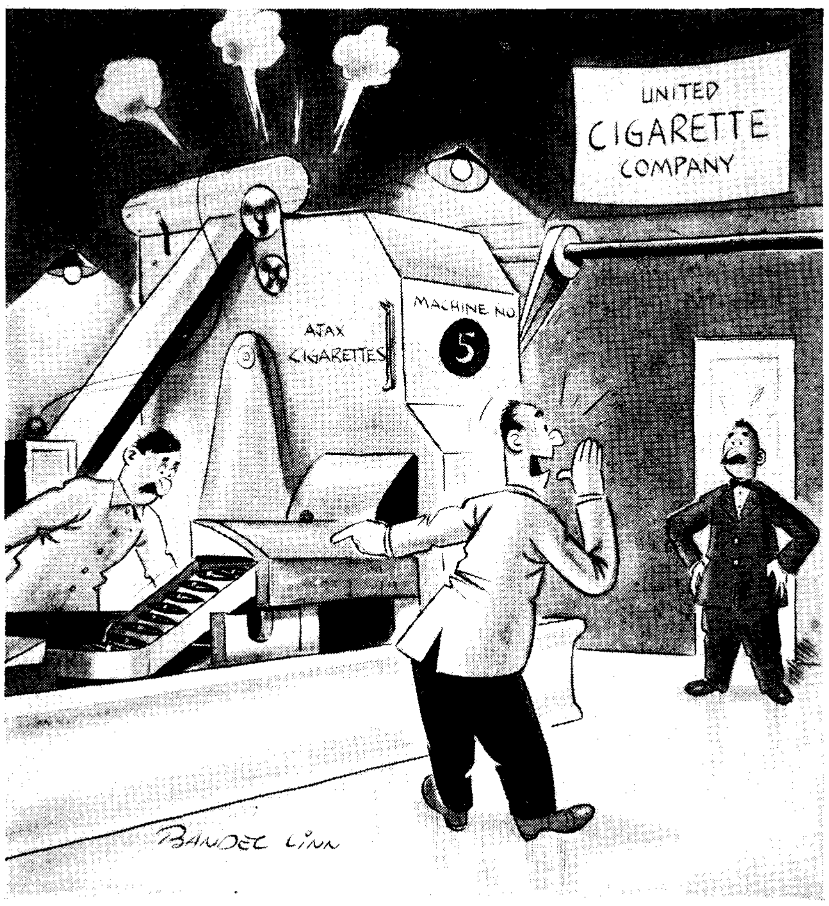
She turned slowly away from him and walked to the end of the room. "Please, Buck," she said. "Please."

The sound of talk ceased, up by the hotel. There was a man walking idly past the dressmaking shop. These little impressions piled up and made a heavy weight on his nerves. He swung and went out of the shop, on out to his horse. The idling man was below him, under the porch awnings. Surratt turned to catch his foot in a stirrup, and his glance crossed to the hotel. He let the stirrup go and stood frozen there; he stepped away from the horse, into the middle of the street.

Bolderbuck and Old Martin still remained on the hotel porch. But a third man was standing before them now, his back swung on Surratt. Old Martin spoke, distinctly enough for Surratt to hear:

"Turn around, Bill."

Bill Head said: "What?" But his great shoulder made a wheeling gesture and the ruddy, florid cheeks came about. He saw Surratt. The next moment he had crossed the walk in long strides. He came to a halt, out in the middle of Morgantown's dusty street, facing Surratt.



"Something's wrong! Number five has started turning out cigars!"

BANDEL LINN

THUS separated by an interval of thirty yards, they faced each other on Morgantown's street, with the hotel lamps shining softly upon them, with a fatal stillness falling around.

Bill Head called: "Surratt, what are you doing here?"

Surratt didn't answer, for talk was a useless thing now.

Bill Head spoke again: "Surratt!" There was no purpose in that talk. It was only a vehement sound. His head tipped downward but his stare remained a fixed and calculating and wicked pressure against Surratt; and the ruddiness of his broad bold face was less than it had been. Surratt made no move. His purpose locked him vise-like there. But then he saw Bill Head's lips faintly stir and stretch at the corners. It was a signal. It was a clear signal that Surratt had seen often before in other men waiting before him. And, seeing it, he reached for his gun and beat Head to the draw.

But it wasn't his shot that first shattered the silence. He was lifting his gun for a deliberate aim when Bill Head began firing in a headlong way, throwing his lead in the same manner he threw his fists, a hot and thoughtless desire to destroy riding him uncontrollably. Dust sprayed up in front of Surratt; there was the breath of a bullet on his right cheek as it went by. These two reports were huge and thunderous in the town, slamming against the building walls. Surratt's eyes were pinned to that wide chest. He sent his bullet at it coolly—and sent no more, for his faith was that certain. Bill Head's arm stopped rising, his shoulders quit swinging; he froze in a queer, hunched posture and his face betrayed an unbelieving astonishment. A man somewhere in the shadows groaned at what he saw and then Bill Head gave way at the knees and dropped awkwardly on his face. He was dead when he struck the ground.

For Surratt, blackness rushed away and he was aware of all the dangers surrounding him. He made a complete wheeling circle, his gun raking all the shadows. There were townsmen crowding the walks, their faces dim and twisted by this scene. Annette Carvel was in the doorway of her shop, both hands clinging to the casing and a fright stamping a death's pallor on her graphic cheeks. Surratt threw his attention over to the White House porch. Pokey was on his feet, motionless. Bolderbuck had retreated to the hotel wall, where he remained in formidable quietness. Old Martin, in his chair, made no motion whatever.

SURRATT walked that way and stood before the porch steps. Old Martin's eyes were hard to meet then, so bitter and blazing was the spirit rushing out of them. It was plain to Surratt at the moment that the man silently cried out for a return of his own vigor, so that he might answer for his boy dead in the dust. But he sat there, gripping the arms of the chair, locked in a tumultuous hell—a fighter who could not fight and destroying himself by the thought.

Surratt shook his head. "It will do no good to say that I'm sorry. I came to this country without malice. I took the side of a man who befriended me. This is the end of that business, as it is always the end. I cannot regret it now. Maybe—"

A sound up the street wheeled him around at once, and he discovered a column of horsemen entering the town. There was something lashed between the two leading horses and after that he identified George Bernay and Blackjack Smith riding to either side of the burden the horses carried. It was a stretcher. He knew what it carried then, but he held his place. Doc Brann broke from the column and came on. He stopped before Bill Head's body; he looked at it. Afterwards his glance, turned to a grim brightness, jerked up to Surratt. He got off his horse and knelt down; his hand professionally touched the dead man's chest, soon coming away.

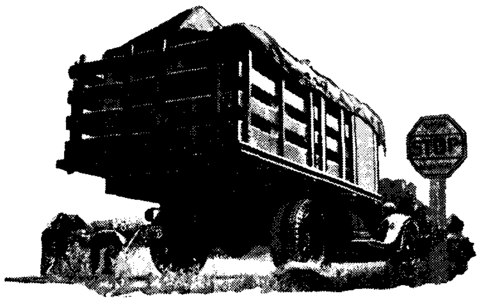
The column halted before the White House and broke to see what lay on the dusty street. George Bernay said, "Why, my God—!" It was Sam Torveen who occupied the improvised stretcher lashed between the horses. He couldn't turn himself to see this, and his voice lifted weakly. "What's happened?" Then Judith Cameron came from the rear of this group of men and paused to show Surratt a strange long glance, and ride rapidly down to the dressmaking shop. Another rider galloped out of the hills and was yelling when he struck the street. "They're comin' in!"

George Bernay's words jumped out

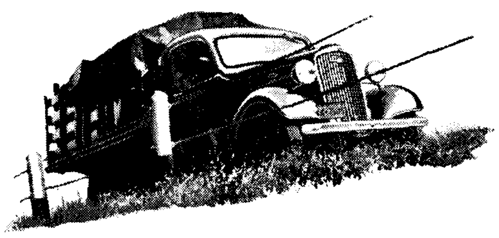
(Continued on page 38)

NEW

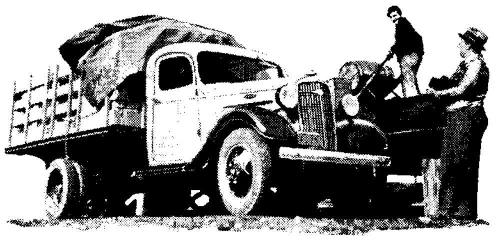
UP GOES POWER
DOWN COME COSTS
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
always equalized for quick, unswerving, "straight line" stops



NEW HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE
with increased horsepower, increased torque, greater economy in gas and oil



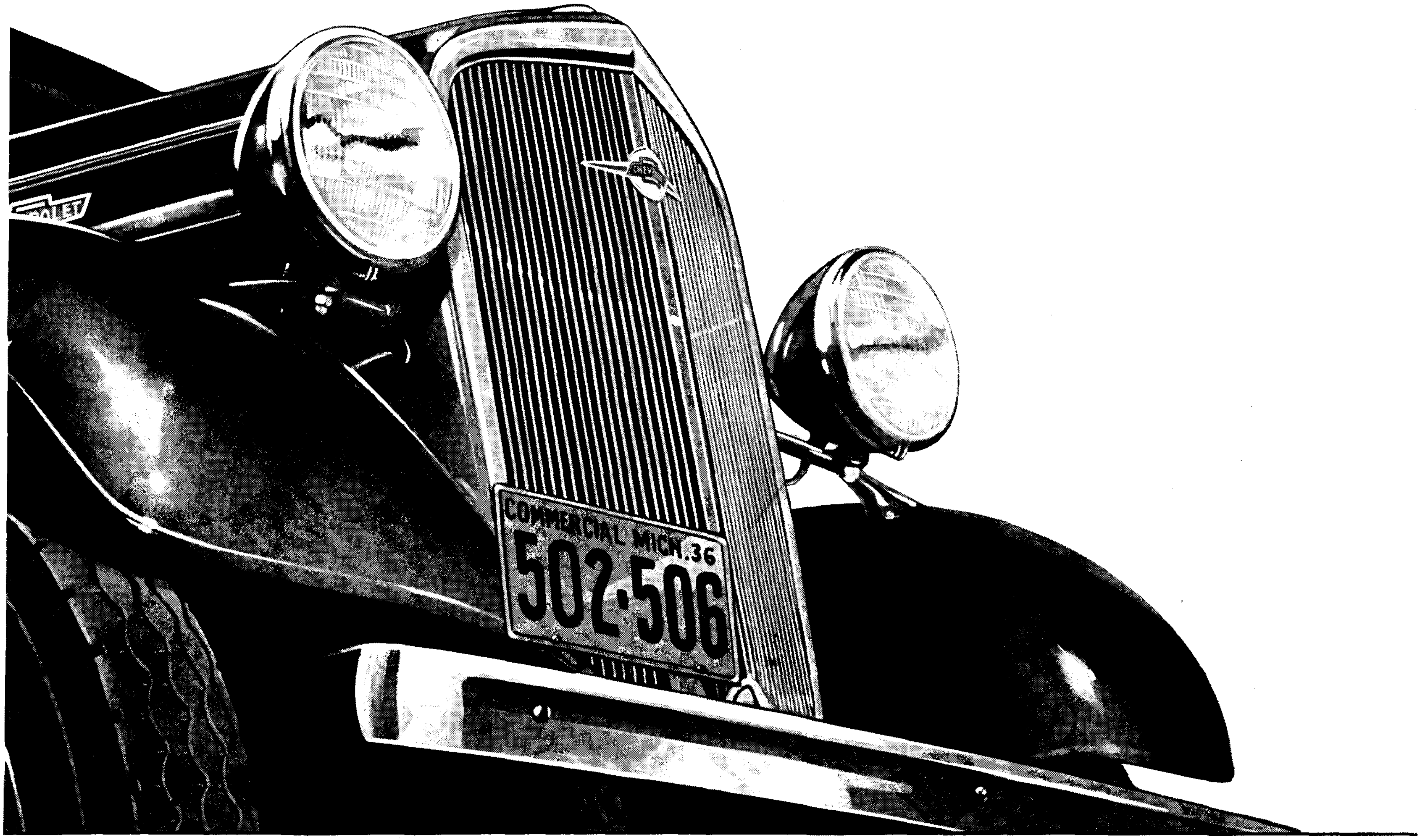
FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE
with barrel type wheel bearings exclusive to Chevrolet

NEW FULL-TRIMMED DE LUXE CABS
with clear-vision instrument panel

6% NEW GREATLY REDUCED G.M.A.C. TIME PAYMENT PLAN
The lowest financing cost in G. M. A. C. history. Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices.

CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR 1936

The most dependable and most economical trucks ever offered by the manufacturer who leads the way in saving money for truck buyers



CHEVROLET

You are looking at the *most powerful* truck in all Chevrolet history . . . and the *most economical* truck for all-round duty . . . Chevrolet for 1936!

Chevrolet has made three major improvements in these new 1936 Chevrolet trucks: (1) It has increased power. (2) It has reduced operating costs to a new record low. And (3) it has modernized truck design and construction in every important part and feature.

The brakes on these big, husky Chevrolet trucks are *New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes*—the safest ever developed. The engine is Chevrolet's *High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine*—giving an unmatched combination of power and economy. The rear axle is a *Full-Floating Rear Axle* of maximum ruggedness and reliability. And the cab is a *New Full-Trimmed De Luxe Cab* with clear-vision instrument panel—combining every advantage of comfort and convenience for the driver.

The new Chevrolet line for 1936 includes a truck for every delivery and haulage need . . . and each is a *real truck with full-strength truck-units throughout*—designed and built to give you extra-dependable service, over an extra-long period, at lowest cost per mile.

See and test these new 1936 Chevrolet trucks . . . buy one or as many as you need . . . and *up will go power* and *down will come costs* on your delivery or haulage jobs.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

This positive no-risk offer attracts pipe smokers by its fairness

If you are a pipe smoker who would enjoy a better smoke, this remarkable no-risk offer is right down your alley!

You simply get a pocket-size tin of Prince Albert. Smoke 20 pipefuls as a fair and square trial—then decide. If not delighted, your full purchase price, plus postage, is returned.

You are the judge—The risk is all on us. Prince Albert has to satisfy you. And we believe it will. For we use only choice, selected grades of naturally mild tobaccos. Any "bite" is removed to make it absolutely certain Prince Albert is mild and delicate in taste. Then it is scientifically "crimp cut" for slow, cool smoking. Swing back the lid. What a captivating, delicate fragrance! Smoke up—and the wonder grows. You're on the joy road now! New pipe contentment is yours—for keeps!

The big 2-ounce economy tin—We pack and tamp the rich golden-brown tobacco into the package until there are around 50 pipefuls in the big 2-ounce red tin. The tin also guards against flavor-loss.

So it's little wonder that pipe smokers are flocking to Prince Albert, "the national joy smoke," backed by our definite you-must-be-pleased way of guaranteeing satisfaction.

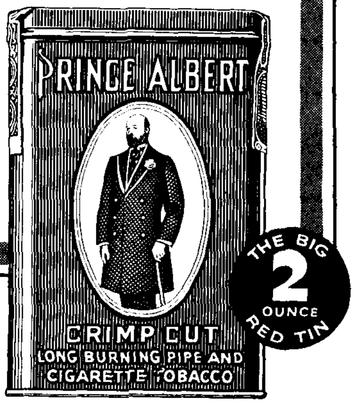
Time flies—start today to smoke P. A. You owe it to yourself to know the difference.

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke!*

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 35

of his throat. "Get Sam into the hotel!" He was down from his horse, unlashing the stretcher. Temple and Horsfall sprang out of their saddles, and the three of them took the stretcher and carried Torveen into the hotel. Small ruffles of steady sound broke away from the heights above Morgantown; and the yelling messenger charged along the dust and howled at Blackjack Smith who sat so mountainously calm in his saddle.

"They're comin' in!"

Surratt had his careful look at the crowd. Blackjack and Blackjack's four men he knew. And Surratt's friends he knew. But these others were strange to him. There were about twenty of them, all solemn and a little disturbed. Blackjack shifted his gross cheeks toward Surratt. He said briefly: "What you want to do?"

"Get down the street."

They heard him. They rode by and formed behind him, and he looked around to see how quietly they arranged themselves underneath the board awnings, and out across the street. He said evenly: "That's all right. Don't start any shooting until they do." For he knew who was coming; the smell of trouble was as clear to him as the odor of the disturbed dust curling up from the street.

Bernay and Bill Temple and Jud Horsfall came out of the White House on the run. They went up to their saddles and rode over to Surratt, turning beside him. George Bernay was a reckless man now; whitely grinning. He said: "These are my friends, Buck. They're also Sam Torveen's friends. Just a bunch of two-bit ranchers like me. I been ridin' ever since last night, to find 'em. We went up to the tunnel. You'd just left." He laughed outright. "Well—here's five horse thieves, twenty poor white trash, and a guy with a reward on his head. It's enough to make the angel Gabriel weep. Can we do it, Surratt?"

The question was suddenly high and thin. The man was game, but he wasn't sure. Surratt said softly: "We'll see," and watched Bill Head's men tip into Morgantown's street and ride fast forward.

PEYROLLES and Dutch Kersom were leading the outfit; and both men discovered at once what faced them on the street. Peyrolles' arm shot high, to stop that rapid riding. They had gotten as far as the bank when they halted. Peyrolles bent in his saddle. He yelled excitedly: "If you boys want it, you can have it!"

Kersom said nothing. Sheriff Ranier worked his way forward through the riders and came abreast of Peyrolles. "Wait," he asked. "Wait a minute."

"Shut up!" yelled Peyrolles.

But Dutch Kersom suddenly pointed at Bill Head's body lying in the dust. It was a thing none of them had so far seen. Peyrolles stared down and his lantern jaw closed and his teeth snapped distinctly. Hughie Grant pushed forward, the coolest of the Head men. He put his arms across the saddle horn and had his look at Bill Head; nothing changed on his face. But he did something none of the rest of them had done. He lifted his hat in a way that was a gesture to the dead man and clapped it back on his head. His eyes threw a narrow glance across to Buck Surratt; he was quietly mad then. It was in his voice: "You damn' gunslinger, who asked you to come here?"

Surratt felt the high storm coming on. His men were shifting a little behind him; they were unsure, as was George Bernay. In front, the collected riders of the big outfits were slowly drifting, making a line wall to wall. Surratt swung his head toward the hotel porch, toward Old Martin Head there. His talk was even and set then.

"How many men do you want to die? This was your son's war and he's dead and that's the end of his pride. You can make this street a cemetery if it is your wish, but you'll settle nothing."

He had no answer from Old Martin. But Peyrolles, his excitability carrying him beyond thought, suddenly shouted: "Let the man have it!"

Old Martin's voice unexpectedly growled across the street with a strength and a tactiturnity that stilled them all. "Peyrolles and Kersom—come here. I want you. Surratt, you come here."

SURRATT walked across the dust. The other men were coming, but Old Martin Head stared at Surratt, the sore pride in him burning brightly. He said: "Push my chair into the hotel. I want Bolderbuck and I want Ranier. Bernay, come with us."

They all came along, the men Old Martin had named. They followed through the doorway. Surratt turned the wheelchair around; he stood near Old Martin, and he looked down at the man and saw the fire die out. Old Martin was speaking in a lost, defeated manner.

"I had three sons. One of them died for the South, a long time ago, and his memory is still fresh to me. It is all I have to remember, for my other boys were no good. They're gone and I'm a pretty old man and loneliness is a terrible thing. I've lived beyond my time. If I was a younger man, Surratt, I'd fight you for the joy of it—because fightin' was life to me, as fightin' is life to you now, though you do not recognize that thing in yourself. Few men do."

Peyrolles said angrily: "There's the man that killed your son, Martin."

"My son," said Old Martin quietly, "set the tune and he had to face the music out. The draw was even and Surratt stood his ground, as he had to do. I'd despise him if he hadn't. This is the way men have to act, when the time for talkin' is all over. It is hard, but it is just. Now, Frank, we are going to make a decision here that will stand in my lifetime and yours. After that it does not matter. This is a young man's world and neither you nor me has a right to fence in all the water holes. So this is the way it is to be. Draw a line from the Gray Bull peaks to the Cameron ridge. North of that line stays cattle; it stays cattle because we live over there and Dutch and Ab live over there—and cattle is our life. South of that line sheep may come, and the young men may have their day. The fight is over."

Peyrolles' long jaws made a wicked, stubborn slant. "Not for me, Martin."

Old Martin rolled his shoulders. "I'm drawing my men out of this. Ab Cameron never wanted any of it. So where do you stand with your crew of ten and where does Dutch stand with his crew of nine? Surratt, you take those boys George Bernay brought you and ride over to Frank's house and burn it down. How'd you like that, Frank? The Head outfit will help you no more."

"I don't understand you," muttered Peyrolles dismally.

"Go out and tell everybody to go home," growled Old Martin.

Peyrolles turned his eyes toward Dutch Kersom, but Kersom was a studying shape in the background. He met Peyrolles' glance and merely lifted his shoulders. It angered Peyrolles immeasurably. He said: "Why don't you speak—you've got a tongue."

"I guess," said Kersom laconically, "we mind Martin."

Peyrolles ground his reluctant surrender between his teeth. "Let it be so," and shot his undimmed hostility at Surratt. "Stay on your side of that line," he added. He turned on his heels and walked out to the porch. All quiet in the room, they heard him speak irritably to the crews.

Old Martin looked about him to find Pokey quietly posted in a corner. "Get the buckboard. I'm going home."

Surratt's talk was soft, it was sad: "For all that's happened to you, for my part in it, I give you my regrets."

Old Martin shrugged his shoulders. "Things happen. It's the best any man can say. I should like to've had you for a son. Pokey—get me out of here."

Surratt swung and went across the lobby, George Bernay with him. They passed down a hall and stopped at a doorway. But Surratt didn't go in, for he saw Sam Torveen lying sound asleep on the bed, his arms flung out with the looseness of deep exhaustion. It made Surratt smile quietly to see that. "It was a chance—and it's all right now," he murmured. He went to the porch with George Bernay. Men were lifting Old Martin into a rig.

Bernay said: "So what now?"

Doc Brann came across the street. He stopped beside Surratt: "Go up to my office and pile into the bed there. You look like hell."

"For a fact," agreed Surratt. Weariness was like lead on his shoulders and he hadn't answered Bernay's question. He turned on the man, the smile remote and inscrutable. "Never be curious about tomorrow, George. It's bad enough when it comes." He left Bernay and crossed to the bank building. All the outfits were leaving Morgantown slowly; and Bill Head had been taken from the street, the spot where he had fallen ringed around by a group of curious men who eyed Surratt as he passed by. Before he turned up the bank stairway he saw Judith Cameron come up from the dressmaking shop and meet Ab, who appeared on this street for the first time since the shooting. He went on up to Brann's room. There was a bottle of whisky sitting on the table, thoughtfully placed there. He helped himself, lifting the bottle to the corner of the room in a kind of salute to some thought in his mind; and had a long drink. Afterwards he peeled off his wet clothes and rolled up on the bed. He was thinking, as he fell asleep, of the trail he would be taking the next morning over the Gray Bull Pass.

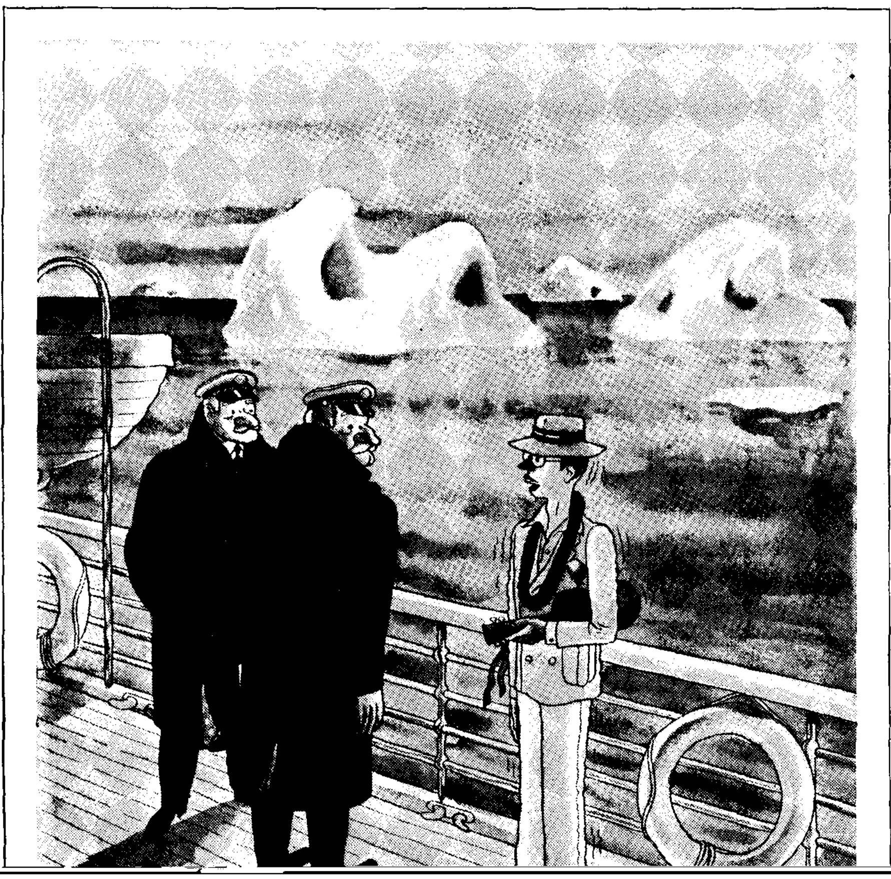
WHEN he awoke he found Doc Brann sitting indolently in the room, obviously getting the full savor out of a morning cigar. Brann chuckled faintly and pointed at Surratt's clothes. "I dried 'em out. You'll find a razor and soap in the corner. Man, you been dead to the world." He fell silent then, but his eyes kept studying the tough, flat planes of Surratt's body and a long while afterward he added in a puzzled way: "I do not know where your power comes from. You're a deceptive man, Buck. The dynamite don't show."

Surratt shaved and made a smoke; and turned to look out of the window with an exploring glance. It was clear to Brann at the moment that Surratt's thoughts were gone from the room. Surratt put his hands into his pocket and rattled up some loose change. He said: "How's Sam?"

"All right," murmured Brann. "What you going to do now?"

But he knew the answer. Surratt had the way of a man who was finished with a chore. He stood before the window, uncertain and obviously restless—not knowing where to put the accumulating energy of his body. Brann read the regret in that smoky glance, and because he was a shrewd man he read something else as well. There was a quality in Surratt that Surratt himself never recognized—a flame that burned steady and clear and would not permit him to

(Continued on page 40)



These 3 actions make men call Ingram's THE WORLD'S BEST SHAVE

EVERY TUBE AND JAR OF INGRAM'S HAS IN IT THREE SPECIAL SHAVING AIDS, PUT THERE TO DO THREE THINGS THAT MAKE SHAVES QUICK, CLEAN AND COOL.

Each time you use Ingram's, they give you this help —

1st, soften whiskers thoroughly, right down to the skin-line, but hold them erect for easy shaving.

2nd, tone the skin — smooth away little wrinkles — so your razor can glide without a scuff or scrape.

3rd, cool your face and cool the shave. No razor-sting, no burn, no after-shave irritation.

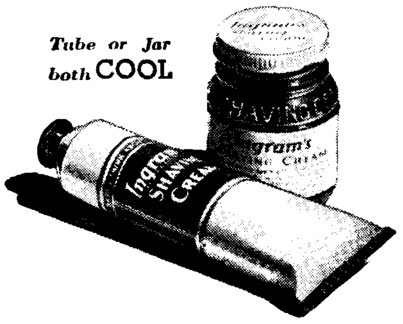
Every man gets a lucky shave at times with any shaving cream. But Ingram's shavers get "the world's best" every day! And Ingram's treats all whiskers alike. It softens them, takes out the pull, makes them meet the razor without resistance.

"Bluebeards" — men who can't get by without two shaves a day — find Ingram's a special friend. And all shavers find it inexpensive. For this cool shaving cream is concentrated. It goes further. Three months of happy shaves in every tube or jar.

Your druggist has Ingram's. Or, mail the coupon for a trial tube.

1 Ingram's strips the oily coating from your whiskers and softens them to the skin-line.

2 Ingram's tones and smooths your skin so the razor glides without scuffing or scraping.



3 Ingram's cools your shaves; banishes burning and stinging, prevents after-shave soreness.

Try
the world's
shave

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-16
636 Fifth Ave., New York City

I want better shaves! Send me a 10-shave tube of Ingram's, free.

Name

(Continued from page 39)

be satisfied with the ordinary rewards of life or the ordinary activities of men.

Surratt thought he hated fighting. But this was self-delusion. For there was a hunger in him for some kind of attainment, for some kind of perfection, for some kind of final victory. It was like the dream of the prospector who sought the Mother Lode. And it put a terrific unrest in Surratt and would never let him be still; it made him fight, it took him into strange countries eagerly, it laid laughter on his face when trouble piled up and the end of all his searching seemed just beyond that trouble, and it brought out that deep wistfulness when, at last seeing no victory here, he rode on to another country. This, thought Brann, was the riddle of Buck Surratt. It made Brann quietly shake his head. He repeated his question: "What you going to do now?"

"I'm bound over the pass this morning," murmured Surratt. He looked around at Brann, faintly apologetic, faintly smiling. "The morning half of the trail is always pleasin' to the eye. A man can hope."

"One of the boys brought your horse down from the river," said Brann gruffly. "It's at the stable."

SOMEBODY came up the stairs; and presently Pokey entered Brann's office. He nodded diffidently at Surratt: "Old Martin," he said, "would like to see you before you go. He's at the ranch."

"How," demanded Surratt with some wonder, "does he know I'm leaving?"

It made Brann shake his head again and say something that Surratt didn't understand. "Because," he remarked gently, "he knows you—like I know you."

"Pokey," said Surratt, "tell Old Martin I regret whatever hurt I've caused him. Tell him he's the sort of a man I'd like to ride for. And tell him so-long for me." He turned suddenly from the room and went down to the street. He walked up to the stable and found a hand there. "Do me a favor," he asked the man. "Saddle up for me. I'll be soon back."

Fresh, long sunlight came out of the east. The morning was still cool and the rising, pine-banked slopes were a dark, summer's green. Dust and pine resin and the scent of leather and horseflesh—this made a keen blend to his nostrils. The world was fresh; and the restlessness, the undimmed hunger in him was livelier and more urgent than it had been. He crossed the yellow street, wherein Morgantown's people moved casually, and went into the hotel for his breakfast. There had been hell on that street the night before; but today it was a forgotten thing, which was the way life moved. The great moments and the brutal moments were like fire flares against a night sky. But then the flares died and the even run of plain things and plain hours came on. After he had finished breakfast he loitered, contrary to his custom, at the table a little while. He had a hard chore to do, and hated it.

But presently he got up and crossed the lobby to Torveen's room. The door was open and Judith Cameron and George Bernay stood inside. The talk quit instantly when he appeared there; it quit instantly and brought up his slow smile. "Talk of the devil and he's bound to come."

"Sure," said Torveen gruffly. There was a little color in his face. They had propped him up in the bed a few inches. Judith wheeled to a corner of the room, behind Surratt. She remained there, the sense of her presence very powerful to him. But he kept his glance on this strange Sam Torveen who looked irritably, cheerlessly back.

"Well," said Surratt.

"Sure," growled Torveen. "I know. You've had your fun and now you've rolled your blankets and in a minute you're long gone."

"Yes," said Surratt quietly. "I always was a fiddle-footed man." His grin turned strong and brilliant across the bronzed outline of his face. It destroyed the gentle gravity; it hid what his eyes might otherwise have said. "Put this down in the book, Sam. You're the first redheaded sheepherder I ever knew."

"What'll I do for thankin' you?" muttered Torveen. And then George Bernay suddenly left the room.

"Never mind it, kid," said Surratt. "We've had our fun—which is enough."

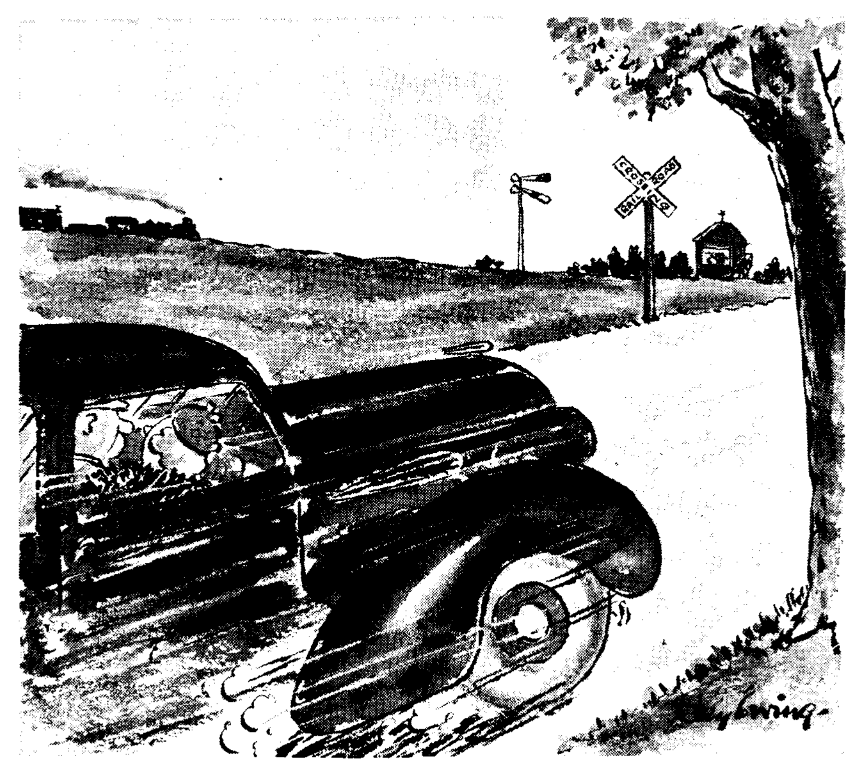
Torveen showed a little curiosity. "One thing has puzzled me. This Blackjack Smith. Where did you know him before?"

"In my country, across the desert," smiled Surratt. "He was a rustler. We had our own private war—and then he left, and came here." He watched Torveen a moment. "Speaking of that, kid, what were you doin' down in Carson Ford that afternoon?"

"You were there?"

"In the back room, talkin' to Blackjack till you arrived."

"I wanted help from the man," explained Torveen. "I was in a frame of mind to dicker with even a rustler for a little help. But he didn't commit himself."



"Better blow your horn, dear. We're coming to a railroad. . . ."

JAY IRVING

SURRATT grinned. "He's in a jackpot now. He won't rustle off a friend, and he's made a lot of friends in this ruckus."

Judith said, behind him: "Buck."

It turned him around and it erased his grin. Looking at her now, he had no laughter in him. "Buck," she said, carefully, "the glove was an accident. I'm telling you this because you never asked. It was a glove I long ago lost. Les always kept it in his pocket. You found it on him?"

"On the floor."

"It would be like him," she murmured. "He hated Bill and he knew Bill wanted me. I think he took the glove out of his pocket before he died and put it on the floor, where it would be seen. It was his manner of torturing his brother, of trying to make Bill believe he had a way with me Bill didn't have. That was Leslie always. I don't think he ever stopped to consider how that would hurt me. It was Bill he wanted to stab once more, as he had been doing all his life."

"I have never doubted you," said Surratt very quietly; and turned to Torveen. "Well, I wish you luck. The both of you. It has been my fortune to have good friends. I can say no more."

TORVEEN let out a long, ragged breath. He turned his eyes from Surratt to Judith in the background. When they came back to Surratt again they were full of shadow. His lips pressed thin and until he spoke the quietness of the room was deep and thick. "Some men," he said, a wonder in his voice, "were made to ride high and handsome and leave a trail behind that never dies out. How can a man forget you, kid?"

Surratt said, "So-long, Sam," and swung around to leave this room rapidly. But he stopped in the hall, for Judith had followed. She closed the door and put her back against it, with her arms behind her; her face lifted toward him, with an expression below the strange darkness of her eyes he could not read, could not understand. He did not try to understand, knowing it would never help. Her presence, as always, stirred up a call in him that could not be answered—and turned the thought of tomorrow wholly empty. She was a treasure, he told himself, such as he might dream of but never possess; and he realized then that the memory of her standing so fair before him, so proud and reliant and so rich with the grace and fire of a woman, would be a light shining through the shadows wherever he went.

But he said nothing; he had his long look at her and bowed his head quietly and went across the lobby. He heard Sam Torveen calling out of the room in a strong, urgent way: "Judith, please come in here."

Surratt stopped a moment on the porch. Annette Carvel was there with George Bernay and he thought he saw something in the girl's eyes as she looked up at Bernay that was good for both these people. He smiled at her and took Bernay's hand, who seemed to want to speak. Surratt shook his head and went on across the dust to the stable. He climbed into the saddle and swung out, the urge to be on his way powerfully impelling him. People were on the street, and he saw Doc Brann look down from the second story office window. Surratt lifted his hand toward Brann, and lifted it to the town—to all that it had meant to him—and grinned again. He said, "So-long," and rode away.

When he reached the trees he was no longer smiling. The coolness was already gone from the day and he rode on through a murmuring, drowsy forest shade. He passed the side road into Torveen's place and remembered the events surrounding that ranch as though they had occurred long ago. He passed the trail into the sheep meadow and later the bridge under which he had drifted to escape Bill Head's trap. A little of that night's excitement came back to him—and then went away; for this was turning already into just another episode on his back trail, with its confusion and its excitement and its tragedy becoming even now indistinct. He had come into the country as a stranger and for a little while he had known its ways, and now he was a stranger riding out.

Still thinking about that he reached the heights of the pass road about ten o'clock and saw a flat plain running far off to the east, with the glitter of sunlight all along it and a heat haze rolling up on its far boundaries. He turned to have his last look at the green hills and then, shrugging his shoulders like a good gambler who has lost, he pushed onward, bound for the distant plains. The Gray Bull peaks threw a shoulder against the road here, and the road curved about it; and when he made the bend he saw Judith Cameron waiting there in her saddle.

He stopped, twenty yards away. But she came up and she was smiling strangely at him, the shadows gone away from her splendid eyes. She said, with a gentleness that was like melody: "You are so wise, Buck. And so blind."

HIS reply was suddenly full of storm and anger. "I never knew where your heart was, Judith, but I knew Sam's feelings very well. And I don't steal from my friends."

She slipped out of her saddle. She said: "Get down, Buck. Get down." Her lips were fresh and curved and red from her thinking. He got down and came up to her. All the desert below threw off a burning yellow light; the road ran across it, dwindling out into the remote distance. Judith's voice came over to him, like a demand.

"You are not looking at me. You're thinking of the trail and what lies beyond the next hill! Pull your head down and look at me!"

He said slowly: "You know what I am, Judith."

"Better than you do. And Sam knew better than both of us—and so he told me to follow you and find you." Her tone dropped to a remote whispering. "I should have done it, anyway. My dear, what are you looking for that makes you so restless, so sad?"

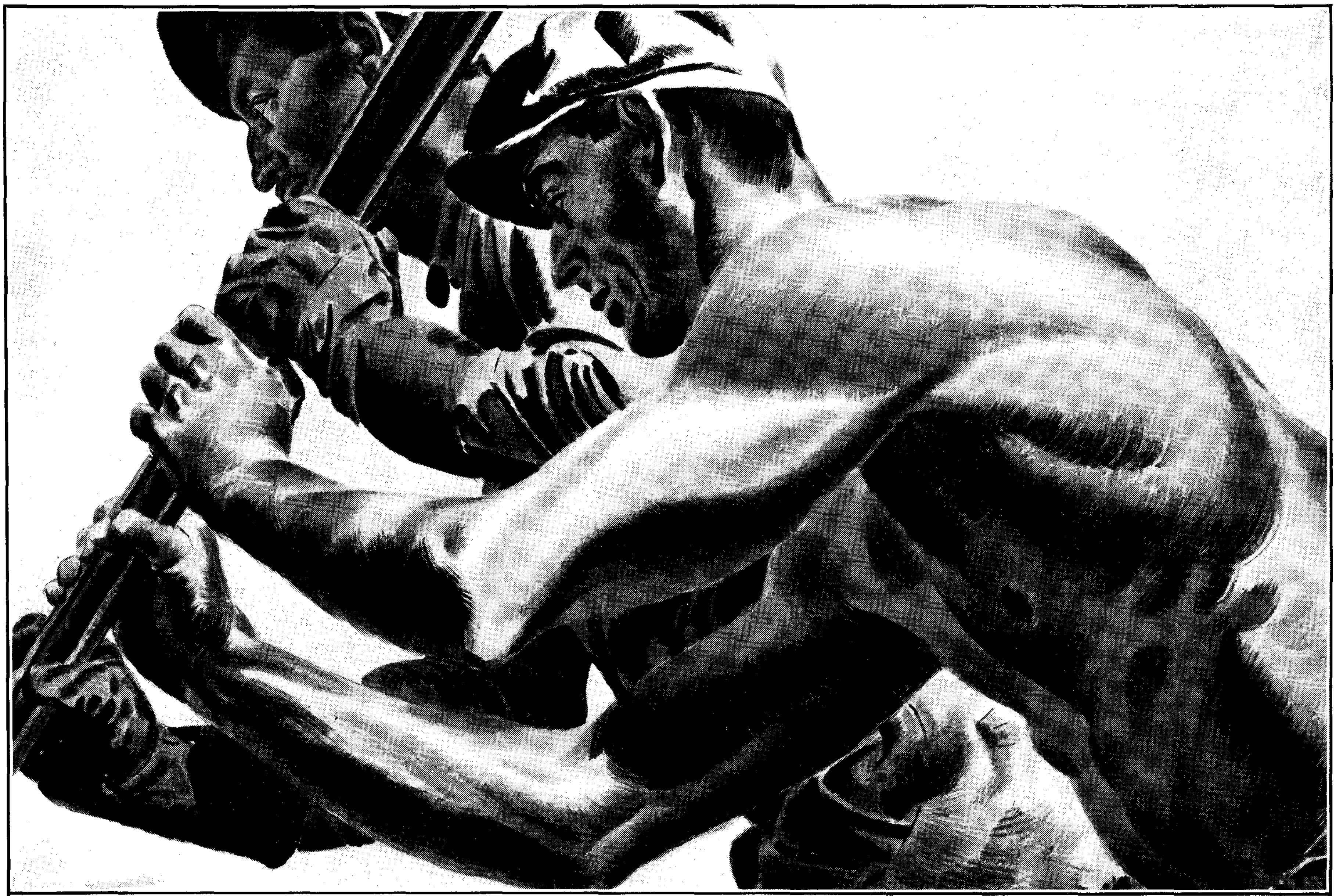
He was like a gambler, so stoically trained to bad fortune that he could not trust his change of luck. He reached out and took hold of her shoulders, full of doubt, darkly uncertain. "It is a hope," he said quietly, "I never permitted myself to have, Judith."

She said: "Why am I here then?"

He reached down and kissed her. The richness and fullness of that experience altogether unsettled him and set him back on his heels. Her smile was soft and shining and at once he saw that all her loyalty, reserved for some one man alone, came out of her gray eyes to him as a proud gift. It was a thing that entered him and quenched his hungers and made him suddenly understand what his long searching had been for. He knew then that this was, for him, the end of the trail.

THE END

When there's WORK to be done



When there's a dark highway to be lighted... a cold engine to get started... when horn, radio, heater, cigar lighter, clock and other electrical necessities in your car demand their share of electrical energy... in brief, *when there's work to be done,* you can rely on Delco-Remy. For Delco-Remy starting, lighting, and ignition systems, and Delco Batteries, keep millions of cars running smoothly and dependably every day in the year. Many leading motor cars, including all General Motors cars, provide Delco-Remy electrical units as standard equipment. Experienced motorists insist upon genuine Delco-Remy parts for replacement or repairs. When you consider things electrical in your car, it is only logical to think of Delco-Remy.

• • •

There is a complete line of Delco Batteries for every make and type of passenger or commercial motor car. They are built entirely in Delco-Remy's own plants in accordance with Delco-Remy's high standards of materials, construction and workmanship. For popular priced cars there is the new Delco Hi-Line, a 17-plate, 110-ampere-hour capacity battery especially designed for those who want a battery of exceptional power and capacity. It pays to insist on a Delco.

Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURERS OF DELCO-REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND IGNITION • KLAXON HORNS • DELCO BATTERIES • AUTOMATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE AT CONVENIENT UNITED MOTORS SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE ...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

Gobble-Rogue Run

Continued from page 17

relax and fade. And zest was added to her own showering and changing into fresh things for dinner by the majordomo's report of Freddie's quiet, beatific day of picture-booking.

In the meanwhile, Get There II had got to cruising among a group of little-known islands to the southward.

The natives of the group were a difficult lot. It wasn't even easy to look at them. And to trade with them was still harder. Sometimes it seemed as if they had no language at all, and sometimes they seemed to have one which they could not understand themselves. More than once Captain Bottom was of a mind to haul his course toward some other adventure. But always he had the feeling that back of the scattering of unimportant pearls and birds' skins which he had collected were rarer and even unknown feathers, and bigger and better pearls. And one fine day, receiving a visit from the headman, he invited him into his cabin and treated him to his first drink of rum. But the headman had to pay for the second drink. The price was an irregular but not too bad black pearl which the headman extracted from his sole garment, a little pigskin pouch suspended by a thong from his neck.

But a third drink, although the headman was laughing and singing and looking forward to dancing, was refused—definitely and absolutely refused, and the burden of finding a way to open profitable trading was placed squarely upon him. He tried this, that and the other, until finally his own moral sense collapsed and he invited the white man to accompany him to the black man's forbidden clubhouse, an unheard-of privilege, and consume the rest of the quart there.

"At last!" thought Captain Bottom, and it was just as he had thought—

THE clubhouse, lofty, standing upon stilts, made of mats and resembling the long cool hold of a ship, was a treasure house of island values. And Captain Bottom permitted himself to get a little drunk to keep the headman from getting too drunk. But the headman got drunk enough.

He laughed and sang. Humorous stories about women were succeeded by boastful stories about women. And then he danced and emitted yells which at a rodeo would have been mistaken for a cowboy's. Then he became serious and cheerful, and offered to trade the entire contents of the clubhouse for just one more noggin of rum out of an empty bottle. Then he slept, and Captain Bottom rose unsteadily to his feet to examine, near to, the wooden idol at the altar end of the hold-like hall.

Just as he had thought. The navel of the idol was a pink pearl with an incomparably fine skin. If it was a spherical pearl it was worth a king's ransom and belonged between a queen's breasts. If it was only a button, a half sphere, it was worth enough to put a seaman's two boys through school and college in a white man's country and to voyage them home for a vacation once a year.

But at that time Captain Bottom made no effort to dicker and barter for the great pearl. A glance at the headman restrained him. He knew that it is not possible to do business with a log.

Trading on the ensuing days was brisk, and the thirstier the headman got, the brisker the trading became. But all the while it looked as if the great pink nacreous navel of the clubhouse idol was not to be had for a shipload of fair words and gimcracks, nor for a staggering or even a cataleptic price in rum. He had offered each and all.

One morning at four o'clock sharp as was his custom, Captain Bottom was waked to drink that arch enemy of head apoplexy, a cup of hot tea with lime juice. Before going on deck he lay a little and thought how the pink navel was not to be had by fair means, and squeezing the sweat out of his eyes with the heels of his hands, felt his morality slip away from him altogether and determined to have it by foul.

Nevertheless, as the day baked on, his resolution faded a little at times and had to be brought to with argument.

The natives did not hang onto the navel because it was beautiful and valuable, but because he was a white man and they enjoyed thwarting him. And how did he know that they had not obtained it by theft from its rightful owner or owners together with his or their head or heads? Even admitting that the pearl actually belonged to the natives, there was still an argument for taking it. For if it were a crime to steal the pearl, so also was it a crime for it to adorn the navel of an indecent and rude god, when it might adorn the bosom of a beautiful and polite woman.

LOST AND FOUND

"He's lost!"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

And so, his mind made up at last, Captain Bottom went ashore accompanied by a barrel of rum which was upheaved and carried to the clubhouse on devoted shoulders steadied by loving hands.

There it was broached, and presently the entire male population of the tribe began to feel better than it had ever felt before. The celebration ran the usual course: laughter, dancing, insane pandemonium, quiet crying, crying out loud, and then the cataleptic trance which precedes the morning head.

IT WAS during the general catalepsy that Captain Bottom, careful not to scratch the skin, dug the pearl from the belly of the idol (it proved to be a button, but a glorious button) with the point of his seaman's knife, tucked the pearl into an empty matchbox, bedded with cotton, so that it should not rattle about, saluted his unconscious hosts and returned to his ship.

Here he tumbled out Mr. Jaffins, the mate. Mr. Jaffins tumbled out the crew and sail was made.

"Where away, sir?" asked Jaffins.

"Home," said Captain Bottom, and he went below and turned in. It had been a hard night.

No sooner was Get There II alongside Captain Bottom's private jetty than his wife and his two sons boarded her, and Mrs. Bottom had a few moments of greeting in the cabin before the neighbors began to arrive and demand drink and attention.

JOHNNY and Freddie had been good boys. She had done her best, but it was a shattering responsibility. Oh, how good to have Captain Bottom back again!

The excited, happy, half-tearful, breathless woman fumbled a cigarette from an open tin on the cabin table and invited a light. Captain Bottom slapped his pockets, located a matchbox, shook it to see if it contained matches and, there being no answering rattle, tossed it aside. Then he located a half-filled box on a shelf, and lighted his wife's cigarette. In those moments he had not a thought for anything but his dear ones, and the hand with which he held the lighted match for her trembled.

Then there was a great trampling of feet on the deck over their heads and loud cries of "Ohey, Bottom! Hey, there, you Bottom!" And the good captain kissed his wife tenderly and they went on deck.

Freddie, always a prowler, prowled presently into the cabin, and seeing a tin of cigarettes, helped himself to half a dozen. Such things come in handy at times. Helped himself also to the half-filled box of matches which Captain Bottom had put down on the table after lighting his wife's cigarette, and as he was leaving the cabin, perceived a second matchbox lying on the floor. You can never have too many matches, thought Freddie. But the second box upon being shaken seemed to be empty, and Freddie, who always delighted in testing his accuracy, tossed it through the open porthole into the lagoon.

At that moment Captain Bottom on the deck, surrounded by his neighbors, gained a moment of silence.

"Before we go ashore," he said, "I want you to see a pretty thing. It's the finest thing I've ever brought home."

And with smug self-satisfaction he felt in his pocket for the matchbox, wherein bedded in cotton reposed the incomparable pink button. The look of self-satisfaction faded, and was succeeded by a puzzled look. Then he remembered. The sweat broke out all over him, and with a cry of "Great jumping barnacles!" he plunged down the cabin hatch.

But the matchbox, which in his absent-mindedness he had thought to be empty and tossed aside, was not to be found. And he returned to the deck in the lowest possible spirits and completely deflated.

When he had expletived and ejaculated his story there was a silence of commiseration, during which Freddie disappeared down the cabin hatch and was presently heard shouting, "I've found her, Pops—here she is."

And he returned staggering to the deck and pushed toward his father an extended matchbox in his hand.

The sweat broke out anew all over Captain Bottom. This time it was the sweat of relief. He seized the extended matchbox with a little grunt of happiness and relief, and shook it, and again his face fell. The contents of the box could not obviously be a great silent pearl packed in cotton. Had they been, they would not have rattled.

With trembling fingers Captain Bottom pushed open the box and found it brimful of bright white crumbs and scraps of metal. His hands shook so that a few of the scraps spilled out on the deck, and as an emaciated neighbor with thick eyeglasses and an active adam's apple scuttled to retrieve them, Captain Bottom swore a great oath of grief and disappointment and bewilderment, and flung the box with all the remainder of its contents angrily overboard.

The emaciated neighbor straightened up, a bit of the white metal between his thumb and forefinger, and the thumb and forefinger close to the thick lenses which covered the knowing eyes. He giggled presently. And said: "It's p-p-platinum—tee hee!"

THERE was an awkward silence. Gradually the wild eyes of Captain Bottom began once more to focus, and focused presently upon the slightly protruding, unblinking eyes of his younger son.

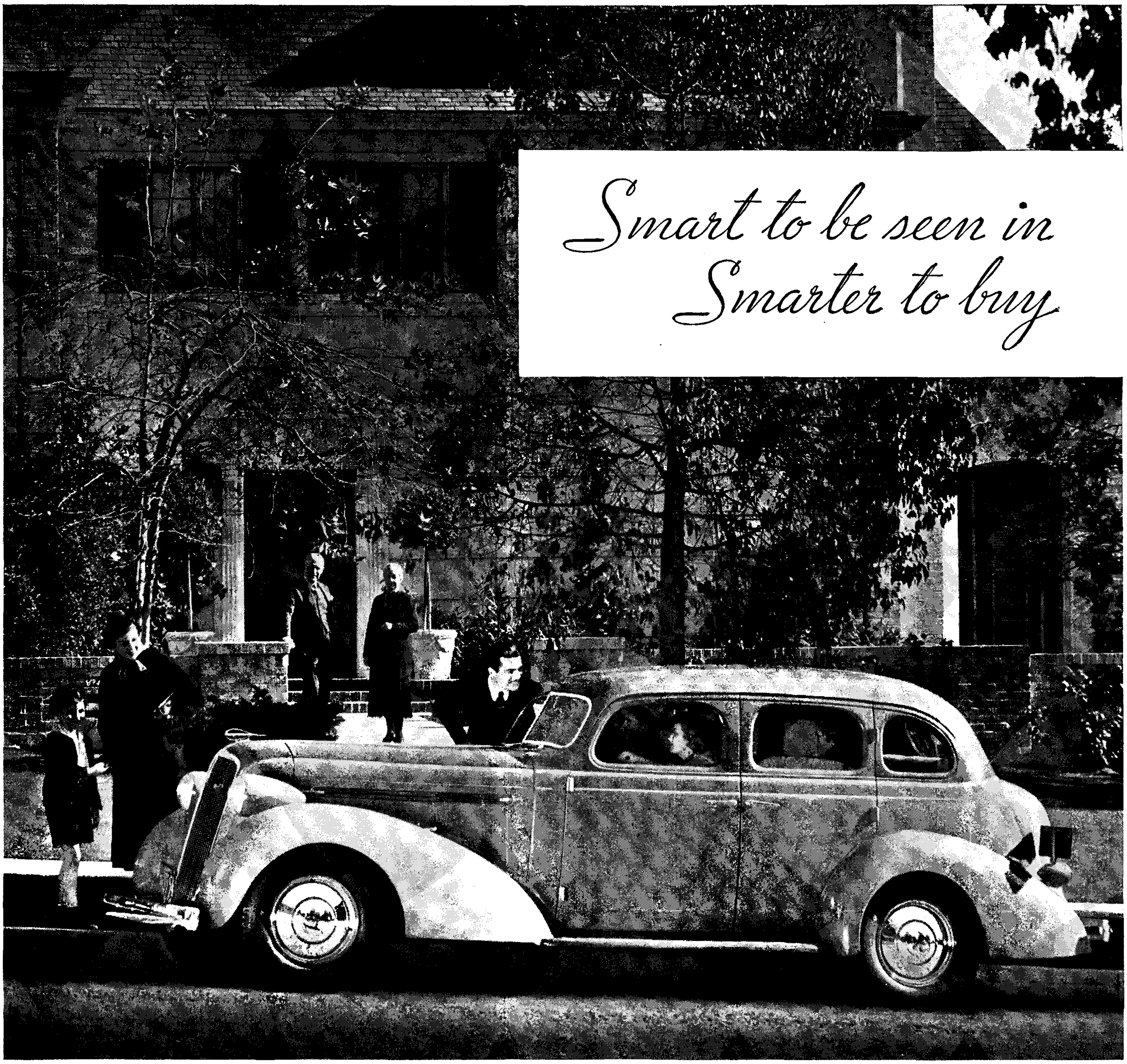
"Where—did—you—find—that—box—of platinu—um?" he asked.

And Freddie, his whole steadfast hell-child soul in the reply, answered: "Just—where—you—throwed it."

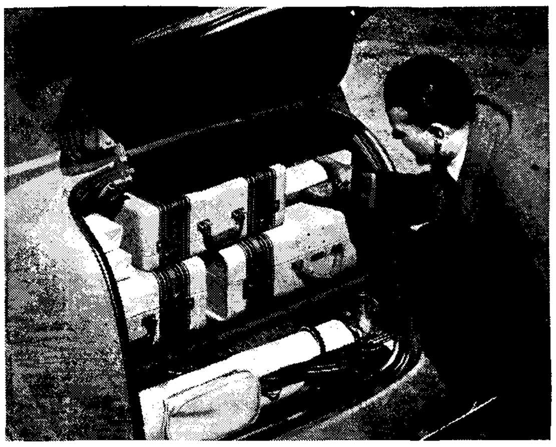
And that was that. But later in the night when the welcome-home party was in full swing, Captain Bottom, a little in his cups, confessed to Mr. Blimp, the missionary, that he had obtained the pearl by theft. And between them they formulated the belief, and long clung to it, that the astounding substitution of platinum grains for the pink pearl had been a work of savage island magic, and that by now very likely the amazing button was once more the navel of the obscene wooden god. In this conclusion Captain Bottom's hair stood a little on end, and he helped himself with unsteady hands to another glass of punch.

Freddie, long since gone to bed, slept well. Nothing troubled or puzzled him. He now knew the value of platinum, the knowledge was cheap at the price of a matchbox full of the same, he had still quite a lot kicking about, and he knew where he could get more. He fell asleep in a particularly blissful state of self-satisfaction.

But he was not really intolerant of his parents and other grown people. He had for grown people the same tolerance that grown people have for savages and that savages have for apes, and that apes have for each other.



NEW 1936 STUDEBAKERS ··· PRICED AS MUCH AS $300 LOWER



There's loads of room in the Studebaker Cruising Sedan trunk for all the luggage most families ever require on a trip . . . spare tire and tools, too. And in the Studebaker custom models, the luggage space is in a commodious, smartly streamlined, concealed rear compartment.

You are looking at a picture of the thrilling new automobile that is the toast of motoring America . . . the big, thrifty, incomparably beautiful, new 1936 Studebaker Champion . . . styled by the gifted and inimitable Helen Dryden . . . offering 97 advancements . . . many of them, such as the new Studebaker automatic hill holder, not obtainable in any other car!

And new low prices—as much as $300 less—give these Champions a buy appeal so decisive that, once you see them, ride in them and drive them, you'll wonder how anybody could possibly make any choice but Studebaker. It's the year's stand-out car!

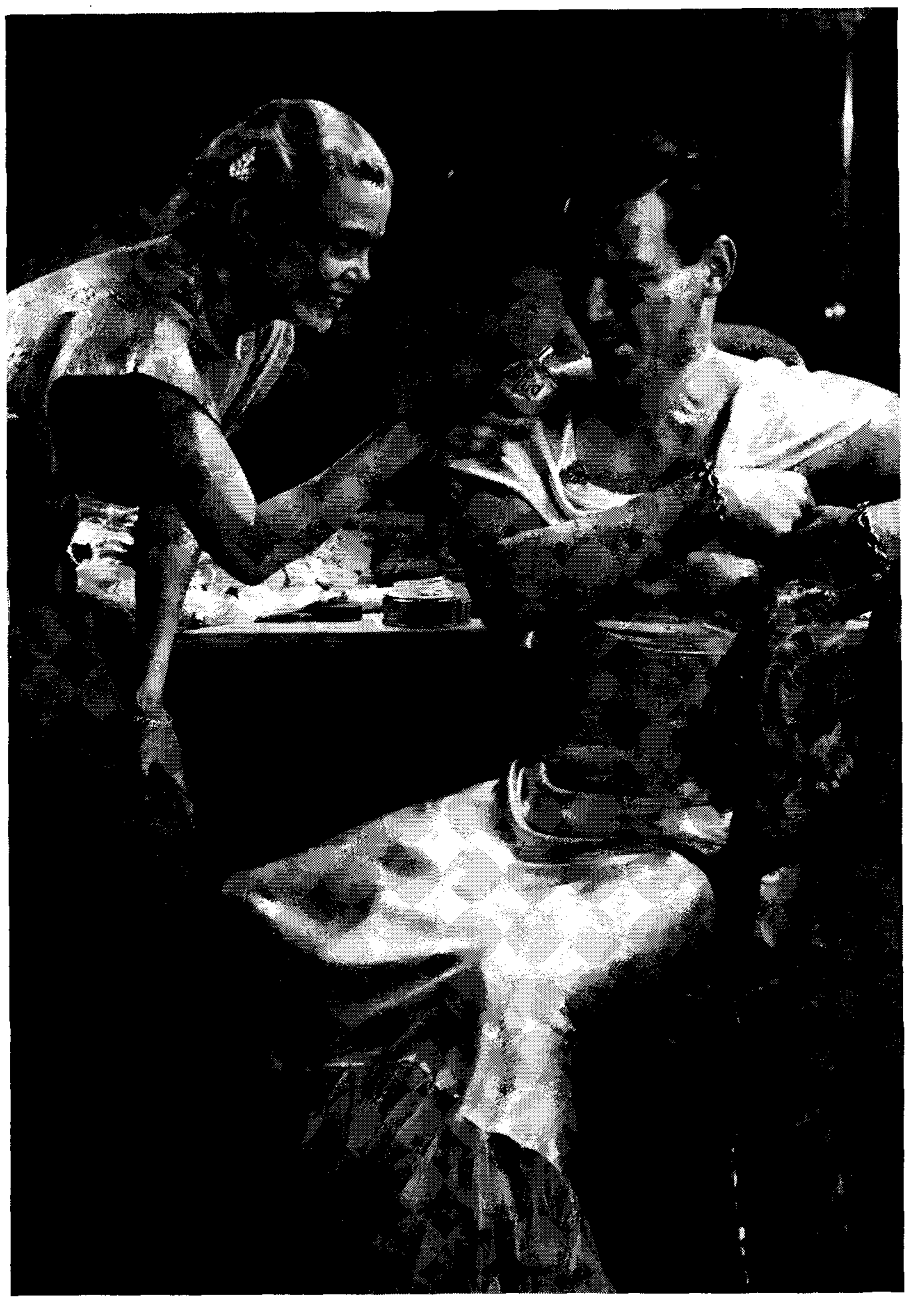
$665 AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

Beneath this new Champion's glowing harmony of suave, smooth, competent-looking exterior line, flows the lovely melody of America's smartest fittings and appointments . . . gracing interiors so roomy, you feel almost lost in their spaciousness when you drive alone . . . and so restful, on any road or at any speed, you unqualifiedly award the comfort of the 1936 Studebaker Miracle Ride first prize.

New Economy . . . New Safety!

New Studebaker engines, brilliantly responsive and tremendously powerful, wring every ounce of energy out of every drop of fuel so efficiently, your oil as well as your gasoline costs stay well under your monthly budget. And with feather-touch hydraulic brakes, finger-tip straight-line steering and the world's strongest, quietest all-steel bodies, reinforced by steel, you are safer than you've ever been in a motor car. Choose the Champion you prefer—a matchless new 90-horsepower Dictator Six . . . a superb new 115-horsepower President Eight. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

Big "show" tonight... better have Spuds!



• If you're jittery about facing the spotlight—better cast Spuds in your smoking-role. Because they keep the heat out of smoke—you keep a fresh, clean mouth. They taste better, too. With a natural tobacco fragrance unmarred by heat.

OPEN A PACK OF SPUDS

and smell them. Notice that Spud's process doesn't change the fragrant odor of fine tobacco—though it takes the heat out of smoke.

Cork tips or plain. Cork tips are packed *down* so that even your own fingers don't touch them.

20 FOR 15c
(25 for 25c) in Canada

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Fit to Ski

Continued from page 21

very long, but no real skier is ashamed of a little honest snow-dirt. Gray wool gaiters are all right, too, while some well-dressed skiers still cling to bright short socks to roll down over their boot tops. A few inches of your long woolen socks will show below your trousers—make them the new cable-stitch design as one of your friendly nods to the mode. And be sure to wear them—and the short socks as well if they're your choice—when you try on your ski boots. Boots, by the way, should be well oiled to keep out the water from melting snow.

Into the belt of your trousers tuck a flannel shirt, warm, lightweight and very masculine. You can let your color sense run wild among the reds, greens, blues, the checks and plaids, and no one will raise an eyebrow. Over this your windbreaker, an important item. A lightweight leather jacket is fine, and so are the new English windbreakers made of special light waterproof cloth in natural color, with tight-fitting waistbands and straps by which you can hang them over your shoulders knapsackwise when you're warm, and even with hoods attached. The English girls make quite a to-do about them. For that allover trim look the jacket that goes with your trousers is the thing; wool or flannel-lined, it will be warm enough, and gabardine is sufficiently windproof. Some of the jackets are exuberantly Tyrolean, bright with green collars and lapels or soutache braid, glittering with silver buttons that go from shoulder to waist in the classic double-breasted style that is so flattering.

As for your head, you can do your skiing with it bare—many do. But this year there's a movement against flying coiffures, and what's more, if you get up much speed on a cold day your forehead and ears are going to ache, if not worse. A knitted headband will keep your permanent smooth and your ears warm; so will a tight knitted cap which pulls down over your ears. Some are made with earlaps that fasten under the chin and which can be tucked up out of sight when not in use. Or you might favor a gay beflowered peasant kerchief tied over your curls and under your chin. Your bright scarf should have short ends which won't get in your way, and your gloves should be mittens and flexible so you can get a grip on your ski poles, and both should be of smooth, rather than fuzzy wool so they won't collect icicles. Fingerless wool gloves under your mittens will be a comfort when it comes to adjusting ski bindings. And it's a fine idea to have extra mittens to change to when the first ones get wet. Ditto socks and shirts or sweaters.

Play Your Own Tunes

There's your fundamental theme, and you can play your own tunes around it. Instead of the traditional black or navy, you may fancy a ski suit in gray or dark green—colors that look well against the snow. You may alternate your flannel shirt with a sweater, one of the charming Tyrolean embroidered ones with a round neck and buttons down the front, or a cable stitch to match your socks. Or wear a sweater over your shirt, to be peeled off when you come inside. Gingham shirts are also worn, depending on the climate and your basic metabolism—they're not so absorbent as wool. If you plan to spend much time as a spectator, an additional comfort is the temperate zone's version of the Eskimo parka, with a fur-lined hood that's both warm and flattering.

When you buy or rent your skis, tell the clerk you want them for slalom or downhill work, and measure them from the floor to your hand when your arm is stretched upward. This is a good all-around ski, widish, not too heavy, and easily manageable in length. An expert uses longer ones for deep snow, shorter ones for rough cross-country runs, and something else again for jumping.

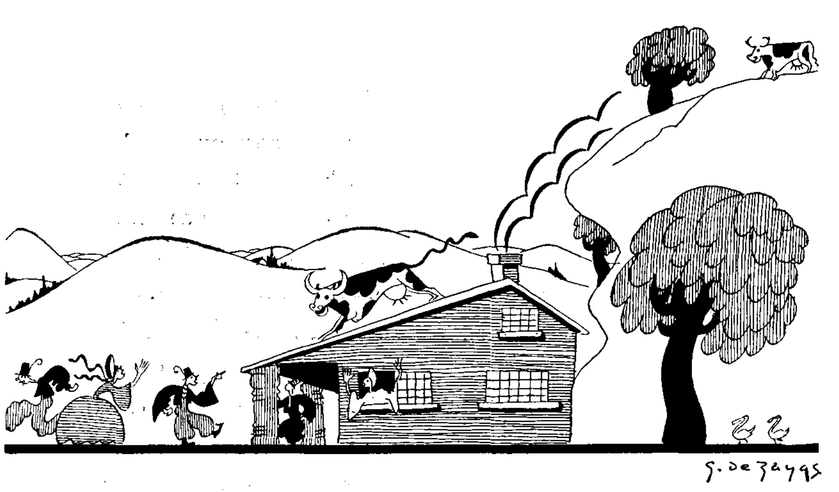
You'll keep your skis waxed just as you keep your skates sharpened. If you want to start a conversation with an expert that will go on for days, just ask him about wax. Basically the theory is that for dry snow you use a hard wax and for wet snow a soft one, but there are as many mixtures as there are cocktails in your favorite host's repertoire.

For Cutting a Figure

As you go from the ski run to the frozen pond and shift from skis to skates, you needn't change your costume unless you want to. But if you want to cut a figure fashionably as well as literally on the ice, take a pointer from Maribel Vinson, the shining star of the smart Ice Club on the roof of Madison Square Garden in New York, and a recognized champion wherever there's ice. For just ordinary occasions Miss Vinson wears a black skirt above her knees, black sweater, white scarf, cap, gloves and boots; for show skating a velvet or heavy silk frock or skirt and bodice in the gayest colors there are. You may feel that your knees have no right to be exposed to the public view unless they can twinkle like Miss Vinson's, but have the skirt as short as you can and still feel right, with a smooth fit over the hips and a flared bottom. On her legs your very chic figure skater wears long black silk stockings connecting with close-fitting black knickers. Miss Vinson swears that extra socks aren't needed for warmth if the boots fit properly, but perhaps that should be qualified by the observation that the Vinson toes don't get much chance to grow chilly on the ice.

Once the wintry air tosses its crisp challenge into your blood, you're going to feel a Hannibalesque urge to conquer the Alps or the local version of them. Before you do, stop a moment and limber up as the experts advise. Take a standing position with your heels flat on the floor, then lean slightly forward in the ski crouch and bend your knees. Now bounce up and down from the ankles, getting plenty of spring in those knee joints and working your back and shoulders until you feel as supple as though every separate vertebra had been oiled. As you bounce, twist your body from the ankles up, turning and shifting your weight to left and right as you will do in your ski turns. You never saw a tense, rigid skier that was any good—the whole idea is a limber, springy body with gliding muscles and joints that have nary a creak.

They told me that a healthy young female can become a perfect skier in three weeks if she keeps at it, and that in six lessons she can learn to take care of herself on any reasonable ski run. However that may be, you don't have to do as handsome Hans Hauser does, whose arrowlike six-foot figure goes streaking down the Alpine glaciers at airplane speeds and stops at the foot in a faultless Christy turn without a hair out of place on his sleek head. You'll have your share of harmless spills in the snow. But though you're the rankest of beginners, when you come into the warm indoors, yank off jacket and mittens and reach for your steaming cup of chocolate, you'll know you've had fun.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Illustrating the difficulties of rural life in Hungary: A celebration at the village inn at Szivac was interrupted when one of the villager's cows crashed onto the roof of the inn. The animal had been grazing on a mountainside pasture just above and had lost her footing.

Sir Basil Zaharoff is believed to have made more money out of the World War than any other individual, in the form of large commissions and dividends from several hundred companies dealing in war equipment and materials. These probably amounted to between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000. One company alone—Vickers—paid him $115,000,000 during the four war years.

A chronic cough is usually caused by congestion or irritation of the respiratory passages, but it may also be due to a reflex irritation caused by wax in the ears.—*By Dr. Charles A. Kruse, Sidney, Ohio.*

One of the world's oddest musical instruments is the brass trumpetlike nyastaranga of India, which is played—in pairs—while being held against the vibrating cords of the throat. As the musician faintly hums the melody, the sounds are taken up sympathetically by a delicate membrane in an inner cup and then reënforced by the resonating tube.—*By Margaret Sykes Hirth, Bombay, India.*

In the Bible there are 263 different names and titles applied to Jesus Christ.—*By Douglas Feagin, Jr., Macon, Georgia.*

America's 500,000 color-blind motorists will be interested in a new set of eyeglasses with which they can see traffic lights. The lower two thirds of the glass is clear while the upper third is green. As you look through the green portion, a green light appears white while a red light appears black.

The Hindus go to their temples not only to worship, but to bathe, wash clothing, eat meals, watch the dancing girls, play cards and sleep overnight, and many temples are plastered with advertisements.

The longest word in any language, it is believed, is found in line 1,169 of the famous comedy, *The Ecclesiazusae*, by Aristophanes. This Greek word, which means hash in English, contains 171 letters.—*By Paul Plasterer, Springfield, Ohio.*

November 18th, the day when 50 nations applied sanctions to Italy, is to be publicly and permanently recorded on every Italian town hall as the date when "The World Began the Siege of Italy."

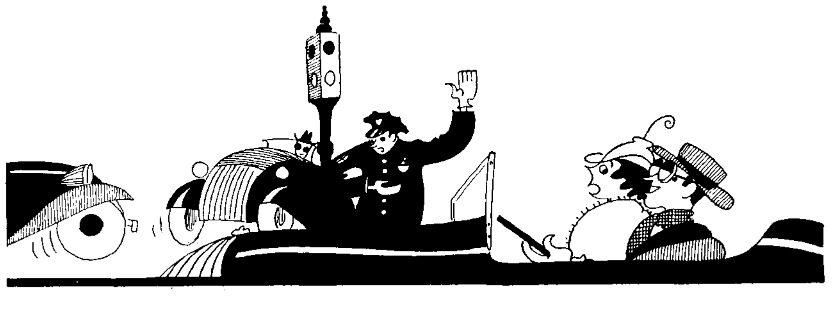
Only 21 states and the District of Columbia demand a "loyalty" oath from schoolteachers. Nine other states have passed upon and turned down such a requirement and the remaining 18 have never considered the subject.

During the Middle Ages thousands of towns in Europe had a "market cross," an ecclesiastical cross that was set up in the market or trading place to remind both buyers and sellers of the Golden Rule. Many are still in existence, a notable one being in Bristol, England, and another in Edinburgh, Scotland.—*By Mrs. Catherine Ryan, Chicago, Illinois.*

If all the personal incomes in this country were limited to $5,000 and all money earned in excess of this amount equally divided among those whose income is under $5,000, each beneficiary would receive less than $2 a week extra. In 1931 this excess amounted to $4,000,000,000 and the number of incomes under $5,000 was 40,000,000.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers

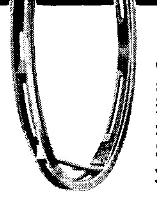


OVERHAUL COSTS SLASHED! SAVE 50%! GET NEW CAR PEP, OIL-ECONOMY AND POWER

GOSH ALICE - I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS CAR-PEP'S GONE AND IT KEEPS ME BROKE BUYING OIL - BUT I CAN'T AFFORD $50 FOR AN OVERHAUL NOW!
$50? WHY PHIL JOHNSON SAYS HE DIDN'T PAY HALF THAT FOR A RAMCO OVERHAUL. HIS CAR RUNS LIKE NEW NOW.

● You'll be amazed at the money you'll save with the revolutionary RAMCO Overhaul with RAMCO Piston Rings and Piston Skirt Expanders compared with old-type overhaul costs. "New car" pep, power is restored. Savings in oil soon pay Ramco bill. Get FREE book now that tells how you can save 50% and more!

THEN HE GOT A RAMCO OVERHAUL FOR 50% LESS
SHE'S FILLED UP TO THE TOP
SAY-I NEVER HAVE TO ADD OIL SINCE I'VE HAD A RAMCO OVERHAUL! COST ME ONLY ABOUT $18 -AND I'VE SAVED THAT IN OIL ALONE

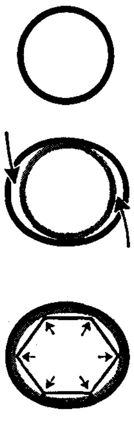

PATENTED

Yes—now you can put that car of yours in "new car" shape at a sensational saving in overhaul costs! No need any longer to pay $40, $50, $75 to win back first year pep, power, performance and oil economy. No matter whether your car has gone 40,000, 50,000, 60,000 miles . . . if the motor drinks oil and soaks up gas like a sponge . . . thanks to this amazing new Ramco invention (explained briefly in diagram to right) you get all the benefits of the costly old-type overhaul for as little as $18! Savings in oil alone soon pay your entire Ramco bill! You actually save $25 to $50 a year on oil and gas now being wasted!

Motorists throughout America today enthusiastically endorse the Ramco Overhaul. Ford-driver P. H. S. of Martin, Tenn., writes: "My 1931 Ford-A (mileage: 32,073) was using a quart of oil every 100 miles and averaging only 18 miles to a gallon of gas. After a Ramco Overhaul I have averaged 23 miles per gallon of gas, use no oil to speak of."

The Ramco Overhaul, using the famous Ramco Compensating Rings and Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders, can do the same for your car! Drive in to your nearest RAMCO shop and get a Ramco estimate FREE. Meanwhile, send for Ramco's valuable FREE booklet, *"How to Save 50% on Overhaul Costs."* It shows you how you can save dollars monthly on motoring costs!

HOW RAMCO RESTORES PEP, POWER—ENDS OIL PUMPING



How a cylinder looks in a new motor. Note how true and round the cylinder is. Any piston ring fits a new cylinder satisfactorily.

This is the way a cylinder looks after 15,000 to 20,000 miles—out-of-round, egg-shaped—ordinary piston ring fails to fit. Arrows indicate clearances where oil pumps through, where power blows by—why speed, pep and economy are sacrificed.

How same out-of-round cylinder looks with a Ramco installed. Ramco's "cushion" inner ring expands to seal clearances. Cylinders again function like new. Oil pumping stops; power blow-by ends; new car pep, power, economy restored!

Free Book Gives Full Details — Send Coupon Now!

FREE! Write For VALUABLE NEW BOOKLET *that tells how "new car" pep, speed, power and oil economy can be restored to your car at 50% saving on overhaul costs.*

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3727 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION

RAMCO

PATENTED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA. OTHER PATENTS PENDING

MOTOR OVERHAUL

RAMCO PISTON RINGS—PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS

Dear Dad:

I've just found out I can save a wad of money by cutting out my special mixture pipe tobacco. You learn things fast here at college. Incidentally, please send me an extra $5 next week.

Affectionately, Bob

Dear Son:

Your logic is bad. You say you're saving money but want more. How come?

Dad

Dear Dad:

I need the five to pay a debt. I bet my roommate that the Dean's pipe mixture cost more than mine. I was judging by its fragrance and mildness. You could have knocked me over with a burned match when the Dean pulled out a tin of Union Leader. Imagine a tobacco like that for 10¢!

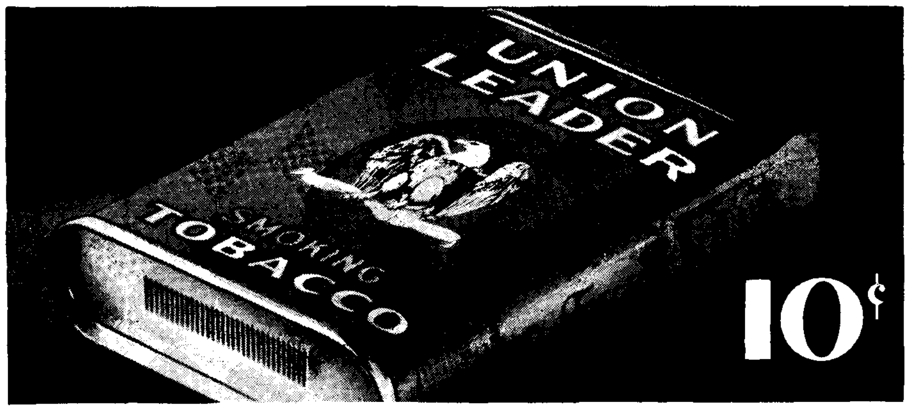
Affectionately, Bob

Dear Son:

I don't have to imagine it; I smoke it. And now that you've taught your nose to appreciate Union Leader's aroma, you can start teaching your pocketbook how to pay the $5 you owe.

Dad

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

LIGHT up a bowlful of Union Leader. Compare it with the most expensive pipe mixture you can buy, beg or borrow. Its mild, old Kentucky Burley tobacco gives you a cooler, mellower smoke . . . fragrant and friendly. Then jot down the price of a full size tin of Union Leader. That's 10¢. Divide that by the 25 or more pipefuls in every package, and you've got the answer to why Union Leader is gaining more customers every day than any other smoking tobacco in America. (Good for cigarettes, too!)

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 19

the man they're kidnapping is Sergeant Henderson. You're up there, mind you, to watch them do the kidnapping. Don't stop them. Understand? So don't make a move *unless* Henderson blows his whistle. No matter what happens let them do the kidnapping and then you trail them."

The chief pointed to each in turn as he checked up on their positions. "You have been assigned to certain places after you get there. Each one of you knows where you are to be, don't you?" They all nodded assent. "The motorcycle squad and radio cars are all in readiness and you have your machine guns. Now everything will be okay if you don't all turn into a crowd of picture heroes. Just be yourselves. Just plain, ordinary cops. Leave out the drama. It can't go wrong. It's in the bag. Now, I don't need to tell you any more, do I? And no matter what happens, don't show yourselves or fire at anyone unless Henderson blows his whistle. This is Henderson's show. Leave any decisions up to him. And for God's sake, boys," the chief implored them with exasperation, as they filed out, "do it quietly, will you?"

CANTAVO, riding in the taxi toward Central Park West, gave up trying to figure out the reason for the detective in Tim's house. Henderson's crafty hand had put the detective there, of course. But Henderson couldn't possibly suspect either Tim or Penfold of having done the murder! That was too grotesque! No, the detective was there for some other reason than that! But what? Cantavo wondered if Henderson would confide in him, but Henderson never had. It was going to be difficult for Henderson to be reticent with Cantavo when he discovered that he knew about the detective being at Marsten's house.

Cantavo looked at his watch. He had stayed longer at Tim's house than he had intended to. He had just thirty minutes in which to see Amy at Sixty-eighth Street and get back to the Monroe. He could make it if he didn't give Amy more than five minutes in which to tell him her troubles. At Central Park West he alighted from his taxi, paid the man and started walking west on Sixty-seventh Street. He was fairly convinced that he was not followed. I'll walk a block or two to appease Amy's feelings for mystery and drama, he told himself.

He knew vaguely that the Raynor Studios was a building devoted to the needs of artists and Amy had told him the street on which it was located. He found it west of Broadway, a somewhat grimy building, the windows of which showed few lights.

He didn't stop, but continued his brisk walk to West End Avenue. There he paused and surveyed the neighborhood. The street was dark. A snow, falling sullenly, made the street lights murky and uncertain. The entrance to the building seemed vaguely familiar to Cantavo. He stepped into an ill-lighted hall. It was a walk-up apartment. Cantavo found it impossible to read the cards over the letter boxes by the dim light from one dirty electric bulb in the ceiling. He reached in his pocket for a box of matches. He had none. He tried his lighter. It wouldn't light. Sam, as a valet, was more distinguished for his devotion than for his reliability, Cantavo thought with exasperation. He decided to go around the corner to a drugstore he had passed and get some matches.

As he crossed the street, he recalled why the entrance to the apartment house had seemed familiar to him. Dinsmore, his saxophone player, used to live in that building. Dinsmore was a nice boy when he first joined the orchestra. He'd changed a lot since he got into the habit of hero-worshiping gangsters and going around with disreputable people.

Cantavo recalled having gone to Dinsmore's apartment in that same building once to a spaghetti dinner, which Dinsmore had boasted he could cook better than anyone in the world. Dinsmore had overmatched himself. Cantavo remembered that clearly. Dinsmore had invited three other guests in for the big occasion. One was a butter sculptor. Cantavo had never been able to remember to ask anyone during the two years since what a butter sculptor was. One was a flagpole sitter who would only talk of polo. And the third was an artist who drew pictures in the sand at Coney Island.

Cantavo got his matches from a reluctant and inattentive salesman who was busy listening to a radio. "I sang on the radio myself last week," he informed Cantavo. "I was good, too, but you know how it is. If you're not Jew or Irish, you won't get anywhere on the amateur hour."

"Did you get the gong?" Cantavo asked amiably.

"Yeah. But I oughtn't to have. I'm good."

"Good," said Cantavo.

"I'm going to try again next Sunday. The trouble is I haven't any friends to vote for me."

"Good," said Cantavo.

Cantavo recrossed the street. He brushed the snow off his eyelashes and his coat collar. He looked down the street as he turned into the entrance of the apartment house. Through the snow he could dimly discern a man standing on the corner. Rapport? Was he, Cantavo, being followed again? That figure on the corner seemed familiar. Everything seemed familiar to him tonight. What nonsense! Bill, you fat fiddler, he reasoned with himself, your brain is turning to soup. You need a beaker of the brew. He smiled to himself. Maybe it's my pal, Henderson, gumshoeing around.

HE STRUCK a match to look again at the cards over the bells. Cantavo suddenly recalled that Henderson lived on West Sixty-seventh Street. So it probably had been Henderson whom he had seen on the corner. No doubt Henderson had seen him enter the Raynor building. He reflected sadly that he never in his life had successfully accomplished a secrecy. He looked back over his shoulder out into the street. He had an uneasy feeling that someone else was near him. A very uneasy feeling.

The match burned his finger. He dropped it and lighted another. Yes, yes, a very uneasy and uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong! This, he determined, was the last time he was going to make an effort to help Amy Martin. Why should he? He wasn't interested in her troubles. "Martin" he read on one of the cards. A *new* card. That was why they hadn't found her. She had taken the apartment last night or this morning, probably, after she ran out on Jernegan. A hideaway!

Cantavo threw the match to the ground. Third floor back! Three flights! That was a long way for a fiddler to huff and puff.

He stepped out onto the walk to think it over. An automobile turned slowly around the corner and hugged the curb as it came down the street.

A voice sinister with authority said to someone in close proximity in the night, "Put up your hands and don't move."

And then a shot flashed through the darkness.

"My God, Heinie!" the sinister voice exclaimed. "Something's wrong."

"Let 'em have it all," Heinie (Cantavo assumed) replied with happy enthusiasm.

Fire spouted from the barrels of sawed-off shotguns. There was the sound of shattering glass, two tiny streaks of pistol fire in quick explosions, and then the roaring fusillade from a blazing machine gun.

Curiously menacing were the figures that moved with stealthy quiet, intermittently silhouetted against the exploding and flaming night and swirling snow. There was something weirdly incongruous about their pantomimic actions against the noisy articulations of the guns. Cantavo had the feeling that there should be something like Indian war whoops to make the scene fitting. The boys surely are going to town, he thought, and I just would come up to this neighborhood and get caught in a gang war.

Cantavo saw one man fall to the sidewalk, and another run toward him to use his body as a barricade from which he shot, with admirable accuracy, at Heinie and his sinister friend. Someone else was missing Cantavo, the innocent bystander, with what Cantavo considered a very disturbing inaccuracy. For lack of knowing what to do—every place seemed equally uninviting—Cantavo just stood still in the beams of light thrown by the headlights of the approaching automobile, which was moving slowly along the curb with the door open. Bullets were ricocheting off the pavement like hail. And taking plenty of divots, Cantavo noticed. "There is an exhilaration to a machine gun that is fun," he thought, "even if I am scared to death. I wish I had one." He futilely pulled his hat down on his head for protection.

There was a sudden lull in the firing, a lull that had a quality of definiteness about it as sudden silences always do. Cantavo heard a voice say, "Grab him, Heinie," and he, Cantavo, was grabbed and pushed, too amazed to resist, into the open door of the car by the curb. "You're coming with me if I have to bump off all those mugs," the sinister voice said and managed to imply a bewildered uncertainty in so definite a statement. A gun was resting very uncomfortably in Cantavo's right kidney. "Keep your trap closed," he was told. There was no uncertainty in that admonition.

THE man on Cantavo's left, Heinie, no doubt, held his gun in his hand, peering out of the window, ready for action. The other man on his left jabbed Cantavo with his gun through sheer nervousness. Cantavo noticed that. He had been given to understand that gangsters just killed one another without emotion or excitement.

"Take it easy, boys, I'm not even thinking of rebelling," Cantavo reassured them. "And I need a bit more space than you've allowed me." The sinister man amiably moved.

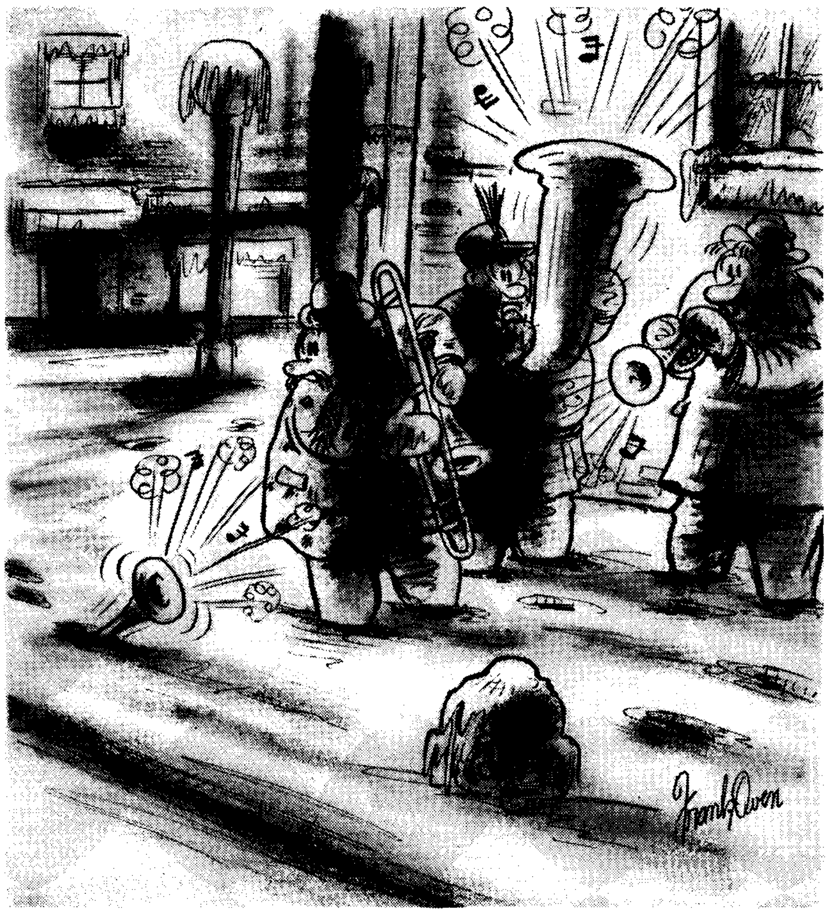
Is kidnapping done so easily? Cantavo still regarded himself as an astounded spectator at this macabre scene. Not a dissenting voice in the whole neighborhood while he was being threatened and manhandled? Didn't anyone live in all those doors and windows that was not stone deaf? And where, oh where, Cantavo wondered, with some resentment, were the self-appointed bodyguards who had been trailing him for the past two days, Rapport and Henderson? He definitely felt the need of a friendly enemy. Henderson was a crack pistol shot. Maybe those tiny streaks that punctuated the recent affray were Henderson's. But that was nonsense, he reasoned. Not a policeman had appeared on the street with all that hubbub going on. No one

(Continued on page 48)

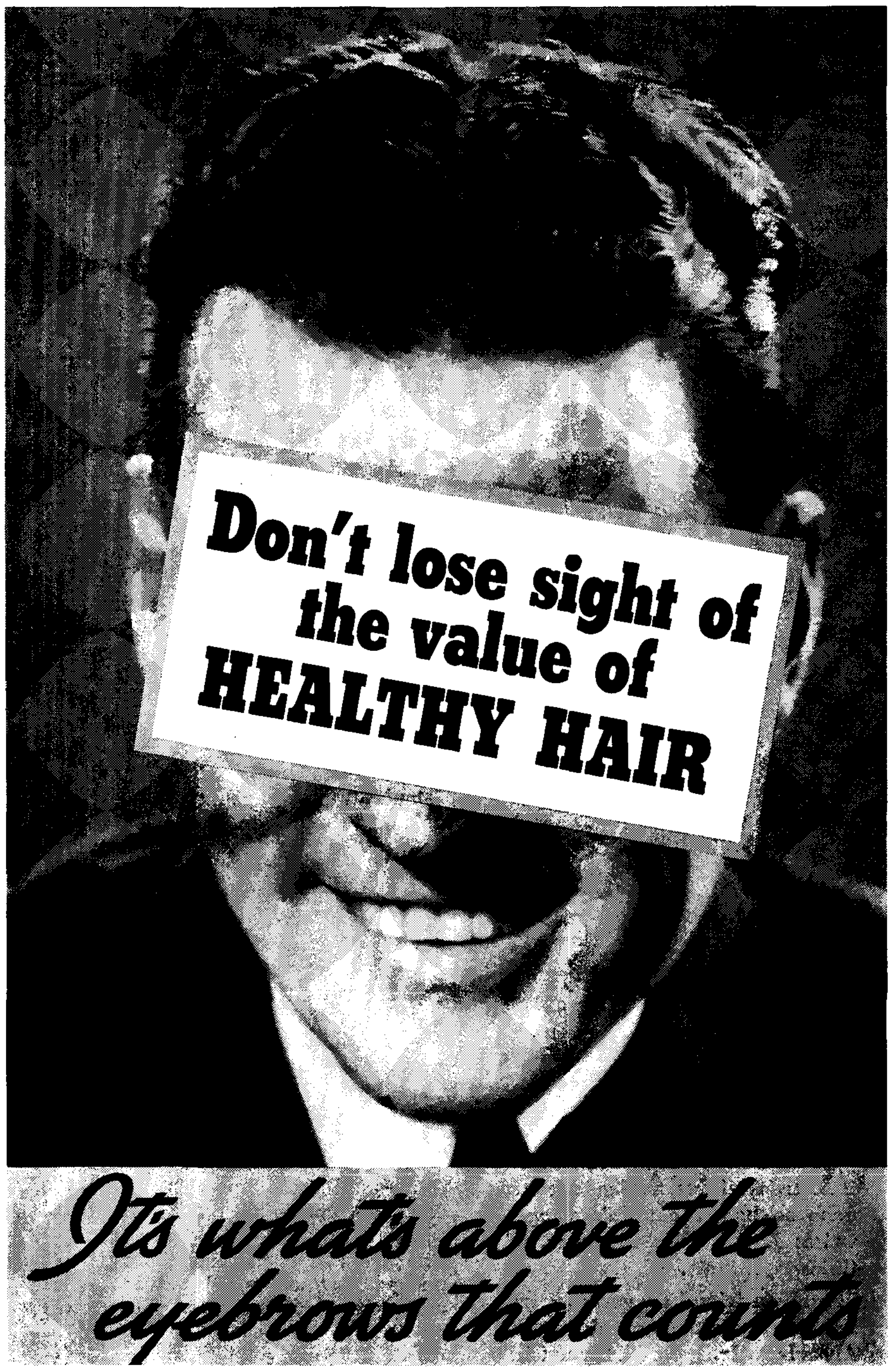
Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"We're playing a different piece now, Philbert—Sousa's Grand March!"


Don't lose sight of the value of HEALTHY HAIR
It's what's above the eyebrows that counts

True words are often spoken in jest—certainly no one questions the social or the business value of abundant hair above the eyebrows. Only a healthy scalp grows healthy, lustrous hair, and only a healthy scalp will keep it. You can get highlights and life into your hair, and you can keep it longer, with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. Spend a few minutes twice a week massaging the natural oils of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic into your scalp to replace those that are deficient, to correct dryness, combat dandruff and thoroughly cleanse the pores. Then shampoo. These Tonic treatments, given regularly, will help to make the hair thick and robust, and the scalp healthy, just as exercise and attention develop and strengthen the body. And a few drops of Tonic combed into unruly hair mornings will keep it neat looking.

▶▶▶▶ *If you have* DANDRUFF

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. New York, U.S.A.

40c and 70c

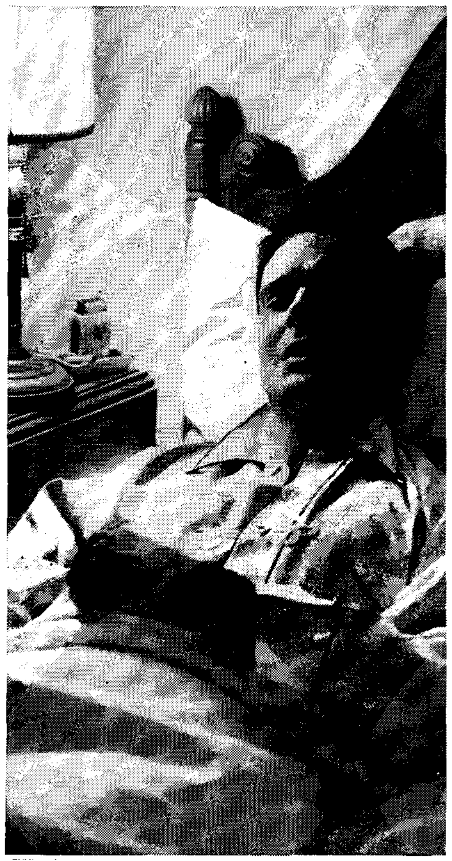
Dandruff is a common scalp ailment, and the most frequent cause of baldness... get rid of it. It is highly infectious, and easily transmitted through public combs and brushes... avoid them. Keep your scalp absolutely clean and stimulated with regular, frequent 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. Full directions with every bottle.. If you have allowed dandruff to become chronic, consult your physician. Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

HIS LEGS ACHED SO HE COULDN'T SLEEP



But Absorbine Jr. fixed him up

"AFTER the store closed on Saturday nights, my legs used to ache so bad I couldn't sleep," writes J. V.,* store manager, of Chicago, Illinois.

"Finally a friend suggested I try rubbing my ankles and calves with Absorbine Jr. before I turned in at night. That was the answer to my trouble.

"It's really wonderful how Absorbine Jr. seems to relax taut, tired muscles and drive away the torment of leg ache. I wouldn't be without it if it cost double the price."

For years this remarkable old liniment has been the good friend of countless families. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, muscular aches, sprains and bruises. Kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, too. And costs very little—because a little goes so far. All druggists', $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

*Based on actual letter from our files

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.
Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

(*Continued from page 47*)

was following. No excited people gesticulating on the street! Nothing but snow falling.

"I take it this is a snatch," he stated inquiringly to his abductors.

"If you make a sound, it will be your last one. We're in trouble enough," he was informed.

"Change the routine, Tony," Heinie said. "Something is phony about this. We can't go to Schmidt's. Take the lower ramp and then turn left and go to Borelli's."

Tony evidently was the driver's name. There was a tense silence for a while. The sinister man said nothing. He just kept his gun in Cantavo's kidney.

"Were your friends mad at me or you?" Cantavo finally asked.

Cantavo wished he could get a good look at Heinie. He sounded vaguely familiar.

"I told you we needed more torpedoes," the sinister man said to Heinie. And with resignation he added, almost in self pity, "I've been through this so many times."

Heinie looked apprehensively for following cars and seemed disheartened at his good luck that none were in sight.

"Something stinks," he muttered. "Don't you get anything on the radio?" he asked the driver.

"Only static," Tony, the driver, answered.

"You're sure it's working?"

"You bet, it's okay." Tony was annoyed at the question.

"Something stinks," Heinie said.

He wasn't the same man since the shooting had stopped. He had been carefree then. Now he was a man with worries. Maybe he enjoyed the shooting, Cantavo reasoned it out. "What's it all about, boys?" Cantavo asked.

"It's all about you," he was told.

After a few blocks the driver turned into an unlighted garage. "Borelli, Tony can't get anything on the radio. See what's wrong and keep your ear in it." The door opened and Cantavo was pushed out unceremoniously and into an unlighted elevator. The elevator went up two or three floors, Cantavo guessed it to be. They were let out in a room or apartment that smelled of cabbage and onions.

"It stinks, I tell you," Heinie said in the dark.

"It does," Cantavo conceded.

"I mean—what did they all stop shooting for?" Heinie was still morose that the fight was over.

"Personally, I like it quiet," Cantavo said.

THE driver struck a match. Cantavo sank onto a very uncomfortable chair. "What about a cigarette?" he asked. Heinie let out a cry of such unmistakable anguish that even Cantavo, in a not sympathetic mood, felt commiseration for him.

"Light another match!" Heinie was almost hysterical. "We've got the wrong man," Heinie cried, as the second match flickered out. "Bitz, we've got the wrong man."

Cantavo was glad at last to know a name to hang onto the third man. Bitz expressed his chagrin with as picturesque profanity as Cantavo had ever been privileged to hear, even on a golf course.

"We've got the wrong man!" Heinie repeated as if they were all deaf.

"In which case, may I bid you boys a pleasant good night?" Cantavo suggested.

"Just keep your trap shut and don't move."

Heinie and Bitz huddled in a corner for a colloquy that from the tones of their voices sounded acrimonious and full of mutual recriminations.

"Who are you?" Bitz asked as he turned and switched on the electric lights.

"I'm Bill Cantavo."

Heinie wheeled about, a smile of happy incredulity spread over his face. "Bill Cantavo, I hadn't even looked at you. Ain't that funny? Bill Cantavo! How are you? I ain't seen you in a long time. I started to look you up last week, but this thing, you know this snatching thing, was on the fire and I've been busy."

Bill shook hands with him. "You've got thin," Heinie said, "that's why I didn't recognize you."

"You've gotten fat," Cantavo accused him in turn. "You must have gained thirty pounds."

"Sure have. I did a six months' stretch and gained weight up there. Can you believe it, on that lousy grub?"

"Imagine seeing you here, Heinie. What's all this hubbub about, anyway?"

"Gosh, Bill, I'm sorry. We made a mistake. You stepped into the car and it was dark."

"I was pushed into the car," Cantavo corrected him.

BITZ was pulling at Heinie's sleeve. "Oh, Bill's all right, Bitz. He's no copper. You don't need to give Bill a second thought. He and I was troupers together once in a girl show. Bill got drunk and nearly got fired."

"You got drunk once and did get fired," Bill reminded him.

But Bitz was in an ugly mood. He gave Heinie the office again and they huddled in the corner a second time.

Tony seemed disinterested. He just chewed his gum.

After some whispered words, Heinie said, "Gee, Bill. You gave us a scare. It's oke. No hard feelings, you know. I guess it ain't your fault, but you sure did scare us."

But Bitz seemed in no way assured or friendly. He stayed in his corner, enveloped in gloomy reflections.

"What did those guys want with you?" Bitz suddenly asked Bill.

"What guys?"

"Those guys that was after you."

"I don't think they wanted me. I think I came uninvited."

"No, nobody would want Bill," Heinie corroborated Bill's modest estimate of himself in underworld circles.

"Maybe they were shooting at *you*," Bill suggested to them.

"No, those guys and us are all friendly," Heinie assured him. "We must have had something they wanted."

"There was a lot of artillery around. I don't understand it." Bitz wasn't much interested in Cantavo now.

"They didn't get anything from us. What are you worrying about?" Since Heinie had run into his old friend, Bill, he had forgotten all about the bad smell he'd fancied all over the neighborhood.

"What was the shooting about and why did they quit?" Bitz was talking to himself.

"Bitz is always thinking out the angles," Heinie explained to Bill. "Whoever was using that machine gun wasn't very hot stuff. Did you notice, Bill? He must have shot four rounds and only broke a window."

"Why did they lay down so suddenly?" Bitz wanted to know.

"You know what I think?" Heinie said. "I think maybe they saw Bill standing in the light. Everybody saw him but me and I was too busy to look at him. Maybe they saw Bill and knew we had the wrong snatch." He glanced at Bill to see if Bill followed his astute reasoning.

"Yeah, maybe." Bitz didn't seem to feel that was the angle.

"Maybe they were just playful," Cantavo suggested.

"Maybe Heinie is right," Bitz said.

"That's what it was," Heinie felt confident now that Bill and Bitz hadn't looked disgusted at his mental processes. "They all saw Bill standing there in the light and they didn't want him."

"Do you suppose they wanted the other gink—the one we had counted on snatching?" Bitz asked.

"No. They wouldn't want him either. What for?" Heinie was contemptuous of the idea.

"Well, what was they hijacking us for, then?"

"You kept standing there, in the way all the time, Bill," Heinie complained. "I would 'a' got more if it hadn't been for you. I got Sandy and I think I clipped that other guy. I don't know who that other guy was. Did you notice him right clearly, Bill?"

"No, I couldn't see anything with the light in my eyes." Why admit that he had seen one face ever so clearly; the face of a man crouching in a doorway—just behind the bandit car—with a revolver in his hand.

"I'd 'a' got more but you was in the way," Heinie repeated apologetically.

"Well, Heinie, my band is waiting for me. I'm thirty minutes late now," Cantavo said. "Will you take me home or anyway take me downstairs so that I can get a taxi?"

Bitz was giving Heinie the office again. They went into another colloquy.

"Look, Bill," Heinie was quite obviously embarrassed. "My pal here don't know you—and he—well, he thinks you might tell someone and cause us some trouble. He doesn't want—he thinks—"

"I won't tell anyone at all, Bitz. Heinie and I are old friends."

"He sprung me from jail once," Heinie said.

"I'm sorry I got mixed up in your troubles," Cantavo said. "But, after all, they're your troubles and not mine. And anyway, I'm no copper."

"Bill's all right." Heinie was confident of that.

"I'll phone the boss," Bitz said, and went out.

He came back affable, enthusiastic, almost affectionate.

"Sure you can go, Mr. Cantavo. Sure you can go. The boss says you're okay—to let you go. He says you won't tell anyone if you're told not to tell. You won't, will you? It wouldn't be so good for us you know. It wouldn't be at all good for you, either."

TONY was chewing his gum with the meticulousness of a metronome.

And Bill was taken downstairs. Heinie ushered Bill into a car, but not into the same car that had been used for the kidnapping. Tony drove.

"We'll get you there in a jiffy now, Bill. You're not very late," Heinie reassured him. "It was lucky you ran into us instead of Callingham's mob. They'd have drilled you sure."

"Yeah, I was pretty lucky. Come in and see me some night, Heinie, and we'll tip over a mug or two."

"Sure. I'll come hear your band play some night."

Tony was tinkering with the radio. There was a sudden blast of static. "The radio is okay in this car," Tony said triumphantly.

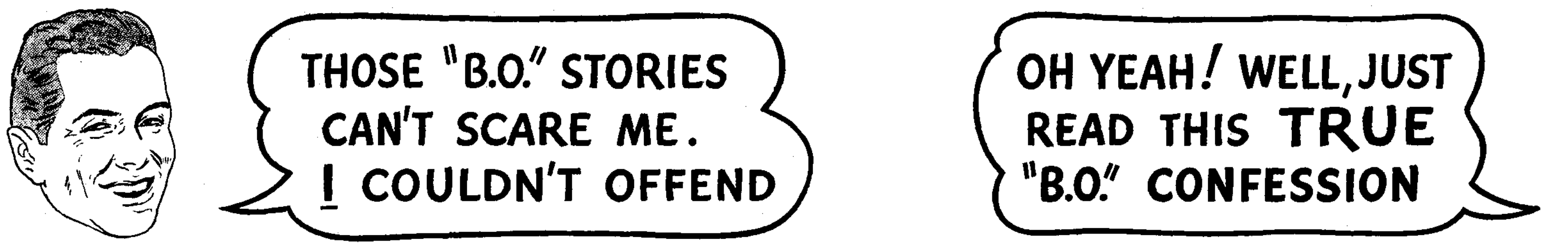
"Do you want a toothbrush with your name on it?" came over the air.

Tony was chagrined. "That's no police radio," he said with disgust.

"He only stole this car yesterday," Heinie cleared their confused surprise for Cantavo.

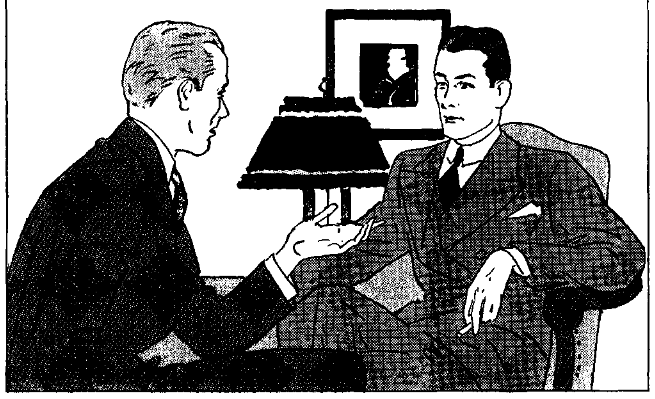
At Forty-fifth Street and Eighth Avenue the car slowed down in the after-theater traffic. "We'll put you out at the next corner, Bill," Heinie told him. "You can pick up a taxi. You know how it is; being seen with you tonight is not too good for us. And look, Bill, don't tell anyone you saw us. I'd hate to tell you what

(*Continued on page 50*)


THOSE "B.O." STORIES CAN'T SCARE ME. I COULDN'T OFFEND
OH YEAH! WELL, JUST READ THIS TRUE "B.O." CONFESSION

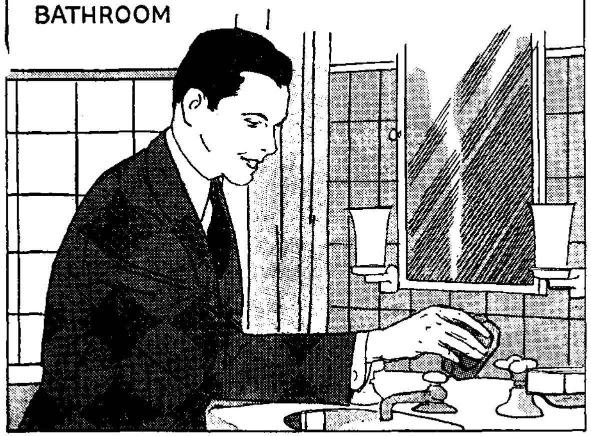
One day a letter came to the makers of Lifebuoy. It read—

ANOTHER YOUNG MAN AND I HAVE ADJOINING APARTMENTS. WE SHARE THE SAME BATHROOM. OFTEN HE'D DROP IN FOR A CHAT AND TELL ME HIS TROUBLES



HE WAS A SALESMAN AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CRACKERJACK FOR HE WORKED HARD. BUT, INSTEAD, HIS SALES WERE MISERABLE — AND I COULD GUESS WHY!

I DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO COME OUT AND TELL HIM. BUT I WAS CAREFUL TO LEAVE MY CAKE OF LIFEBUOY IN PLAIN SIGHT IN THE BATHROOM

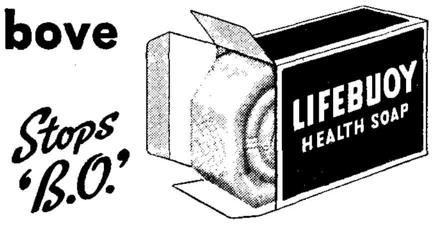


HE KNOCKED AT MY DOOR ONE MORNING. "SAY," HE SAID, "I'VE BEEN USING YOUR SOAP. SMELLED SO NICE AND CLEAN I COULDN'T RESIST." "KEEP IT," I SAID. "IT MAY BRING YOU LUCK"

"LIFEBUOY SURE HAS BROUGHT ME LUCK," HE TOLD ME LATER. "MY SALES HAVE BEEN BETTER EVER SINCE. I'M A LIFEBUOY FAN FOR LIFE. MY TROUBLE MUST HAVE BEEN 'B.O.'"

Yes, we get *thousands* of letters like the one pictured above

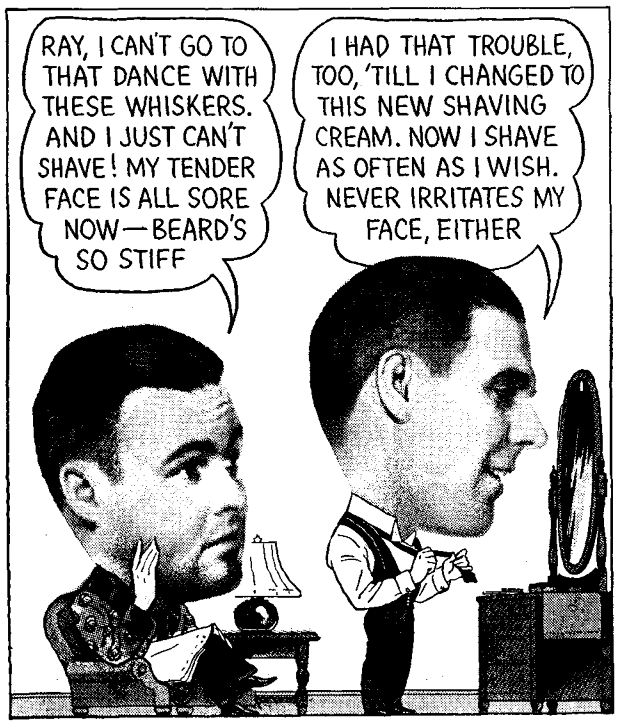
ONE LETTER might be disregarded. But you can't laugh off *thousands!* They force us to realize how common, how serious "B. O." *(body odor)* is. *Play safe!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its searching lather, abundant in hardest water, purifies pores, stops "B. O." Its own clean scent rinses away. Women find Lifebuoy brings new complexion beauty. It's *deep-cleansing,* yet *gentle.* "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.*

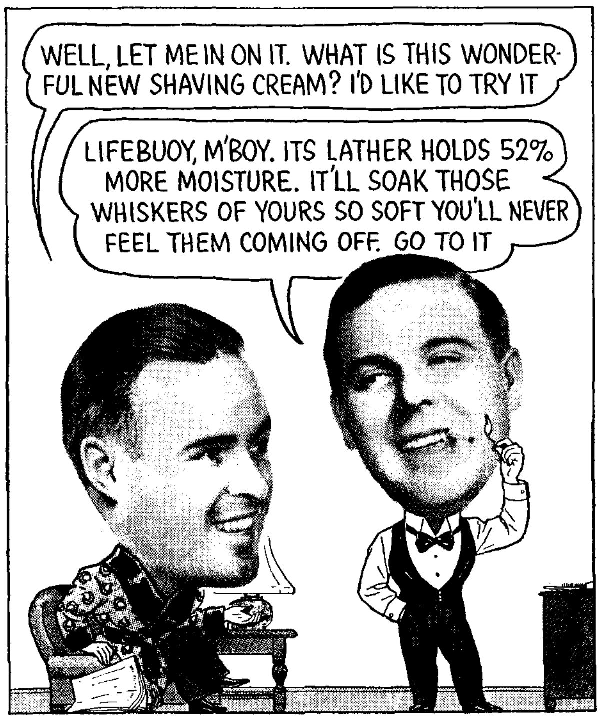

Stops 'B.O.'
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

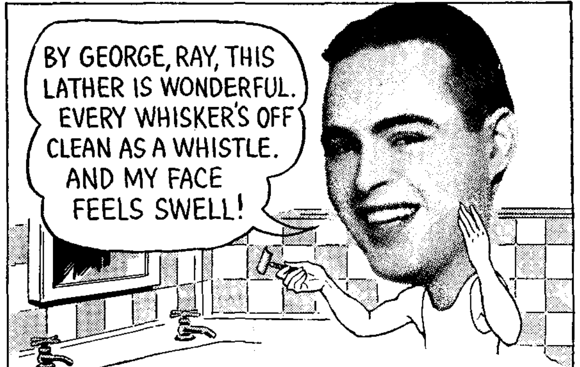
---

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

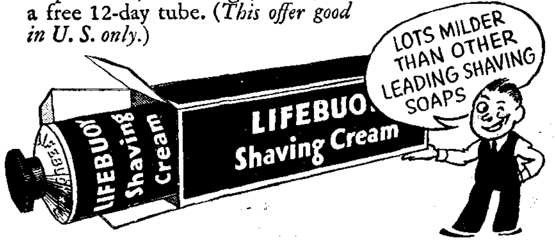

RAY, I CAN'T GO TO THAT DANCE WITH THESE WHISKERS. AND I JUST CAN'T SHAVE! MY TENDER FACE IS ALL SORE NOW — BEARD'S SO STIFF
I HAD THAT TROUBLE, TOO, 'TILL I CHANGED TO THIS NEW SHAVING CREAM. NOW I SHAVE AS OFTEN AS I WISH. NEVER IRRITATES MY FACE, EITHER

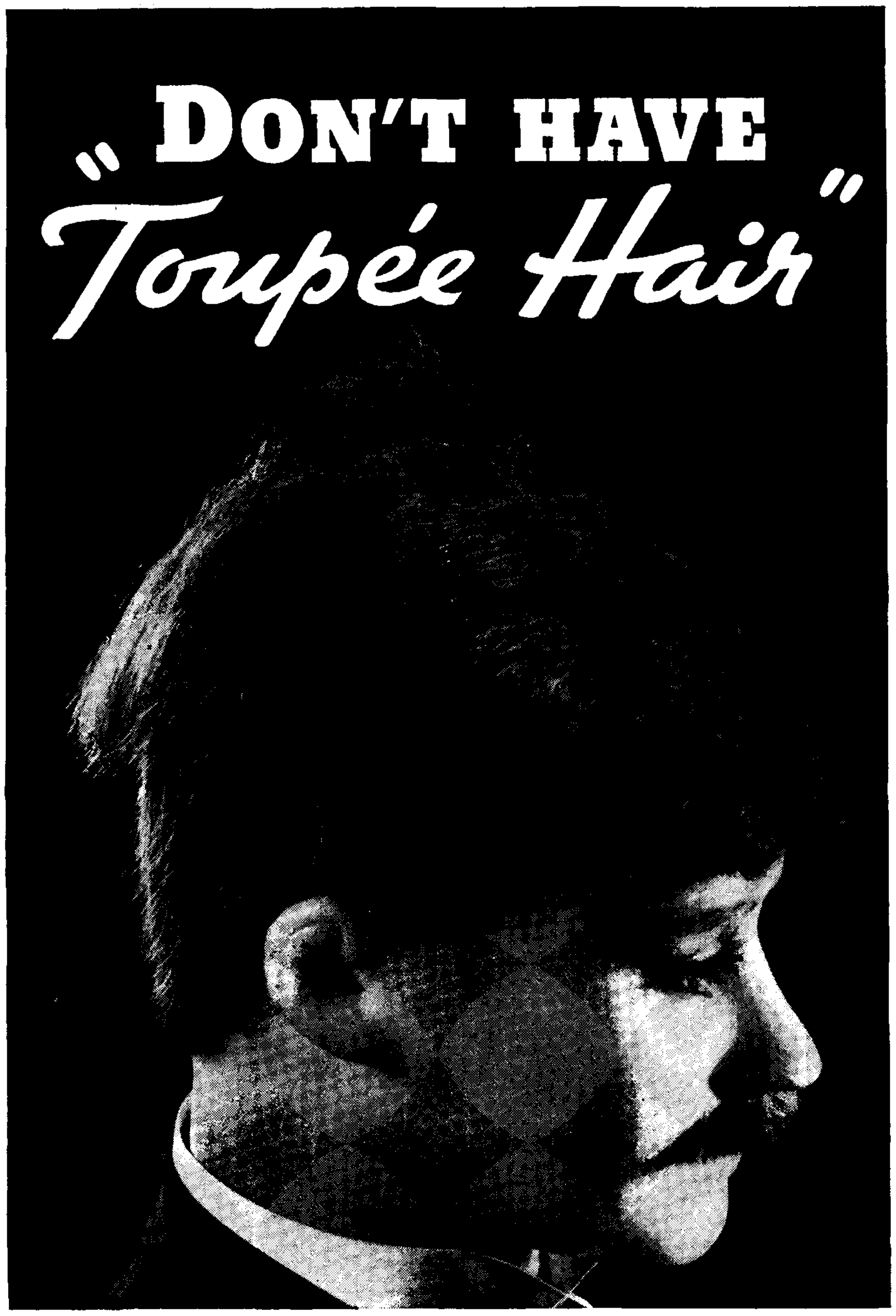

WELL, LET ME IN ON IT. WHAT IS THIS WONDERFUL NEW SHAVING CREAM? I'D LIKE TO TRY IT
LIFEBUOY, M'BOY. ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE. IT'LL SOAK THOSE WHISKERS OF YOURS SO SOFT YOU'LL NEVER FEEL THEM COMING OFF. GO TO IT


BY GEORGE, RAY, THIS LATHER IS WONDERFUL. EVERY WHISKER'S OFF CLEAN AS A WHISTLE. AND MY FACE FEELS SWELL!

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try this mild, extra-moist lather. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A111, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)


LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream



● Water washes out the natural scalp oils
Let Kreml give your hair new *life* and *lustre*

People who soak their heads with water every day in order to comb their hair are most in danger of getting "toupée hair."

Too much water washes out the natural oils of the scalp, leaves the hair dry and brittle; takes away its lustre.

Try Kreml as a hair dressing for a week.

This scientific new oil-tonic brings back the natural brilliance and sheen to hair; restores the oil balance; makes unruly hair lie down before the brush and comb.

Kreml is so popular because it never gives hair that glossy, patent-leather look.

A marvelous dandruff remover, it also stimulates the growth of hair and stops excessive shedding.

Men swear by it and women love it, because it makes their waves last so much longer.

Ask for Kreml at your barber's. Use it regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

KREML
REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 48

the boys will do with you if you squawked. They would rub you out sure. You've not been anywhere and haven't seen nothing. Don't forget that!"

"Sure, Heinie."

"The next time I go to stir I'm going to learn to play the flute," Heinie said. "I got a beaut."

"What kind of a beaut?"

"A flute. One of the boys located it for me."

"He didn't steal it off my band, did he?"

"No. No. He lifted it from a guy in stir."

As THE car drove up to the curb, Tony, evidently a slow thinker, turned around and asked, "Maybe those guys did want Bill. What about keeping him until we find out what they wanted him for? We could make 'em pay through the nose for 'im."

"No, Tony," Heinie said, "Bill's too busy. He's got to play his band."

"Is he Bill Bernie?" Tony asked.

"No. He's Bill Cantavo."

"Never heard of him," Tony said.

And as Bill stepped out onto the walk, "Pleased to meet you," Tony said politely.

"Look, Chief," Henderson was talking over the telephone to police headquarters to explain the fiasco to him. "I never planned anything more carefully in my life than I planned to get myself kidnapped up at Sixty-seventh Street tonight. It was a beautiful setup. Everything just right. Everyone was there, and I was there, too, ready to step right on the spot. And it didn't work!"

"What went wrong?"

"Bill Cantavo—maybe you know him, he's a popular radio star and an orchestra leader—stepped into the picture, entirely by accident, just at the wrong time, and Rapport's gorillas made a mistake and snatched him."

"Was there any fighting?"

"A lot of ammunition was spilled. A couple of Callingham's gang got hurt. I shot one of them in the right arm and in the left shoulder."

"With one shot?" the chief was amused. Henderson was vain about his marksmanship.

"No. It took two. I had to shoot him in both arms because he is ambidextrous and he was shooting at Bill Cantavo because he thought Bill was me."

The chief was amused. "Whom were the rest shooting at?" he asked.

"You couldn't tell by the results. They seemed to be concentrating on the driver of the car."

"Did anyone get shot in any of the apartments up at Sixty-seventh?"

"No. No casualties. We checked up. I left a couple of the boys up there to quiet those who were panicked by the noise."

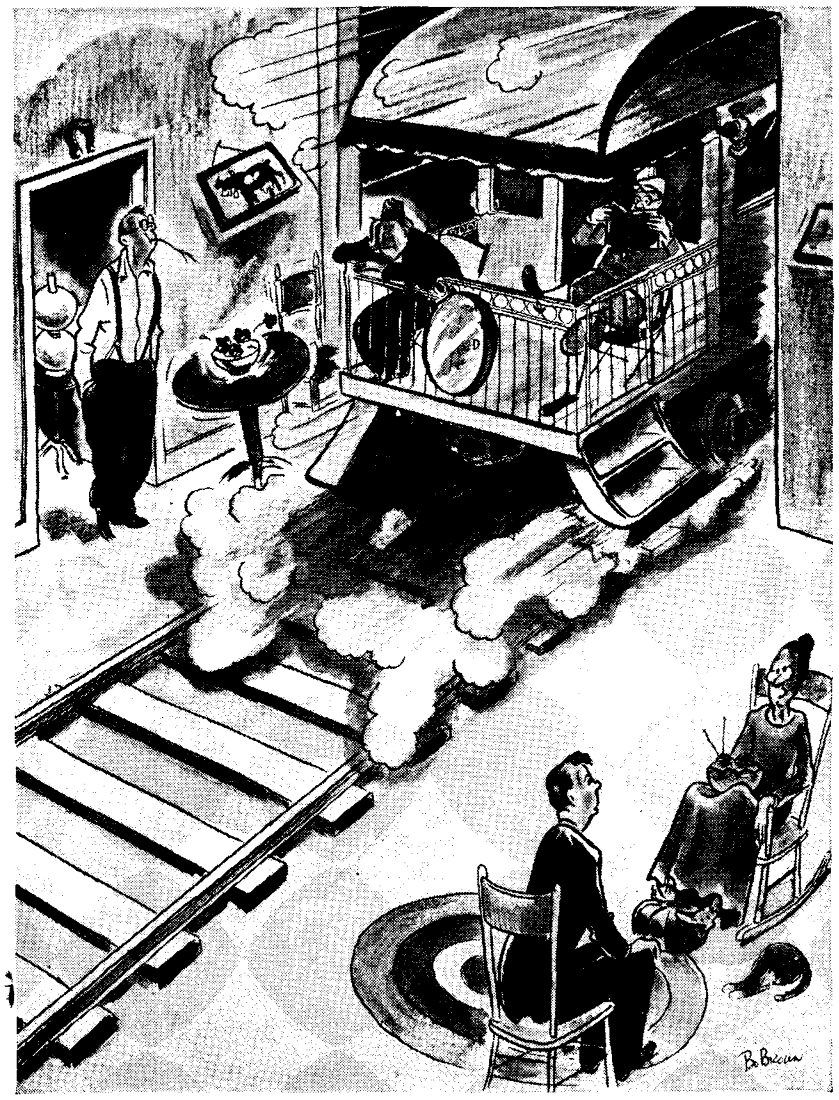
"Where's your radio star now?"

"He's up at Schmidt's garage, I imagine. That's their hangout. I let them take him because I didn't want to tip off Callingham's gang that we had planned to ambush them. Because I'm going to do it again shortly. And I don't care about Rapport. We can get him any time."

"I was skeptical of the whole idea."

"I'll take some of the boys over to Schmidt's garage and get Bill Cantavo out of his trouble."

(To be continued next week)



"We wouldn't sell the farm and they wouldn't put a curve in!" BO BROWN

Anything Went

Continued from page 28

pioneers fell down. After they had been whacking away at each other for a couple of seasons, bashing in each other's skulls and carving their initials on each other's anatomy, you would think they'd have made their point clear. But, no, it was an act that seemingly had to go on until heaviness of foot, or overweight, or one of the other calamities that overtake hockey players rang down the curtain.

Officials were lenient with them on the ice and jurisdiction of any kind began and ended at the door of the rink. Supervision over the operations of the league generally by a governing body was largely a myth, and these conditions all combined to allow the players to behave pretty much as they pleased.

That was what professional hockey was like back in its Stone Age, ten years or so before I broke in. Naturally, I'm glad I was born too late to be in on that; it was like missing the war for the same reason. Hockey had changed considerably by the time I made the jump by signing with the Ottawa Club in 1922.

By this time the commercial league had advanced well into its Dark Age. There were better things ahead but there were worse things behind. Those old-timers were on the way out and a fresh group of youngsters with different ideas were coming along. The league and the teams were better organized and salaries had been increased. The schedule had been extended to provide two games a week and the game had been cleaned up to the point where it was almost safe for the fan to take his lady friend along. In Ottawa, the Canadian capital, it had even been blessed by viceregal patronage when the Governor General and his lady, fresh out from England and curious about the native customs, appeared at one of the games. They found it so stimulating they returned again and again.

In my professional debut it was my bad luck to run afoul of one of the few old-timers still left in the game. I was teamed on the Ottawa defense with George Boucher and we were playing the Canadiens in Ottawa. We weren't on the ice very long before I realized just how great was the difference between amateur and professional hockey. On amateur teams there was usually one outstanding star; you watched him closely and relaxed when he wasn't carrying the puck. In this game they were all dangerous and you couldn't let up for a moment. Every man on the ice was a standout in his position and could do everything well. They were all fast skaters, clever stick handlers, tricky around the goals, were rugged as mountain scenery and absolutely without fear.

Ice Strategy

Toward the end of the first period a loose puck came rolling in my direction. I hooked it in with my stick and started a rush up the ice. I got as far as the Canadiens' defense; it was spread just enough to keep me from going around it and was just tight enough to stop me from going through, so I fired a shot from the blue line. The puck rebounded off the goalie's pads and Sprague Cleghorn, the Canadiens' veteran defense man, gathered it in and started back down the ice.

Cleghorn started off slowly, looking carefully to see just how the opposition was placed, suddenly saw the best path to take to the goal and began to step on it. I was pedalling back as fast as I could, trying to get there in time to check him from behind. When I was almost up with him, he veered sharply in an effort to go around Boucher. I took a chance, rapped my stick several times on the ice and shouted, "Here, Sprague! Here!"

Without looking, Cleghorn passed the puck, thinking one of his teammates was uncovered and calling for a pass. I wheeled with it and headed back toward the Canadiens' goal. Cleghorn was out of position and their defense was weakened. The other defense man came out to meet me and I slid the rubber across to Cy Denenney on my left, watched him coast in on the goalie and fake a shot, saw the goalie make a futile dive forward on his face and Cy nonchalantly lift the puck over his sprawling body into the net.

Out of Its Dark Age

Before the cheering had died down the gong sounded the end of the period. The crowd started to drift along to the exits and we began to skate off the ice. Just as I was going through the gate to the passageway into the dressing-room, somebody called:

"Hey, King!"

I looked around and caught a straight right flush on the jaw. From the bump on the back of my head later I know I must have hit the floor boards like a dumped sack of potatoes. Witnesses told me that Cleghorn walked on inside as if nothing had happened. People picked me up and helped me into the dressing-room.

"What's wrong with you, King?" I was asked.

"Somebody smacked me down."

"That's Sprague doing his stuff again," the trainer said, squeezing a spongeful of water over my head. "Listen, kid," he warned me, "he's the wrong guy to get funny with."

This is not meant to be a squawk, particularly at this late date, and is included here merely to point the contrast between conditions at that time and later. The hockey player's code has always been the same: when you're out there you take the bumps that come your way, if they're legitimate, and if they aren't you hand some of them back if you can, enough of them anyway to keep yourself from being pushed around too freely. I'm not being critical of Sprague Cleghorn either, because I think he played the game the way he was brought up to play it.

But let me call your attention to something about that incident which may have escaped your notice. Sprague waited until he was off the ice before riding to the wars. In the old days he would never have done that. But he knew he would be severely penalized now for attacking another player on the ice under the eyes of the officials. It was pretty hard for the old fellows to adapt themselves to the changing game, but they were doing the best they could.

The year hockey really emerged from its Dark Age into the light of the Industrial Era was in 1925. By that time large artificial ice surfaces for hockey purposes had become practicable, which was all that was necessary to give the game a truly international aspect. That year cities from outside Canada were included in the National Hockey League for the very first time. Now, ten years later, five of the league's eight teams are operated by American interests in American cities and right here I'll make a prediction:

I believe that before long you will see ten teams in the big league and that

(Continued on page 52)

A friendly old fellow...this genial gentleman in the gay red coat!

BORN 1820... *still going strong*

NO MATTER what you start with you can follow with Johnnie Walker...and find him *friendly* all evening long. For no whisky "sits better" after food or cocktail than this sound, honest old Scotch.

Johnnie Walker Red Label is matured 8 years. (Black Label, 12 years.) Smooth, mellow, sturdy...there's not a "head" in a barrelful. That's why...often before dinner...*always after*, you'll find the knowing ones sticking with Johnnie Walker. For an evening with this genial old gentleman means a fresh and pleasant tomorrow.

No matter what you start with . . .

you can follow with

JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

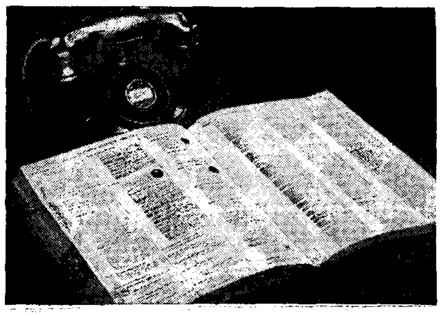
there's love interest in the Classified Telephone Book

He looked in the classified directory to find where to buy flowers for her. (Later he looked up a jeweler).

In the classified directory she found the beauty shop which helped her to keep attractive.

And in due course, in this same way, they found the clergyman who married them.

In your classified directory you can find help for both the romantic and everyday interests in your life. Consult it frequently.



(Continued from page 51)

seven of them will have their home ice in cities in the United States.

Why? Because there are always four minor professional leagues in operation—the International, Canadian-American, Central and Northwestern, with heavy representation from leading American cities. They are all good hockey towns and several of them are large enough to support big-league teams. Each year the fans in these cities are becoming more hockey-wise and eventually they will demand big-league representation. They'll get it, too, because they can support clubs.

Well, let's see what else happened in that epic year 1925. With new teams in the big league there was a mad scramble for fresh talent. Up to this time there had been something of a stigma attached to hockey as a profession. By this I mean simply that many young fellows with hockey ability wouldn't think of playing the game for a living. It just wasn't done. The college boys, for instance, had left it strictly alone. It was a phase that baseball had gone through early in its development.

But the new teams had plenty of new money and they were prepared to hand it out. We were well into the boom years, a time of big spending and reckless promotions, and soon the newspapers were carrying stories that the New York or Boston or Chicago clubs were after young Jim Smith, the college star, and were offering him umpteen thousand dollars a year with a bonus of ump thousand to sign. Well, money is a pretty soothing compensation for any loss of social prestige. The boys came over slowly at first, singly, then in pairs (if Bill signs I'll sign), and finally so rapidly and in such bunches that by the time the league began to operate that year the familiar names in the starting lineups looked a mile apart.

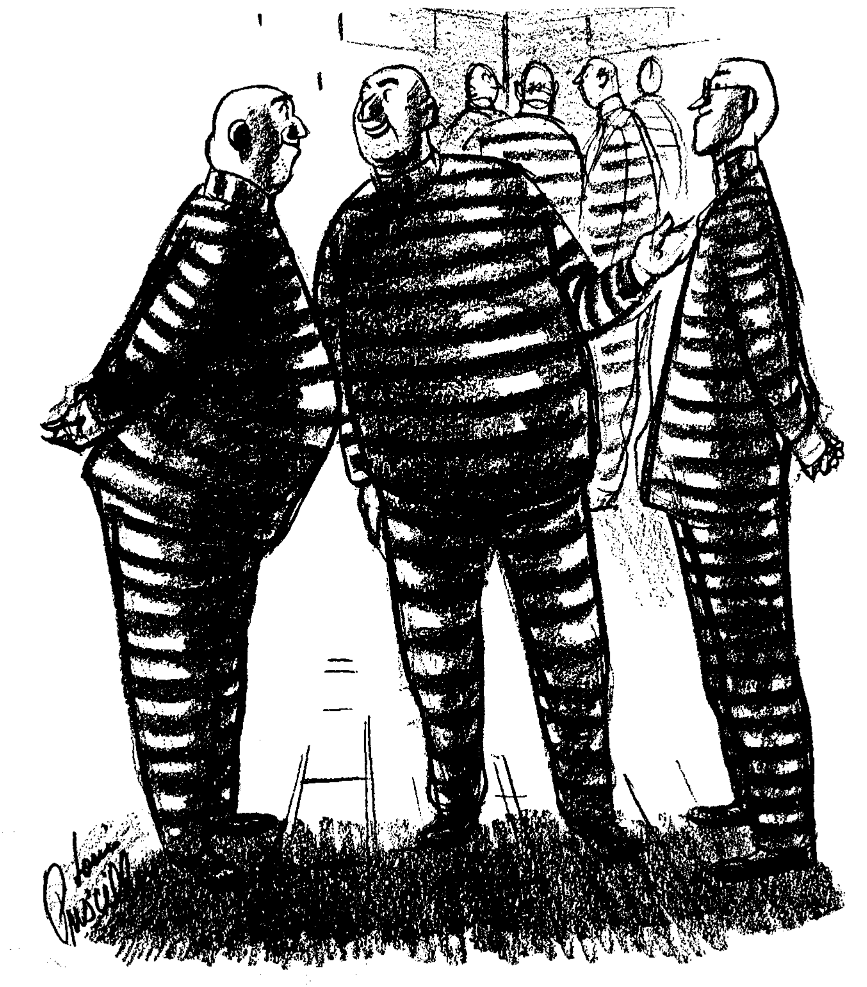
After that, the changes came thick and fast. The feature of hockey that has always carried a knockout wallop and packed 'em in wherever the game is played is its speed. So when hockey was established on a firm industrial basis the promoters set out to make it faster than ever; after all, you can't blame a man for wanting to improve his business. To this end, they made two changes: they began to carry more substitutes, and they instituted the forward pass. These changes had both a simple and profound effect.

The simple effect was the one the promoters had in mind: to speed up the game and provide more thrills for the spectators. With fresh men always available, a player could go at top speed every second he was on the ice, and with the forward pass permitted in certain areas the game became more open, smart combination play was encouraged and there were more shots on goal, which was just what the customers wanted to see.

The Party Is Over

The other and more profound effect was on the players themselves. To begin with, it increased the number of men on a team from eight to fifteen or sixteen. Teams customarily carried a relief forward and a relief defense man. Now they began to carry three sets of forwards and at least two defense pairs. Today, or rather tonight, if you're a forward on a big-league hockey team you work only one third of a game, or twenty minutes all told, because the forward lines are changed every three minutes. Defense pairs are changed every five minutes, and if you're a defense man you work only half an hour.

This was a change so radical in its nature that you would have to have played hockey to appreciate it fully. But I remember what it was like before the change came in. I remember playing a hard game on the Ottawa defense once when our sole relief defense man was too sick to dress. I had a lot of puck-carrying to do that night and halfway through the last period I could hardly stand; my lungs were bursting and my arms and legs were numb with fatigue.

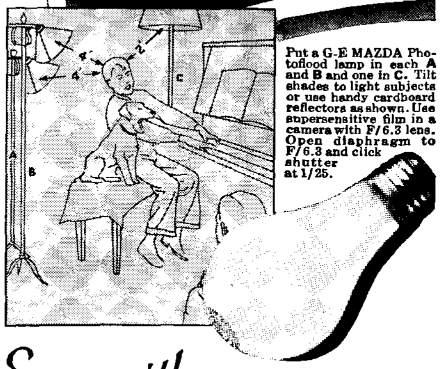


"This is Mr. Gloon, my lawyer"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Try a snapshot like this tonight!

A WINNER IN G-E NIGHT PICTURE CONTEST



Put a G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamp in each A and B and one in C. Tilt shades to light subjects or use handy cardboard reflectors as shown. Use supersensitive film in a camera with F/6.3 lens. Open diaphragm to F/6.3 and click shutter at 1/25.

Easy with G-E MAZDA Photo lamps

What a picture! Think how *you* would treasure one like it!

You can snap scenes like this and pictures of parties and friends *at night* easily...with G-E MAZDA Photo lamps.

All you need is a camera with an F/6.3 (or faster) lens, supersensitive film and a few G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps. They're good for dozens of pictures and cost only 25 cents list. Then follow the directions above.

BOX CAMERA OWNERS and those with slow lens folding cameras can get good pictures with quick time exposures; or with G-E MAZDA Photo*flash* lamps. These lamps get the picture before subjects wink an eye. They operate in flashlight battery reflectors as well as on house current. Each lamp gets one picture. 15 cents list.

Get some lamps and film from your druggist or camera dealer and try a few snapshots tonight. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Look for this mark when you buy photo lamps and you will be sure of dependable light for picture-taking.

SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT

Ask your dealer about the current $2500 prize contest for night pictures

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

I banged my stick against the ice and made other signs to indicate that I wanted to be taken out. The spare forward was on the bench and they could make a defense man out of him temporarily; anything so long as I could get a rest. But the manager shook his head at me and waved me back on. The next time an opposing player came within reach of my stick I deliberately dumped him and drew a penalty for tripping. It was the only way I could leave the ice.

Like most industrial corporations, the hockey clubs have been shaken up since the depression. Conspicuous waste has been eliminated and overhead trimmed wherever possible. Salaries have come down to a reasonable level and today the maximum salary allowed any player is limited by league by-law to seven thousand dollars per year. It still isn't bad pay for four months' work. During the early days of the hockey bonanza—from 1925 to 1930—hockey players spent their money as freely as other citizens who found themselves suddenly and unexpectedly prosperous. There was more than one Good Time Charlie among them. But the party is over and the average hockey player concentrates as much on his savings account now as he used to on his new car and his supper dates.

Though hockey entered the phase it is at present in some ten years ago, the problem of making it an edifying spectacle for women and children has worried its financial sponsors. But both league and individual club officials have been coöperating to bring this about and lately they have been getting results. The referees have been instructed to fine any player for unnecessarily rough or vicious play. Plenty of fines have been handed out in recent years, but it is gradually dawning on the sadistically inclined boys that every time they hit another player over the head they automatically hit themselves in the pocket. They are beginning to suspect that they aren't doing themselves any good, especially since their own managements have shown not only a disinclination to pay fines for them but an inclination to slap on extra fines of their own.

The real old-timers are all gone, including Sprague Cleghorn, and this method of handling younger players who are inclined to run amok will surely curb all the fancy stickwork at some near future date. Sprague, as the last of the pioneers, had several years in the new show and, right up to the last, he never changed his tactics, though he varied them a little.

The Boys Are Learning

When Hooley Smith, present center-ice star for the Montreal Maroons, broke in with Ottawa, Sprague was winding up his great career with the Boston Bruins. Hooley, young and cocky, showed no disposition to treat Sprague any differently from the newest rookie. He handed out the bumps impartially and Sprague was on the receiving end of a number of them. He didn't like it, though he did nothing about it while we were on the ice, but after the game he suddenly appeared in a cafeteria where Hooley and I had gone for some supper. We were at the counter and didn't see him until he shouted at us. He had three or four teammates with him. Hooley took one look and thought fast.

"Listen," he said, picking up the biggest ketchup bottle he could find. "You sneak out and call a copper."

I walked away from the counter and made a sudden break for the door, dodging and straight-arming two of Sprague's boy friends who tried to stop me. But outside there wasn't a cop in sight. I got a taxi and raced back to the hotel with the idea of organizing a rescue party. Before we could get going Hooley showed up still hanging on to the ketchup bottle.

"I kept swinging it at those guys and they laid off me," he told us. "If any of 'em had come close enough I'd have busted 'em sure."

That was Sprague Cleghorn, the last hangover from a wilder time. They couldn't shake his ideas on how the game should be played; the best they could do was to force him to find new battlefields. Yet, when he wanted to play hockey and forgot the personal element, a greater hockey player never lived.

Don't get the idea from this that the game has gone sissy. All I'm saying is that there is no one playing big-league hockey today who consistently loses control of himself and goes after another man to chop him down in cruel fashion; nor is there anyone who deliberately sets out to intimidate other players. The boys are finally learning that it costs too much to indulge those impulses, and with that knowledge has come the beginning of wisdom to professional jugglers of the puck and stick.

Top-Hat Audiences

Even now a spectator witnessing an National Hockey League game for the first time doubtless wonders why it is allowed to go on. If he is accompanied by a fan he will soon learn to watch it intelligently and to distinguish between what is and what is not legitimate. But until he learns the fine points it must seem like the most brawling, rough-house game ever invented.

That is the way it must have looked to the late Tex Rickard, who was in charge at Madison Square Garden when professional hockey was first ushered into New York. Tex endeavored to entice passers-by by having a fleet of hospital ambulances park outside the Garden while a game was in progress. All that meant, of course, was that Tex, with his flair for showmanship, was trying to convey to the public mind the aspect of the game that had impressed him most. We laughed about it then, but Tex was even more right than usual in his appraisal of the mass mind; the largest crowds watching hockey now assemble in Madison Square Garden.

Truly the game has come a long way since that night I broke in at the old Dey's Arena in Ottawa, its capacity accommodation of approximately 3,500 strained by a few more than that many wildly shouting males dimly seen from the ice through the dull yellow lights in use at the time. They were muffled to the ears and stamped their feet and slapped their hands to keep warm.

Now of nights we frequently take the ice before mixed crowds of fifteen thousand and upwards, the features of the ladies and gentlemen above the silken evening wraps and shining shirt fronts plainly visible from the ice in the hard, bright-as-day floodlights. Quite often you notice that a gentleman has removed his topper, so comfortable are the new rinks for onlookers, and you catch the gleam of white shoulders behind loosened wraps. After each good play there is a round of well-bred applause from the boxes and promenade seats. From farther back comes the good old spontaneous shout, because it's still a hockey game to the masses, if a social event to the classes.

Training camps. Three games a week and sometimes four. Morning practices. Chalk talks on trains and in hotels. Injuries to worry about. A salary that compares favorably with that of the average professional man and a chance to increase your income through play-offs and advertising contracts. A long off-season in which to try to make a permanent connection for the time when you know it must all come to an end.

A great life, good people, if you don't let it get you down.

$2500.00 for PICTURES AT NIGHT

A picture like this may win you $350

Each month during January, February, March, 1936:

2 awards of $100 each
3 awards of $50 each
4 awards of $25 each
10 awards of $10 each
20 awards of $5 each
50 awards of $2 each

$250 GRAND AWARD

A $250 Grand Award will be given to one of the six winners of the $100 award, hence, the grand award winner receives $350 for a single picture.

RULES

1 Any number of pictures made on or after January 1, 1936, may be entered. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of February 15, March 15, and April 15—the three closing dates. Contests are open to any amateur in the United States and Canada (except employees of Eastman Kodak Company and those engaged in the manufacture or sale of photo supplies).

2 Prizes will be awarded *only* for pictures made at night, either indoors or outdoors, by artificial light. Winners will be chosen solely on subject interest and appeal, not on technical excellence. The decision of the judges shall be final.

3 Each prize-winning picture with negative and sole rights for advertising, publication, and exhibition in any manner shall become the property of the Eastman Kodak Company. If winning picture is of a person or persons, their (or, if under 21, the parent's) written consent to use the picture must be furnished before prize can be awarded.

4 **Each print must bear, on the back, your name, address, make of camera, kind of film, and lights. No prints can be returned. Be sure to keep the negatives.**

Mail prints only to
Prize Contest Office
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to discover a fascinating new indoor sport—and try for a valuable cash award as well.

Everyone has a chance to win . . . it's easy to make night pictures with Mazda Photoflood or Photoflash lamps and Kodak "SS" or Kodak Verichrome Film. Only amateurs are eligible . . . photographic skill doesn't count. You don't need any expensive equipment . . . your present camera, if it can be set for "time," will do.

For complete instructions about night pictures with your present camera . . . for suggested subjects —ask your dealer for the *free* folder, "Pictures at Night." Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

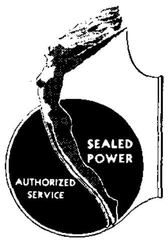
Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.

Super Sensitive Panchromatic Kodak Film
Eastman Kodak Co.
Kodak

"*Sure!* I can sell you new plugs . . . *But*--"

You NEED SEALED POWER STA-TITE Piston Rings!"

A "wet" spark plug, or one covered with residue from burned oil, is a real friend. It shows that your car is an "oil pumper". It's a sure sign the piston rings need replacing. Your best bet is Monitor Notch Sta-Tites. They are especially engineered for repowering *worn* motors by one of the leading manufacturers of piston rings for *new* cars. Even if your cylinders are out-of-round, tapered or distorted, your car can be repowered by a low cost Sta-Tite installation.



Buy Sta-Tites where you see this sign

Send in the coupon for a free booklet on how Sta-Tites will cut the cost.

STA-TITE COMPLETE SET PRICES

FORD A - - -	$4.80	CHEVROLET 6 - -	$7.20
FORD V-8 - -	$9.60	PLYMOUTH 6 - -	$9.60

(Plus Installation Cost)

SEALED POWER

PISTON RINGS, PISTONS, PISTON EXPANDERS, PISTON PINS, CYLINDER SLEEVES

This Booklet FREE

Sealed Power Corporation, C-1
Muskegon, Michigan

Please send my free copy of "How to Cut the Cost of Repowering My Car." Also send card entitling me to absolutely free Sealed Power Diagnosis which will tell exactly what MY car needs.

Name..............................

Street..............................

City.................State..................

My Repair Shop is..............................

Address..............................

Milk and Honey, Ltd.

Continued from page 11

And with that income they can decrease their private indebtedness. Later on, perhaps, we shall help them liquidate their private debts by making them interest-free loans. Am I too far ahead of you?"

But before we go on with this (incidentally giving us a very necessary chance to come up for air) you should know how all this came to pass in Alberta and how the tremendously sincere Mr. Aberhart happens to be at the moment on this sizzling political platter. It might have been Mr. Upton Sinclair in California. Or Doctor Townsend. Had the apparently inevitable failed to catch up with Senator Long before worse than death could befall him, he might have been crowded into a place as uncomfortable as Mr. Aberhart occupies. Anyway, it's going to be a lesson to somebody.

In addition to being the mahatma of the Prophetic Bible Institute in Calgary, an office he fills with oracular dignity, he is principal of the Crescent Heights High School. We found no one to say that the high school wasn't the better for having Mr. Aberhart, but we easily gathered that his heart is in his tabernacle—an austere $65,000 plant which will not impress you with beauty nor lure you with warmth. The auditorium is a harsh, drafty place, not too well lighted, and furnished with hard wooden pews flanked by discouraged palms and a few sleazy drapes. Up front on a platform are Mr. Aberhart's pulpit and microphone. On his reading stand a Bible lies open—a Bible that has seen much thumbing by unwashed hands. It is opened at the twenty-seventh chapter of Job, a writer who, we were told, has never failed to delight Mr. Aberhart. The last verse of the chapter commanded our attention: "Men shall clap their hands at him, and shall hiss him out of his place."

Perhaps that was merely a coincidence, so let us get on. It was in Mr. Aberhart's study, beyond, that he made his decision to fill Alberta's stomachs as in his pulpit he had been nourishing her souls. There it was, before he decided to enter politics, that he had pondered Alberta's physical woes—and they were many and thoroughgoing. Thirty years ago Alberta became a province. Until 1921 she was governed by Canada's Liberal Party, which managed to go to extraordinary lengths to demonstrate how little there could be in a name. The Liberal regime became so tedious that in 1921 the government of the province was taken over by the United Farmers of Alberta. This was to be the province's salvation. Alberta is overwhelmingly agricultural and she proposed to show the world how farmers could govern farmers with prosperity and enduring happiness for all. And it worked pretty well for a time.

In Search of a Platform

But presently the UFA went the way of all parties too long in power. Mismanagement became one of the minor shortcomings of the party. Graft became so prevalent that people got tired of being indignant. Mr. Aberhart thundered at it with commendable vigor but his audiences were small and, like all the other upward and onward exhorters, he had no substitute to offer—none except, of course, honesty. And that didn't win him a ride on the electorate's shoulders. There were honest men in the UFA, but the government was still pitiful.

And then one day, much the same as Father Coughlin of Detroit got his boost to wireless glory, Calgary's radio station—CFCN—thought (and correctly) that it would gain in popularity if Mr. Aberhart's voice were added to its attractions. Then and there Mr. Aberhart was a made man. All he required was a cause. And while he poked around through the province's political rubbish for it, several high officials of the UFA tried unwittingly to oblige. At least they provided him with magnificent material. They had managed to take time from doing a poor job of governing to become embroiled in a series of cheap personal scandals. So this is what the province's brass-hats were doing while they should have been worrying about the depression-debauched poor? Ten, twenty and thirty thousand Albertans ground their teeth while Mr. Aberhart asked the question. Still, the social habits of the great, while interesting, do not make a dependable political platform. And Mr. Aberhart was sorely in need of one.

Alberta Was Mystified

No one knew better than he how submerged in depression agricultural Alberta was. And no one was more eager to do something corrective about it. His mail was a welter of woe. From his congregations he was receiving floods of testimony of misery. By tradition and conviction he was a conservative, but somehow "The System was wrong." He denounces Socialism, deplores Fascism and shudders at Communism. Yet Mr. Aberhart was convinced that the world—and Alberta first—needed a new governmental pattern. It hopped into his hand one evening.

He was in his study. Before him lay a mass of dreary examination papers to be graded. His mind, we gather, was not given entirely to his task. Even some of his high school pupils were hungry, ill-clothed, cold, hopeless. These things were scarring his mind when a member of his teaching corps dropped in. Under that teacher's arm there was a book—a smallish volume written by one Major Clifford Hugh Douglas, an Englishman who had divided many years between enjoying large retainers from industrial corporations for his indisputably expert engineering advice and the writing of economic treatises aimed at the dissolution of the system under which these great corporations were enabled to pay him large fees. Among Major Douglas' several works was one called Social Credit. And this was the one Mr. Aberhart's associate was carrying.

As one who has given sturdy if less than victorious battle to this same stubborn treatise, we can testify that Major Douglas' book is not light reading. Yet Mr. Aberhart, after perusing a page or two, saw a distant light. Gallantly he gave over the night to Social Credit. He read it again the next night. After a third assault upon the major's *tour de force,* Mr. Aberhart had his platform, his political cause, his vote-snaring issue. And the next time Alberta tuned in upon The Voice of The Prophetic Bible Institute she learned that here, at last, was the answer to all her political problems and the solvent for her economic miseries. Social Credit à la Aberhart.

It must be said that for a few days Alberta was a bit mystified. Mr. Aberhart had told his Unseen Audience what Social Credit was, but there were those who had to admit that even so they didn't quite catch it. Even Major Douglas, after listening to Mr. Aberhart, appeared a bit baffled. A few high-browed citizens ventured their opinion that Mr. Aberhart had got hold of the wrong book—one by Miss Gertrude Stein. But Mr. Aberhart knew precisely what he was doing. Read for yourself:

"Social Credit," announced Mr. Aberhart, while the populace did its best, "is that form of credit which arises from the association of individuals together which enables them to make use of the goods and services as, when and where delivered before they are destroyed, disintegrated or seized by others. It involves a flow of real credit which manifolds its usefulness. It is the unearned increment of real credit secured by association. It is possible for a province like Alberta to have an enormous real credit and yet be unable to use the same. It may be able to supply goods as, when and where needed, but the people may be unable to use the same through lack of purchasing power because of the draining of real credit by financial credit. Social Credit, my friends, differs from financial credit in that it gives the consumer the advantage of the increment of association. What is the increment of association? It is the value of associating together for self-protection or coöperative support."

Yet, oddly enough, this did not make the voters see red, magnificent though it was. There was a growing feeling that, while Mr. Aberhart was a fine gentleman with his heart in the right place, there was something a trifle obscure about Social Credit—if Social Credit was what he said. As some of Mr. Aberhart's closest followers put it, the idea involved so many words that only a still unidentified few would have time to get sore enough to vote for it. So, while Mr. Aberhart knew in the depths of his great heart that he had something, scarcely anybody else did until, a few days later, he announced that if he were elected Premier and given a friendly Parliament or Legislature, his version of Major Douglas' theme would pay monthly dividends. And that brought them to their feet. They could understand dividends and leave such matters as "increment of association" to the bulge-heads. All they wanted to know was how much, how often and how soon.

The Fifty Big Shots

At first Mr. Aberhart saw no reason why the monthly dividends shouldn't be seventy-five dollars each. And neither did the voters, although some of them said that after all they were willing to be reasonable. So presently Mr. Aberhart, getting a somewhat clearer understanding of the state of the province's treasury and doing a bit of simple arithmetic, reduced it to twenty-five. And while this was a little disappointing to the citizens who had already drafted tentative budgets on a seventy-five-dollar-a-month basis, it was generally agreed that twenty-five would do at first, provided the dividends increased as time passed. And Mr. Aberhart assured them that there was no reason in the wide world why the dividends shouldn't.

Thus weeks before the election it became apparent that Mr. Aberhart, Social Credit and twenty-five dollars a month were going to take over the government. Oh, there were minor questions that wanted answering; but they got answered in order. For example, there were simple folks who wanted to know how they were going to deal in small purchases—buy cigarettes, chewing gum, a ride on the tram or a schooner of beer. And Mr. Aberhart told them that all they'd have to do (although he did hope they would all be so happy and naturally high-spirited that beer wouldn't be nec-

(Continued on page 56)

In the Private Cabinets of "THE MEN WHO MAKE AMERICA" you will always find *"Canadian Club"*

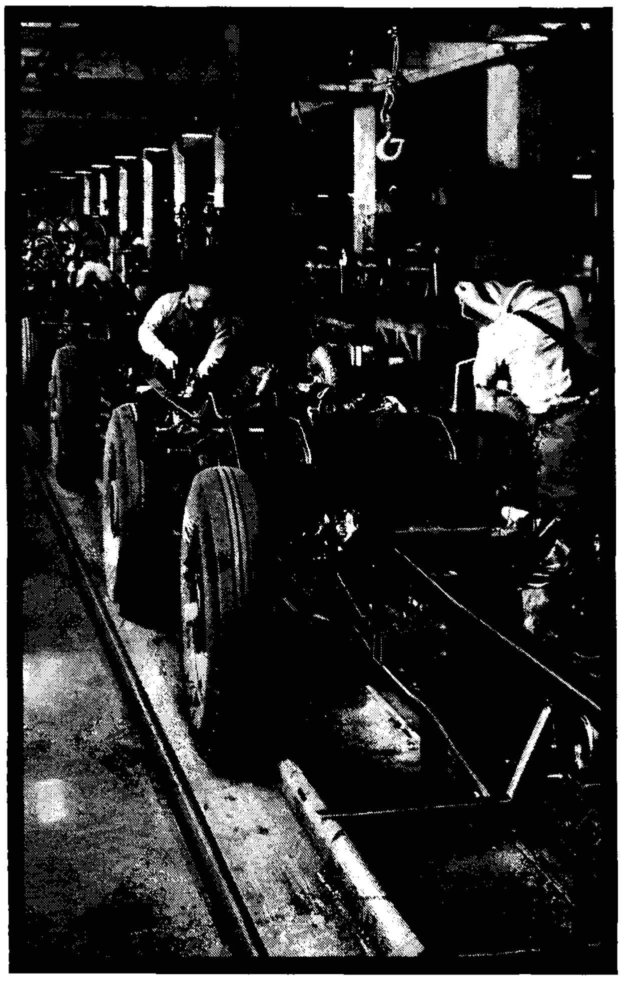
MEN MAY BE known by the company they keep, but Hiram Walker's "Canadian Club" is distinguished by the men who serve it! And no wonder it is poured with pride by American leaders whose names stud the pages of "Who's Who." For of all the whiskies in the world, "Canadian Club" comes closest to expressing men's hospitality to one another.

Hiram Walker created "Canadian Club" especially for the American taste . . . but its rare, delicate flavor has made it a favorite in 66 countries. It is a unique, distinctly different type of whisky. Neither rye, Scotch nor bourbon, there is something about it that appeals to all tastes. It is the only brand that you may serve to your guests (whether they be a couple or a houseful) and be sure of pleasing them all.

That's why "Canadian Club" Straight Whisky, bottled in bond in Canada after 6 years in wood, belongs in *your* private liquor cabinet!

HE STEPPED ON THE STARTER...

Thanks to the courage and vision of business leaders like this, America is rolling back to prosperity on the wheels of the automotive industry. Motor car production increased 45% in 1934 over 1933 and boomed ahead nearly 40% more in 1935, making jobs for thousands of workers in the automotive and allied industries.



"Canadian Club"
Straight Whisky
Produced in Canada
Distilled & Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.
90.4 PROOF
U.S. STANDARD
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
ONE QUART

Hiram Walker & Sons

KEEP IN SHAPE

win Health with

SARÁKA

a Natural Laxative!

If you're trying hard to keep in shape, don't let constipation work against you. Never even give it a chance. Keep your intestinal muscles always fit the easy Saráka way.

Important Muscles

Of all the muscles in the body, those which have most to do with keeping you well are the intestinal muscles. *Saráka gives these muscles the kind of exercise they need most—internal exercise.*

The principal ingredient in Saráka* is a carefully processed bassorit, a material collected from trees in far-away India. Inside the intestines, an amazing change takes place. The bassorit gradually expands into a material resembling soft gelatin. It forms BULK.

Bulk plus Motility*

Bulk, as you perhaps know, is lacking in the average "civilized" meal made up of delicate, over-refined foods. Saráka fills this gap in the daily diet—gives those intestinal muscles something on which to exercise—makes them work for a living. This action is so natural yet so thorough that you will be reminded of your healthy childhood days when constipation was something you never thought of.

But, in many cases of habitual constipation, bulk alone is not enough. A second vegetable ingredient, a specially prepared frangula, is therefore used in making Saráka. Its effect is mildly to stimulate the intestinal walls to activity. You then have BULK PLUS MOTILITY, a combination not found in ordinary laxatives or cathartics.

What Doctors Say

Saráka is manufactured by the Schering Corporation, a laboratory well-known to the entire medical profession. In bringing out this product, we have kept in close touch with America's 145,000 doctors. Ask your family physician about the *safety and effectiveness* of Saráka.

In this advertisement, we have made a sincere effort to tell you exactly how and why Saráka can help keep you in good health. We suggest that you give this product a brief trial. You will find Saráka pleasant to take—thorough and natural in its results. The coupon below makes a very interesting introductory offer.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 154, Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.,
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

I am enclosing ten cents for a trial-size tin of Saráka. I understand that if I live in the U. S. you will also send me a coupon entitling me to a refund of this ten cents when I buy my first regular-size tin of Saráka.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ©1936, Schering Corp.

Milk and Honey, Ltd.

Continued from page 54

essay) would be to exchange a non-negotiable credit certificate at the State Credit House for "loose change." Just where that loose change was coming from was not so clear. But who cared? And only those who had tried in vain to get their savings from the Provincial Treasurer in Edmonton had any doubts about "loose change."

One thing was certain: Alberta was going to thumb its cold nose at "The Fifty Big Shots of Canada," a collection of heavily gilded gentlemen who, Mr. Aberhart was saying, controlled the Hundred Great Corporations Which in Turn Control Canada. Moreover (and this never failed to inspire the more religious element of Mr. Aberhart's radio audience) Social Credit and twenty-five dollars a month was going to abolish, or certainly reduce to an irreducible minimum, such hitherto persistent irritations as the high cost of living, taxation, bootlegging, hoarding, debt, doubt, interest, divorce, hard liquor, laziness, unemployment, illiteracy and greed. These to mention but a few. In fact Social Credit was going to eliminate so many human frailties, by removing their causes, that there was no reason not to expect the creation of a perfect state of society. And in that circumstance, it followed, the only reason for continuing under Social Credit would be to prevent a relapse. And still there were a wavering few who couldn't help wondering whether Social Credit was going to recreate human nature. These Mr. Aberhart dismissed loftily:

"Those who do not accept Social Credit will not receive any monthly dividends. Yet it would be impossible for them to evade the Price Control features. Furthermore, such persons would pay taxes in just the same way they are taxed under the present system they wish to maintain. Also, when we issue interest-free loans, foreign and other antagonistic capital will find it very hard to compete in Alberta. Of course capital already invested in Alberta will be protected, provided its owners coöperate in every way possible. If a citizen does not coöperate or refuses to work when opportunity beckons he shall be warned that his dividends will be cut off or at least temporarily suspended. Then, as there will be no relief or dole, he would simply have to go to work. Do you follow me?"

Coming to Collect

Whereat even those who doubted that Social Credit was going to ruin crime were compelled to admit that anyway it was going to be awfully, awfully interesting.

And still there are tradition-minded people in Alberta today who will tell you that Mr. Aberhart's rise to the premiership was a great surprise to them; that they simply can't understand how the people of Alberta permitted themselves to be so misled. But to everybody else there was no question about what was going to happen. The electorate was hungry and cold and Mr. Aberhart was going to hand out twenty-five dollars a month to all and sundry. Poor Mr. Aberhart couldn't lose.

Mr. Aberhart had scarcely reached the Premier's office in Edmonton before the rush began. Farmers threw down their pitchforks and, bundling the family into expiring flivvers and wabble-wheel carts or selling what they had for railway fares, invaded the nearest cities and towns. And there they settled themselves in already overcrowded lodging houses to await the first monthly handout. Upon Edmonton, over every converging highway, hundreds of individuals and families bore down telling the world what they proposed to do with their dividends. And pretty soon Mr. Aberhart began to see them, from the wide windows of his office, trudge up Parliament Hill with their hands out. A little later they began to accost him on the street with demands to know where their money was and whether he, like all the rest of the politicians, was going to forget what he had promised for their votes. The only thing they remembered was Twenty-Five Dollars a Month.

They became threatening when two and three months passed and no dividends appeared. They wrote nasty letters. Letters arrived at the tabernacle of the Prophetic Bible Institute threatening it with burning. Others were going to burn down the Aberhart house in Calgary. They wanted their money—"our money, y'understand, and we want it now."

Calming the Disappointed

From every part of Canada and from the United States strangers began to appear in Edmonton's streets. All they knew was that Alberta was going to hand out twenty-five dollars a month. The vast majority of them—strangers and citizens—had forgotten all about the "credit" idea. Twenty-five dollars a month. Twenty-five dollars a month. And first come first served. They didn't know how it was to be done and didn't care. That was up to Mr. Aberhart. They didn't know where the money was coming from and refused to ask. Mr. Aberhart had said Social Credit was the way to get it and Social Credit was in power. So they wanted their money. The crowd grew.

Here was a fellow who wanted to set up a candy and stationery shop. He could do it on a hundred dollars. So he wanted four months' dividends in advance. Here was a woman who wanted her first month's dividend forthwith. Her son was dying in Saskatchewan and she wanted to go to him. And yonder squawked a young chap who wanted to buy a second-hand car for twenty-two dollars. He shook his fist at Mr. Aberhart's car as it kited the new Premier from his office to the hotel where he lunches. And before the police arrived a gangling orator was exhorting a great crowd to action because "you folks voted for the money you got coming to you and you ain't got it and ain't going to get it unless you show 'em you ain't going to be put off no longer." And the crowd was getting ugly: "We want our money. We want our money."

Mr. Aberhart began to drink the bitter tea of all messiahs. He had learned a number of things. Canada's banks had laughed in his face when he demanded loans, offering mortgages on Alberta's undeveloped natural resources. The world was glutted with natural resources. Who wanted Alberta's natural resources? He implored the national government at Ottawa for $18,000,000 just to keep the doors of Alberta's Parliament open—just for current expenses of government, for official salaries including his own, for electric current to light his desk as he pondered of nights, for laborers to shovel the snowdrifts from Parliament Building steps, for the wages of the policemen who would protect him from the mob that wanted its money—"our money you promised us." Ottawa lent him $2,500,000, a miserable dribble that wouldn't keep the government going more than a few weeks and merely increased Alberta's already staggering debt. And he wouldn't have got that had not Mr. Bennett, the Conservative Prime Minister of Canada, been fighting for his political life and wanted to make as many friends as possible. Mr. Bennett presently was overwhelmed anyway, and Mr. Aberhart, the head of a desperate people, had a nasty feeling in the pit of his stomach. The mob, still snarling for its money—the money Mr. Aberhart didn't have and had no chance of getting—had been driven out of Edmonton. But it was raging in the streets of Calgary, Mr. Aberhart's home town. It may be skimpy comfort for him to know that Mr. Upton Sinclair and Doctor Townsend are looking his way with their heads attentively cocked. But they are.

Slowly Mr. Aberhart is calming the disappointed. He's tired but his genius still has an edge. His soothing radio accents are herding the masses toward patience. Stand by, stand by, he pleads. The old order left chaos through which we must struggle if we are to come into the blissful light of Social Credit. And thus today when he is asked to prophesy he is none too eager. Any politician worth the name can tell you. He must view his personal future from several angles at once—as a prophet of a new order which even he has not completely visualized, as an evangelist with the father-heart beating in his bosom, as an economist but lately introduced to that inexact science and as a politician with a new-born reputation to sustain.

"How will we do it?" he cries. "How and where will we get the money? Listen, friend. There will be no gigantic taxation scheme—none. Think rather of the vast spread in price between the producer and the consumer. This price spread we call the Unearned Increment. We shall reduce that. The frequent turnovers involved in this unearned increment will provide us with funds. Let us take a bushel of wheat at say, a just price of sixty cents. Fifty-five cents of this will go to the farmer. The government shall have five cents of it. The wheat goes now into the hands of the *miller. The cost of the grinding* will be covered by the shorts and bran and other by-products of the process. Thus about forty pounds of flour are produced. Am I going too fast?

"Very well. Suppose this flour sells for a dollar and ten cents. Good. Then ten cents of this goes to the government. Clear? All right. Next the baker makes bread of this flour, selling the same at seven cents the loaf. We proceed. These forty pounds of flour make fifty loaves of bread. The government levies upon each loaf for one cent, thus taking fifty cents from the baker. You understand? Splendid. Then you see clearly that from a bushel of wheat processed into flour and bread the government will collect sixty-five cents. And this will apply similarly to other goods processed and marketed within the province. Convinced? Oh, well."

Answering Some Questions

We assured Mr. Aberhart that we were trying hard but not to expect too much. What bothered us at the moment was the question of replenishing the stocks on the Alberta merchant's shelves. When the merchant had sold all his necessarily imported wares, disposing of them for credit coupons, just where was he going to get the cash with which to satisfy the wholesaler outside the province? We admitted that this wasn't as clear as we'd like.

"The Social Credit System," said he resignedly, "has nothing whatsoever to do with foreign payments. The Social Credit System is a scientific method of distributing goods within our province. The payment of external accounts would be done just as it is today. Follow me? The Alberta debtor would simply go to the post office or to the State Credit House and obtain a money order on the external place from which the goods come. See? He would pay for this money order with one of his non-negotiable certificates. Then the money order would be mailed to the creditor who would cash it and, you see, the debt would be transferred to the government and become a part of its actual balance of trade. Clear?"

"Would Social Credit limit the income of individuals to a stipulated maximum, Mr. Aberhart?"

"Yes. No one should be allowed to have an income greater than he himself and his loved ones can enjoy—to the privation of his fellow citizens, of course."

"If every price is fixed and everybody gets monthly bonuses, just where will this individual enterprise you regard so highly manifest itself?"

"Individual enterprise," said Mr. Aberhart, "would manifest itself in the character of the services rendered, the neatness and sanitation of the store, the care taken of goods and the ability shown in salesmanship."

The Unearned Increment

"Have you any suspicion that these basic dividends, this twenty-five dollars and more a month, might encourage a distaste for work? Will the incentive to work, granting there is work, not suffer a bit?"

"Paying a man what is his right does not tend to make him careless or indifferent. It is easily proven that once a man begins to get money he gets an urge to get more."

"When is all this to start, Mr. Aberhart?"

"That's not the easiest question to answer," said Mr. Aberhart thoughtfully. Much information will have to be gathered. Expert investigation will have to be made. But I should judge eighteen months or two years."

"Your dividends will not remain at twenty-five dollars a month, will they?"

"No. The dividends will increase as the standard of living mounts. Frankly, we are not in favor of increasing the dividends very rapidly at first, you see. But we feel certain that they will soon increase beyond twenty-five dollars."

"How long," we inquired, "must one live in Alberta before getting all these benefits?"

"The question of the proper qualifications of the bona fide citizen will require some thought. It shall be settled very definitely. But to start with, one must have been five years in Canada and one year in Alberta before he may vote in this province. All these things will be taken up in order. That, at least, should be clear to you."

"We have heard," we said, "that all securities and savings accounts would be confiscated or commandeered under Social Credit."

"Quite wrong," sighed Mr. Aberhart. "It is not the intention of Social Credit to confiscate or take away anything from those that already have it."

"There would, of course," we said, "be taxation under Social Credit."

"To an extent," said Mr. Aberhart, who was at the moment trying to borrow $15,000,000 from Ottawa. "But taxation would at once be reduced because we should cease borrowing. Understand? It would seem, to be sure, that school and government expenses would be secured by taxation. But then too, we might raise such monies by the Unearned Increment Levy, the source of our basic dividends. Levy, mind you, not tax. You may call the Unearned Increment price spread if you choose. A levy on the middle profits that make up the difference between what the producer gets for his products and what the con-

(*Continued on page* 58)

WHY WE DARE SAY:
"Scalptone checks Dandruff
IN 21 DAYS—OR MONEY BACK"

A DOCTOR'S FORMULA:
When you buy Scalptone
LOOK HERE
for list of medicinal
ingredients

PACKER'S Scalptone

2 EASY STEPS—
TO CHECK
DANDRUFF

Five medicinal ingredients in Packer's Scalptone! Each plays an important part in promoting a healthy, dandruff-free scalp. That's why we dare say: "Scalptone checks your dandruff in 21 days—or we'll return your money."

HAIR THE WAY NICE PEOPLE
LIKE IT, NEAT . . ALIVE . .
BUT NOT GLOSSY-SLICK

KEEP YOUR SCALP CLEAN. Once a week give yourself a sudsy shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap. There's the health of the pines in Packer's rich piny lather. Doctors have recommended Packer's Tar Soap for 67 years.

KEEP YOUR SCALP HEALTHY. Massage once a day with Packer's Scalptone. Feel your scalp tingle and glow with health! That's Scalptone giving dandruff the works! That's vigorous health and good looks for your hair.

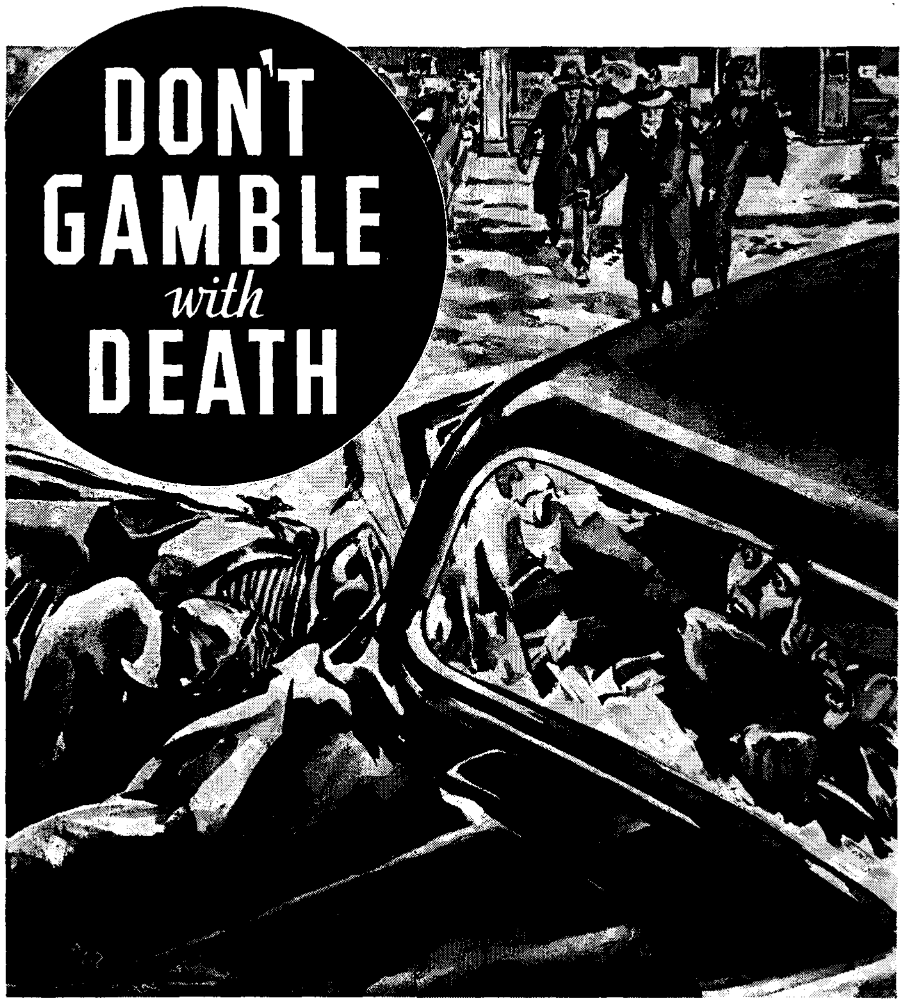
Note Scalptone's patent oil tube.

Scalptone is adjustable.

There's a little tube of oil held in the neck of every bottle of Packer's Scalptone. Pour as much of this oil into Scalptone as you need to keep your hair the way you want it. In effect, you make your own prescription.

And remember: if, after using your first bottle of Scalptone, you are not satisfied with the improvement in your hair, we'll return your money if you'll tell us what you paid. PACKER MFG. CO., 101 W. 31, New York.

PACKER'S Scalptone
NOW IN 2 SIZES: 50¢ AND 75¢



● Four wheel brakes and good tire treads can't save you when snow, sleet or mud makes wet rubber as slick as grease! For *wet rubber slips* but *steel Tire Chains grip.* The Travelers Insurance accident survey shows lack of Tire Chains on slippery roads caused more accidents than any mechanical defect. (They analyzed 882,000 accidents in which 36,000 were killed, 954,000 injured in one year.)

AAA OFFICIAL TEST MEASURES MARGIN BETWEEN SAFETY AND ACCIDENT

Nobody *likes* to put on Tire Chains. And nobody likes to land in hospital or morgue. But thousands do, whenever roads are slippery from snow, sleet or mud. The reason is *wet rubber slips,* no matter how new or how old. It gets slick and loses traction-grip. So use Tire Chains when roads are slippery. Many service stations now put them on for motorists.

The AAA Contest Board measured the difference in stopping distance last winter in Official Test No. 3143. They discovered that the new type Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains on rear wheels stopped a car in 45.8% less distance than when no chains were used, and in 66.8% less distance where chains were used on all four wheels. That's a big difference. Change the percentage figures into feet and you will see how much more safety margin you have with Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains gripping the road.

Demand Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains. A product of The American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Look for the Sign
WEED CHAINS PUT ON HERE

In Business for Your Safety
ACCO

4 FEATURES MORE THAN DOUBLE THE MILEAGE
1 Bar-Reinforced Cross Chains.
2 Hardened Side Chains Electric Welded.
3 Lever-Lock End Hooks.
4 Weedalloy—a special hard tough tire chain metal.

WEED AMERICAN
Bar-Reinforced TIRE CHAINS

Licensed to manufacture and sell Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains under 32 United States and Canadian Patents: American Chain Company, Inc.; The McKay Company; The Chain Products Company; Pyrene Manufacturing Company; Dominion Chain Company, Ltd.; and Pyrene Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd.

(Continued from page 57)

sumer pays. I hope that's clear, too. I hope so, hope so. Yes, the Unearned Increment Levy will come out of the price spread. Let us go back to that bushel of wheat we spoke of some time ago. Let us fix what we shall call the Just Price of that bushel of wheat. Follow me carefully. For seed, five cents; wages, nine cents; machine expense, nine cents; insurance, three cents; overhead plus wear and tear, ten cents. That makes a total flat cost of thirty-six cents. Are you with me?"

"We Want Our Money"

"Very good," continued Mr. Aberhart. "Now watch closely. Elevator and marketing charges would be seven cents; commission to farmer, twelve cents; unearned increment, five cents. That brings us up to sixty cents all told. Understand? You see? Every bushel of wheat sold at sixty cents would guarantee to the farmer twelve cents clear of all charges and bring to the government five cents as its unearned increment levy. I wish to call your attention to the fact that this five cents does not come out of the farmer—not at all—but out of the consumer. Understand? This unearned increment levy constitutes a part of the Just Price and therefore will not be taken from the producers and distributors, but from the consumers who have, you see, been given monthly dividends with which to purchase."

We almost forgot ourselves at this stage. We were about to ask whether under Social Credit consumers would be always consumers and producers always producers but never consumers, and how this was to be accomplished. But we caught ourselves in the nick of time.

"Well," we said somewhat forlornly, "we hope it will be all right. But we've found—in our own United States anyway—that wherever a large number of people are gathered you're pretty sure to find a few who are less than unselfish, truly patriotic, completely intelligent and industrious. Why, some of them even buy liquor with relief money, thus depriving their loved ones of—"

"If that occurs under Social Credit," said Mr. Aberhart sternly, "we shall take very definite steps. We shall be humane but firm. Our State Credit House inspectors would warn such citizens that they were abusing their rights and privileges and that they must stop or forfeit their dividends. If necessary such persons could be put on an Indian List."

We left Mr. Aberhart because, while we had nothing to do but find out, if we could, what was going on, he had far more serious matters to attend to. Balancing the Alberta budget, for one thing. And finding the money to pay interest charges on old debts. And taking up notes the banks held. And—oh, a lot of things. Besides, we had been invited to attend an indignation meeting of citizens who intended to find out why the twenty-five dollars they had voted for hadn't been delivered.

"We want our money," the leader told us. "And we intend to get it."

And he was an interesting fellow too. An impartial fellow. He had no personal interest in the credit dividends because he wasn't a citizen of Alberta. He was from Oregon, where he used to work for the Townsend Plan. But he got into some sort of money trouble down there and had to move north. Fast.

Side Show

Continued from page 9

only two or three men who could do it. One of them's here in Boston."

"So," I said, "you're going to have the operation done for her?"

"Yes," he answered, "I am. If she'll let me and if I can raise the money."

"Where will you get it?" I asked. The Bender didn't have a dime of his own—just a fair allowance. "I'm going to ask the family for it," he said and I snorted. "Be smart. You'd have a large chance of getting it from them."

"Perhaps not," he agreed, "but I'll try. If not there—somewhere. I'll get it." He paused. "But that's my problem." Then he came over to me.

"Bill," he said almost pleadingly, "I want you to know Ginny. Really know her. She likes you, she's said so, and—and I want her to feel that my friends like her. That—that she isn't cutting me off from things. She thinks she is. Thinks that I shouldn't see her any more. And if you were to go out there with me, it would help. Will you? Tonight?"

I thought about that. If my going out were to help him do this thing, I shouldn't go. But how was I to know? Perhaps it was real. Perhaps it was. I wanted to know. "I'll go," I said, "if you'll see Mary when she gets back, and tell her everything. Will you?" And he said, "Yes, Bill, I will," and we went out and got into his car.

She had a room on the second floor in the front of the house, a fairly large room with a rug that had seen better days, a tiny radio at the head of a red-covered studio couch, and over in one corner a little electric grille and a cupboard.

"Hello, Bill," she said, giving me her hand, and a look that said she wanted to be friends but wasn't quite sure of me, and I said, "Hi, Ginny, this is nice, isn't it?" and turned away because the Bender had taken her in his arms as if he had been away for years and as if I weren't there at all.

We had dinner right there—Ginny cooked it. She didn't have to go to her show, and after dinner we sat around and talked and laughed, playing some silly card game; but I had a chance to watch her when she didn't know it, and I was glad because it made me sure of what I had hoped—that she was more than just a pretty little blonde. She was lovely to look at, but there was more than that. There were character and feeling, tenderness in her face, strength in the turn of her small chin, steadiness and honesty in her blue eyes. More than that when she looked at the Bender. Much more. And I forgot that she couldn't walk—didn't think of it at all, except once when I did with a quick pang.

AT TEN o'clock she sent the Bender out for cigarettes and, when he was gone, asked me to sit beside her. "I want to talk with you, Bill," she said, so very earnestly, "because you're the Bender's best friend, and my friend too, I hope." Her eyes questioned me, and I said, "Of course I am."

She smiled. "I'm glad," she said, and then was serious again, "because I want you to help me—help the Bender." And I waited. "You see," she went on, "I'm not so old, too young perhaps, but for a long time, and this last year most, I've had to decide things for myself. This," she hesitated, "this is the hardest thing I've ever had, or ever will have to decide, I hope. Because—because, you see I love Bender."

"I think you do," I said, "and he loves you. That isn't hard to see." She nodded.

"Yes," she said frankly, "he does. I know he does. He wants me to marry him, now, just as I am," her eyes falling to her ankles, crooked and helpless, and I said quickly, "But they can be fixed. The Bender told me so. He—" and she broke in.

"Perhaps," she said, "there's just a chance, a slim one after all these years. But I might be selfish enough to risk that if it weren't for other things—for his family and their plans for him, his place in things and what he's going to do. I don't fit into that. Not anywhere. I like to think that some day, years from now, I might. But that's a dream, a silly dream. I never could as easily as the girl he's going to marry. And that's where he belongs—with her."

But I was not so sure. "Perhaps," I said, "but there's another angle, more important. The Bender loves you more, I think, than he could ever love anyone else. If he goes back to Mary it will only make him miserable, unhappy, thinking always of you. And it will hurt her, too, as time goes on. That isn't fair to her."

BUT Ginny shook her head. "He'll forget me, Bill. In time. With other things to take his mind. He's young, too young, as I am."

"I don't believe so," I tried to tell her, "I—" but her mind was set. "I couldn't, Bill. Couldn't let him chance it all alone, cutting away from things that, if he loses them, will some day mean so much. No," and she turned her face to mine, "I'm going away, Bill. Far away somewhere, now, tomorrow. But," her lips strove to be steady, "I want to know, once in a while—I must know—how he is and what he's doing. So I'll write you where I am and you must tell me. You will, won't you? But never tell him—never, you must promise. Unless something should happen to him, and then I want to come. You'll promise?"

I thought that over. "All right," I said, at last, "I promise," as the Bender came up the stairs.

I said goodnight shortly afterwards, and left them alone.

The next evening, late, the Bender came to my rooms. He stood back among the shadows from my shaded lamp, but even in the dim light I could see a welt, red and swollen, on his cheek, and he was very calm. I knew the Bender. Knew that when he was calmest, most composed outside, that only covered high-pitched feelings deep within. People had found that out.

"Bill," he said simply, "she's gone." And I said "Who?" stalling feebly, but he didn't seem to hear me. "She's left her room, taken everything, and they don't know where she is. At the show they don't know, or won't tell me. I tried to shake it out of them."

"Is that where you got that?" I asked, and he ran his fingers over the bruise on his cheek and nodded silently. Then he came over and stood with his hands on my desk, looking down at me. "Bill," he said, "do you know about this? Do you know where she's gone?" I was glad that he had added that last phrase because it made me able to say "No, Bender, I don't. I don't know where she is."

But his eyes were still straight on mine. "Would you tell me if you did?" he asked, and I didn't answer that, my glance wavering.

"Bender," I said, "why don't you forget about this—about Ginny? I know it won't be easy, not for a while, but it's the best thing. Really it is," realizing, as I spoke, that it was useless.

And he said, "No," his voice harsh and flat and disillusioned, "you wouldn't tell me if you knew. And you do know." He went to the door.

"All right," he said, and that said everything. That he was through with me, and going on in this alone, that he would not give up. And I sat there listening to his footsteps on the stairs, and wanting, more than anything in the world, to run after him and tell him what I knew and try to help him. But it wasn't any use. Not then.

It was some ten days later, slow days, that Mary Harwell called me and asked me, her voice worried and perplexed, if I would see her. And I walked up Beacon Street in the dusty, hot sunlight, with gay crowds starting out for the summer's fun, up to the house of century-worn red brick, with the lavender glass windows, the iron fence with its polished brass urns, and the double entry doors. The family butler, old Albert, led me into the parlor, dim and quiet, thick-carpeted and with that certain musty mugginess of old houses that are lived in formally.

Mary was sitting in a recessed window seat, looking out over the river, and she got up and came towards me, straightening wearily, her face and throat tanned a soft, even brown, deepened by her dress of blue—light blue and dotted with small white flowers. Her eyes were clear and calm and steady, smiling as she said, "Hello, Bill. It was nice of you to come."

"Hi, Mary," I said, "it's good to see you again," and we sat down on a divan and I lit cigarettes. We talked for a minute about where she had been visiting, Chicago and Maine, and then there was a pause because we both knew what we wanted to talk about. She broke it.

"Bill," she said, "Arthur was here last night. He met me at the station." And I said "Yes," and waited. "He told me," she went on, "about this girl he's been seeing, and where he met her, and that—that, Bill, he loves her." She wasn't being sorry for herself, not asking pity, just telling me something.

"I know," I said, and she moved so that her eyes were on my face. "That's why I wanted to talk with you, Bill. I couldn't ask the Bender. Is she—is she terrible, Bill? Impossible?"

I straightened up. "No, Mary," I said, "she isn't that at all. She's very beautiful and very fine and very honest."

Still Mary watched me, nodding finally, relieved. "I'm glad," she said simply, "so very glad. I hoped she was," as I went on: "That's why she's gone away. She knows she shouldn't take him from—from the things that have been planned for him, that are expected of him." And she said simply, "Why not?"

I STARED at her, not knowing quite what to say. "But Mary, don't you see—even if she weren't crippled—" and her hand flashed out to mine, her voice anguished. "Crippled? But Bill, that can't be. He didn't tell me."

And I understood, then, a little more. "No," I said slowly, "he didn't tell you because, I guess, he never thinks of her that way himself."

I told her, then, everything.

"The poor, poor child," she said softly. "Bill, you must go to her—make her come back."

I shook my head. "No, Mary. Even if it weren't for other things, she couldn't marry him the way she is. It never would work out. She'd never do it, crippled, and an operation would cost thousands, with specialists, hospitals, nurses, care. And might not make her well. What's more, the Bender hasn't any money—nothing."

"But," she said slowly—"but I have. Plenty."

Once in a lifetime, if you're lucky, you hear a thing like that, spoken quietly, and you remember it forever, all the rest of your life. I have.

"Mary," I said wonderingly, "why should you do that?" She turned to me, her dark eyes brimming. "I'll tell you why, Bill. First, because, oh, Bill, I've seen so many times when families wanted

(Continued on page 60)

ON $100 A MONTH

You can live in "The SUN PARLOR of the NATION"

A great editor once called Georgia "The Sun Parlor of the Nation." And what a *Leisure Land* it is! From the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the north of the state, to the "Golden Isles" off its southern coast, Georgia has scores of sunny, hospitable places where you can live comfortably on $100 a month. Among them are Augusta and Macon; the enterprising city of Atlanta, high above sea level; and Brunswick, with its glorious beaches and world-famous fish and game.

Why not plan to give up work some day and live in such a *Leisure Land?* When that time comes you may prefer some other part of the country—or your own home town—but by *starting* a Northwestern Mutual Retirement Plan *now,* you can count on an income of $100 a month, or more, when you are 55 or older. In the meanwhile, if you have dependents, your life is also insured for their protection.

Many men will never reach Leisure Land because they do not start in time. There's always an excuse for delay. Why not make up YOUR MIND that you will let nothing stand in your way? Investigate the Northwestern Mutual Retirement Plan at once, while you still have the good health to secure it.

Write for the "Wonder Spots" Book

To help you plan for your retirement years, the Northwestern Mutual offers a 32-page booklet, describing and illustrating the many wonder spots of America, where you can live comfortably on $100 a month. It will pay you to send for this booklet and to investigate the record of this 79-year-old company—a record so satisfactory to its policyholders that each year over 50% of its new business comes from members previously insured in it.

The Northwestern Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
A Billion Dollar Estate
MILWAUKEE·WIS·

The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars—a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with over three and a half billions of insurance in force.

THE THRIFTY WAY TO
Leisure Land

THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Please mail "Wonder Spots" booklet.

Name (Print)..................

Address..................

City.................. State.................. Age..........

How much income can I have at age 55 60 65 if I lay aside $.......... a month?

C-1-25-36

1936 MARCH 1936
1936 FEBRUARY 1936
1936 JANUARY 1936
SUN MON TUE WED THUR FRI SAT

This is a peak month for winter conditions

-and the time to build up your general resistance!

If, like many people, you have been drawing upon your reserve forces to carry you through the early part of winter, you may find yourself now in a condition of *lowered general resistance.*

Don't take a chance of coming down with common, winter ills. January and February are the *worst* months for these conditions. This is the time of year they affect the greatest number of people and are the hardest to get rid of.

Do what you can now to build up your general resistance. Begin to take *Adex* capsules or tablets!

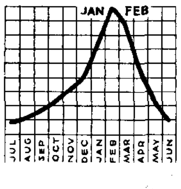
Adex provides the vitamin which contributes *more than any other* to general resistance, Vitamin A. It also furnishes extra Vitamin D to help make up for lack of sunshine in winter.

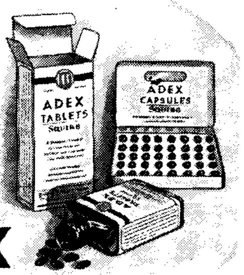
Each Adex capsule contains not less than 6,600 units of natural Vitamin A and 1,320 units of natural Vitamin D. Squibb obtains them from natural sources *only.* No "manufactured" vitamins are used.

Start with Adex now and keep it up *every day.* Daily use is important.

Now available at any reliable drug store—*Adex.* It is made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

(Continued from page 59)

things and forced them, urged them subtly. And they don't work out, Bill. They never do. Oh, they last sometimes, those marriages, they last, but they aren't happy. Not deep down. And ours would be like that—Arthur's and mine. I've felt it all along, but now I know. We never, now, after this, could be happy. This is real. It must be."

She stopped a second. "It's not that I don't care for him—for Arthur. I do. For years I've been fond of him, more than that, perhaps, and he, I think, is fond of me too. But not like this. I want him to be happy, and I—I want to be, too. Don't you see?"

And I said quietly, "Yes, Mary, I think I do."

"And then," she went on, her voice not quite so steady, "there's this poor child, this girl he loves. I can't stand by and let her hide away and lose the only chance she'll ever have for happiness. I can't do that."

"But, Mary," I held out still, "there's his family. She won't, I know, turn them against him."

"I'll talk to them," she said, "but even if they won't give in, I can, I think, make her, make Ginny see that she should go ahead. That I am on her side. You'll have to help me, Bill. Go with me when I see her. Will you?"

Finally I said, "All right. I will. She's in New York. I heard today."

"We'll go tomorrow," Mary was all eagerness, all plans, "and bring her home. Then everything can be done here. I'll make her understand." And I left, hoping that she was right—that things would work out. But not too sure.

WE DIDN'T bring her back. We found her hotel over on the West Side, a bus terminal hotel, and went up to her room. I'd forgotten, almost, how very beautiful she was, her hair so finely spun, her eyes so blue, but she looked tired and worn out, weary, and she forced her smile.

"Ginny," I said, "this is Mary Harwell," and they looked at each other, neither of them moving or saying a word for a minute, as if they wanted to know, each of them, and then they did know, and Mary was beside her on the couch, and I went out in the hall, because that was the place for me.

I stayed out in the hall for what must have been an hour or more, hearing their voices muffled through the thin wall, and then Mary opened the door. "She won't come back to Boston, Bill," she said, "You try." And I went in.

"Ginny," I began, but she stopped me. "No, Bill, it isn't any use. You're wonderful, you two, and Mary—what she's offered me is just a chance really to live. You'll never know, I hope, just what that means. But I can't go back to him, to the Bender, this way." And I waited, Mary standing beside me, until she went on.

"I shouldn't," slowly, "but I will, because," with a quick, understanding smile, "because of what you told me, Mary, let you lend me money for—for these. And only then if some day, somehow, I can pay you back. Perhaps they can't be fixed. Perhaps it's been too long. I want to try, but only by myself, alone. Not even you two here, because, if things go wrong, you'll never know. He'll never know. I'll go away, this time forever."

"But when it's over," Mary said, "and when you're right and strong, as you will be then—" And Ginny smiled at us, a small girl, shyly. "Then," she said, "I couldn't, I'm afraid, stay away. But," and her mouth and eyes were firm, "you must promise to stay away, and more than that, never to let the Bender know." And we promised that.

When we were on the street again, I said, "I didn't think she'd let you do it for her, Mary. What did you say to her?"

And Mary glanced up at me, a smile just fleeting on her lips. "Some day," she said, "perhaps I'll tell you."

We stayed on in New York two days, Mary at an aunt's, I at the college club, talking with doctors and the hospital, seeing Ginny every day, keeping her courage up. It wasn't going to be an easy thing, this operation, the doctors told us that frankly. It had a chance, an even chance, no more, but Ginny didn't waver, wouldn't let us stay to see her through. So we went back, taking the train, trying to be very cheerful and not to think too much.

They were to operate on a Thursday, eight days away, and for the first five days I was with Mary every evening because this thing was so much on our minds that there was room for nothing else. We had to talk. It was on the sixth day, at noon, that she called me at the office. "Bill," she said, "I've decided something. Can you be at your place at five?" And I said that I would be, wondering, worried.

I went to my rooms at four-thirty, discovering, when it was almost five, that there were no cigarettes, needing one. So I scrawled a note—"Mary—Will be right back," and thumbtacked it to the door, leaving the latch up so that she could get in.

When I came back the note was still there and Mary came in a minute later. She sank wearily on the divan. "I saw his family again today, Bill," she said, and I glanced at her quickly. "Not so good?" I asked, and she shook her head. "No, not so good. They can't, I guess, understand. But," her shoulders straightened, "I'll see them again. That isn't, though, why I had to see you."

She turned to me. "I don't break promises, Bill, but—but I can't stay up here and leave that poor child in New York alone—two hundred miles away. If anything goes wrong, there must be someone. I'm going down."

I didn't argue. "So am I," I said, "but she mustn't know. We can go to the hospital, to the Polyclinic, in the morning and wait there till it's over." She put her hand on mine. "I thought," she said, "you'd want to. And now, do you think you could take me somewhere, somewhere quiet, for a cocktail?" And we went out together.

WE TOOK the train down Wednesday night and in the morning, early, I picked Mary up and we taxied to the hospital. "I'd like," I said, "to see the nurse in charge of Miss Dusquene's case," and we waited in the big, high, echoing marble hall until they told us to go up, up to the third floor, where the nurse met us, smiling.

"You're just in time," she said brightly. "She goes in right away," and I said, "How is she?"

"Fine," she said, "just fine. Much better since yesterday."

"Why," I said anxiously, "what happened yesterday?"

"But I thought of course you knew," surprised. "Mr. Martin came in and we had more excitement here than we've had for years. They were married, right there in her room. I was bridesmaid, the first time in years."

I looked at Mary, she at me, dumfounded, floored, but suddenly chokingly happy, both of us. "But how," she gasped, "how did he know? You didn't tell?" And I stammered, "No. Not a word."

A buzzer sounded and the nurse turned away. "They're bringing her out, right past here. Wait." And we stood there, Mary and I, her arm through mine, both trying to smile, to keep from—well, what would you have done?—as they wheeled the flat white carriage out of the room and towards us.

And there was the Bender, walking slow beside her head, his eyes on hers, seeing nothing but that pale ivory face on the small pillow, his hand and hers locked tight.

They passed close by, were nearly gone, when Ginny saw us, raised her head and smiled. "You're here," she said, her voice half groggy from the drugs, "I'm glad. Isn't it wonderful?"

We waited in a little anteroom, saying nothing, not trusting ourselves to words, until the Bender came in quietly. He shook hands with us. "You're swell," he said gruffly, "just swell." And I said, "But how did you find out all this?"

He almost smiled then, not quite. "I eavesdropped," he said, "in your rooms, three afternoons ago. I was in the bedroom; came in while you were out, read your note on the door, and waited. I thought you knew where she had gone, but I didn't know, imagine even, that you had planned all this. So," simply, "I came down." And Mary whispered, "Oh, I'm glad. So glad."

WE SAT there hours and days and years, cigarettes mounting on the one small ash tray. I don't know when it was—noon, afternoon or night—that the nurse came in on her rubber-soled shoes, and we stared at her. "You can go in," she said to the Bender wearily. "She won't know you yet, but she made me promise that you'd be beside her when she did come out." The Bender started quickly, his face drained white, hesitated, stopped. "Is it—" he asked. The nurse nodded. "All right, I think, all right," and he was gone.

"Is it," I said, "really?" And she said, "Yes. But it will, of course, be weeks, months, with exercises, heat rays, massage, until she really walks. But then she will." And in a few minutes we found the elevator, Mary and I, she clinging to my arm, and came out into the bright sunlight.

It was in November that they came home, and Mary and I went down to meet them, together as we had been almost steadily through the summer and the fall. We saw them as they got down from the train, the Bender helping her, and then she saw us, Ginny did, and put his hand aside.

"Look," she called, and came towards us, slowly, carefully, but straight and steadily, proudly, until Mary caught her in her arms and the Bender stood beside me, grinning like a fool.

We walked to the car, all talking at once, and then Mary plucked my sleeve and we stopped suddenly, because coming into the station drive was the high-backed, brass-lamped limousine that had been the Martin car for years and would be for years more. And in the back seat, peering eagerly, anxiously, was the Bender's father, and his mother, too, in that black, funny-perching hat.

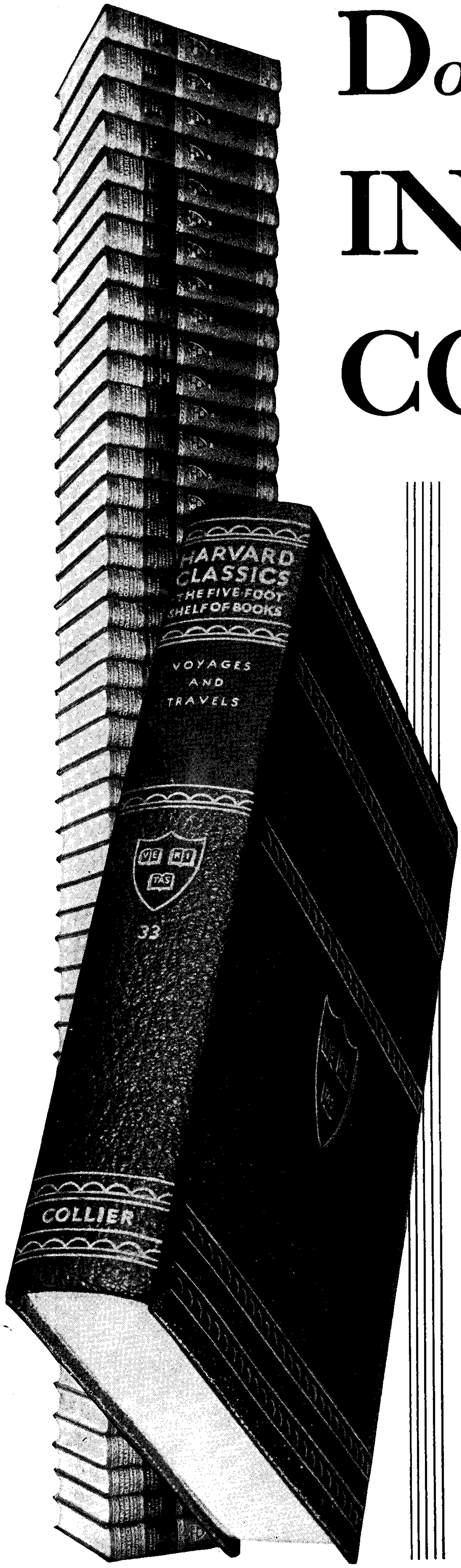
"Come on," I said to Mary quickly, "from now on we're just a side show," and we left. But Mary looked back once as we were driving off, then nodded to the question that I'd looked at her.

We drove along, taking any turns that led to the country, and I said finally, "They aren't so bad, the old guard, once they get the Back Bay mist out of their eyes. I don't know what you said to bring them around—I don't much care. But I would like to know what it was you said to Ginny that night in her hotel room."

And Mary looked up at me with the smile that I had grown to love. "I told her," she said, "that I was not in love with the Bender—that there was someone else—and that he needed her."

"And was there someone else?" I asked.

"No," she said softly, her face, to me, very beautiful and serenely happy, "there wasn't. Not then," her arm through mine, the way we always drive.



Don't risk an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important, he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He has learned the secret that the reading of great literature opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. This broader view inspires self-confidence. In a word, it's *culture.*

There are thousands of men today who lack the essential background so necessary for success in every field of life and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" you ask.

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

The Harvard Classics

The question has been wonderfully answered by America's greatest educator, Dr. Eliot, forty years president of Harvard. He made it a vital part of his great life work to assemble in one set the really worthwhile writings. These books place you on an equal footing with the best educated of your associates.

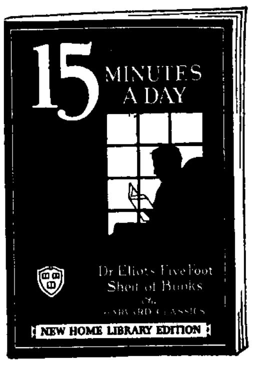
LIBERAL EDUCATION AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

This supreme library of 418 immortal masterpieces is unified into a living, powerful educational force by the marvelous working index containing 76,000 entries. This indispensable key guides the reader unerringly to a broad understanding of world culture, for it places at his fingertips the sure means to a liberal education.

The price of this magnificent library is within the reach of every ambitious American family and the terms of purchase are most liberal. Take advantage of this rare opportunity today.

THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK FREE!

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY always finds a cordial welcome on library tables. Thousands of modern people have read it from cover to cover with absorbing interest. It gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading. It is packed with helpful, practical information. You really can't afford to miss this little gem of literature. You'll receive this beautiful book without charge after you fill out and mail the coupon below.



P. F. COLLIER & SON CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York City

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the new Home Library edition of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and contains Dr. Eliot's own statement of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

619-HM

NAME {Mr. Mrs. Miss} ....

Address ....

Wakes Up Sleepy Mouths

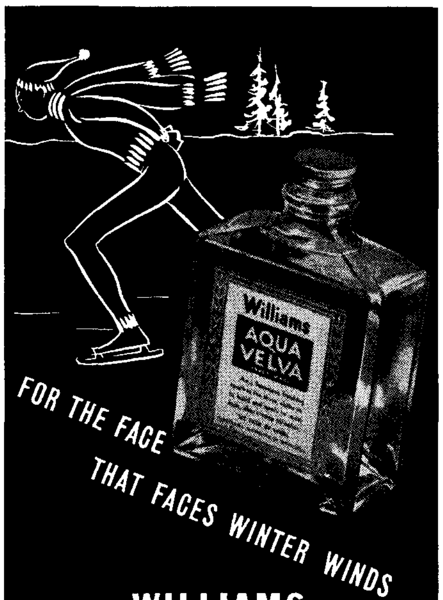
After the alarm clock rings—wake up your mouth with Iodent's cool, minty tingle. Fuzzy taste vanishes. Teeth sparkle. You'll like the fresh flavor—the feel of clean, polished teeth. You're ready for breakfast! If you have never enjoyed this morning thrill, try Iodent today. Most important of all—Iodent is safe. It bears the A.D.A. Seal.*

IODENT

The only dentifrice sold everywhere that bears the Seal of Acceptance of the American Dental Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

IODENT TOOTH PASTE
No. 1
Easy to Bryten
IODENT TOOTH PASTE
No. 2
For teeth Hard to Bryten


Williams
AQUA VELVA
FOR THE FACE THAT FACES WINTER WINDS

WILLIAMS AQUA VELVA AFTER SHAVING

1. Keeps your skin soft—protects against chapping.
2. Feels great!
3. Soothes tiny nicks and cuts.
4. Makes your face look as well as it feels.
5. Costs less than one cigarette a day.

Send 3¢ in stamps for a sample bottle of Aqua Velva, to: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. — LaSalle, MONTREAL, Canada.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM — AND GLIDER, THE WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

W

Gunpowder Tea

Continued from page 15

I will take with me—it is for the lady here." It would be pleasant for the girl to see the care with which green delicate teas were handled; he said to her, "Come and see how your tea will be packed."

The tea merchant came trotting after them with surprising haste; he ran before them, turned, and blocked the way. "*Ni t'ang!* The basket of tea you saw is for the lord of the district; there is no more as yet. When some is brought, it shall be sent you."

Rich, his face darkening, remembered that Agathea could not understand. After all, there was other tea to be secured for her. . . .

"He doubtless intends his green tea, of which only a small quantity has arrived, for some thieving mandarin," he told her.

He glanced again at the towering pile of chests, where a clerk was completing his task of marking each with the variety of tea within; swift brush strokes labeled each chest, and then, under it, he began to mark the factory to which the shipment was consigned. The tea merchant howled an order; the clerk abruptly stopped and, without replying, padded away.

"He has made a mistake," Bartlett said slowly. "That chest is marked for the hong of Tranquility, the English factory."

Li Chu'o bowed.

"Of course he has made a mistake," he agreed lightly. "I will beat him heavily."

For the first time, Bartlett wished that the girl were elsewhere; he was absolutely positive that the merchant was lying, and that the tea-chests, for which the Ann Bartlett waited, were intended for the English. A good price—the best ever paid for Pekoe and Bohea—had been agreed upon. What, now, had happened? A mistake? The Cantonese made none, save in their own favor; shrewd trading by the foreigners through the go-between hong merchants, the Thirteen, had taught them that.

"I will sever his lying fingers," promised Li Chu'o. "The chests, and fifty additional, will be delivered as agreed."

THERE was nothing for Richard Bartlett to do but bow in return, but his stubbornness, his trader's instinct, made him say:

"To calm my feelings, have a small box of Gunpowder prepared; better, we will go and see it shaken into the receptacle."

Li Chu'o, after the error, could not easily refuse, Rich felt; if it were not a mistake, the Cantonese, doubly, would be forced to acquiesce.

A second time the tea merchant barred the way.

"Come with me," he said, "and I will have it done for you. I have remaining a small quantity of green tea, carefully preserved. The new Gunpowder I cannot give you."

At least, Bartlett decided, there was no reason why the girl should not witness the delicate packing of green tea; he pushed past the portly Li Chu'o, who, shrieking, clawed at him, and began to scream orders. Not to get to the building, but to have his back against a wall now, Bartlett half ran with the girl; he had one glimpse inside, through a barred window, and then, his face suddenly white, turned on the coolies who were running toward Li Chu'o.

"Will you go?" the merchant shouted. "Will you go now? If you venture inside, you will die horribly, and the woman—"

Agathea, Rich knew from her hand on his arm, was trembling. What, she asked, was wrong; what had happened? Rich, loudly, said to Li Chu'o, "It is only because of the woman, because we may not bear arms, that we go."

If he returned, trade with the American hong, Li Chu'o yelled, was ended.

"It is probably ended now," Rich thought. But, the girl pressed close, menacing faces everywhere, he was wisely silent as they walked toward the river.

In the sampan, on the river, the current and sun behind them and wistaria-covered camphor trees making black pools along the bank, Agathea said, "If I had been a man, I should have wished to shake that fat Chinese, just as you wished, Richard. I was very afraid. Were you, also?"

Rich nodded; at least she did not feel that he had been a coward.

SHE was eager to talk about what had happened, although Bartlett, in explaining, necessarily told more lies than truth; he feared she must learn it soon enough, and not in a manner to endear him. In the boat was the food which had been prepared for him at the factory; they ate together. Then Agathea curled against the cushions, and, in drowsy silence, watched the river and sky change from warm color to the blue of Canton plates.

Bartlett wondered what effect the thing he had learned would have in the settlement.

The shipment of the first of the season's black tea, arranged for by the factors at the American hong, was not to be carried down to the Ann Bartlett; he was positive of that. Li Chu'o's clerk had made no "mistake" in marking the chests for the English. It was possible that he might be able to do something about it, although just how he did not know. . . .

Carts, jammed together along the river-path, made a line clear to the first of the Canton gates. Then the final long curve in the river brought the white buildings of the fenced settlement into view. Bartlett, facing forward, said quietly, "Something is happening," and the girl turned to look.

The boat coolie needed only to move his oar as a rudder now as the sampan swept down in the current; when Bartlett saw the horde of Cantonese outside the iron fence surrounding the hongs, he ordered the coolie to land above the settlement and, with the girl, walked uneasily toward the gate.

Cantonese, a directed rabble, were battering at the gate; some had already climbed the fence and were inside. The doors of the factories were all closed, as were the windows of all save the American hong; as Rich and Agathea followed some soldiers, who turned to see that none of the Cantonese entered the gate which their officer unlocked, Rich fought off clawing fingers. Holding Agathea against him, he managed to get inside, where other soldiers were vainly trying to keep the rabble from mounting the fence.

Whatever was happening, Bartlett saw, was taking place where sky-blue tuniced *ch'in ping*, bodyguard troops, stood about the flagstaff of the American factory, although a group of bound Chinese stood in front of the English staff also, with a few soldiers with them. Once inside, it was easier to kick away those of the throng who rushed at him; someone from his factory called his name, and at the same moment he had a glimpse at the mass of officials under his flagstaff; in their center, bound like the Chinese, was the sailor from the Ann Bartlett, with the strangling cord loosely about his neck. It made Bartlett's eyes narrow to see how straight the man stood.

An official pointed at Rich and Agathea; the door of the English factory was flung open in proof that the scene was being watched despite the closed shutters, and several white men ran out, surrounding the pair; willy-nilly, Rich went with them. The girl was safe now, but the sailor was not; Rich knew the curious reasoning of Chinese judges, swayed entirely by the mandarins.

There were guns on a long table in the crowded hallway; a heavily built man said, "Agathea! Have you completely lost your senses?" and then turned to the American. "Mr. Bartlett," Sir George said, "I shall hold you strictly accountable for this, sir." Agathea remained beside Bartlett; outside, the clamor rose as more Cantonese swarmed over the fence, and in it was the "Kill! Kill!" of the Lotus Society. Rocks smashed against the barred door. "Strictly accountable," Sir George repeated.

He referred, Rich knew, to Agathea. "There is a white man outside," Bartlett said, instead of answering. "He is to be strangled; what are you going to do about it?"

No more, Sir George told him, than they intended doing about the smugglers who were about to be beheaded.

"If all the factors, for once, were to stand together," Rich said, "we could prevent murder."

He saw agreement on every face save the older man's, although none of the lesser managers, nor young clerks, dared speak. They, he knew, wanted action, despite the odds.

"AGATHEA," Sir George said, "you have already experienced too much. Go to the women." The girl made a gesture with her hand, remained where she was. To Bartlett, the factor said, "Your sailor has been convicted according to Chinese law; strangulation is his punishment. That settles the matter. But it does not, sir, end my affair with you. I expect an explanation of your conduct with this lady." There was none which the American cared to give him. "Then you leave me no recourse," Sir George informed him. "As soon as the rabble outside is satisfied—"

"They are not going to be satisfied," Rich said. "You are going to stand with the other merchants, this once at least. I am as certain of that as I am that our new ship will soon sail with a cargo of black tea."

Sir George threw back his head and laughed. What, he asked, made Mr. Bartlett so positive?

"Li Chu'o," said Rich. "Is that not enough, sir?" The hallway became very quiet. "It is amazing how opium is distributed to the Chinese after it is smuggled past the ports; amazing. Look to it that the canisters marked Gunpowder tea do not some day actually contain that which will blow you, us all, out of China, sir."

Sir George touched his sleeve, wiped away an imaginary bit of dust.

"I think, gentlemen," he said, "that it may be a bad example, as Mr. Bartlett is doubtless of the opinion, for us to permit the authorities to execute a white man before our eyes." He bowed briefly to Rich. "You will convey that message to your factory? I might have known that Li Chu'o, bribed once, might be bribed twice."

What Rich had learned about opium being packed as tea, to be sold with

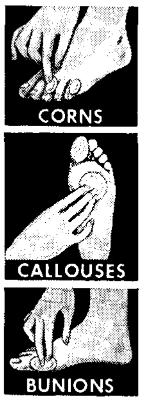
CORNS

Don't use UNSAFE METHODS

Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning, or use caustic liquids or harsh plasters which so often cause acid burn. Be safe and sure—use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads relieve pain instantly and stop the cause—shoe pressure and friction. Separate *Medicated Disks* are included in every box for quickly loosening and removing corns or callouses. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug, shoe or dept. store.

New DE LUXE, *flesh color* . **35¢**
STANDARD WHITE, *now* . . **25¢**

Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Remedies and Appliances for all foot troubles.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

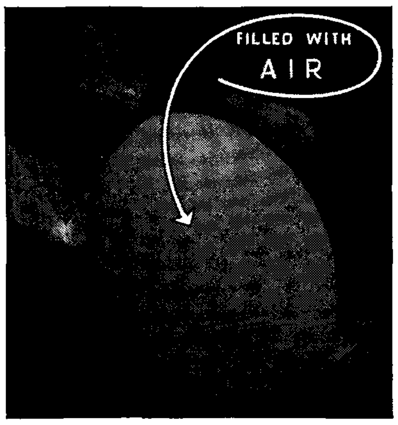
Put one on—the pain is gone!

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Be more successful. **Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually.** We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 140-LA, Chicago

IMPROVED SUPPORT for HERNIA



Hernia (Rupture), when reducible, can be held securely and with perfect comfort without rigid steel springs or hard pads.

A GREAT advance has been made in the design and fitting of trusses. The softest and most comfortable of these is the improved Brooks Appliance. This modern Appliance holds Rupture by means of an automatic air-cushion which adjusts and conforms to body movements; giving only the necessary amount of pressure at all times and in all postures.

Each Brooks Appliance is especially made for the individual case from information easily supplied on our Fitting Chart. It is very moderately priced, is made for men, women, and children. Each Appliance is sent on trial with simple instructions for adjusting in the privacy of your home. Thousands of physicians have expressed their approval of this Appliance by ordering it for their patients as well as for personal use. Write today for full information which will be sent you in a plain, sealed envelope. Correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 327C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Since 1897 Specialists in the Manufacture and Fitting of Appliances for all forms of Reducible Hernia.

safety anywhere in China, he had not been told; he had seen it. He said this gravely. Sir George brushed it away.

"That we will help in saving your sailor's life, that the tea will be reconsigned to you, for your diabolically swift packet," Sir George said, "as the price of silence, in no way alters our private matter, Mr. Bartlett." The older factor selected one of the guns and slid his hand along the stock. "We will arrange that later, if we live."

"You will arrange nothing, either of you," Agathea Warren said. She smiled at the older man, who, however, sighed as her eyes went to the American. "Is there no other way to save this sailor? None? You are both certain?" This time it was the girl who sighed. "Then you must not delay. When—when you return, we will all enjoy a dish of tea, black tea, green tea, tea—only, return. Oh, return."

Rich said gruffly, "Yes," and it seemed to him, in the dim hallway, with the lamps shining on the guns, that her eyes became as violet as a Chinese night; that, when he turned, they remained on him until the door was unbarred, and that she took a step after him as he ran out. He raced along the wall; when he reached the door of the American hong, rocks thudded on it, on him; he heard them even when he was inside, answering a thousand questions.

It had always been concession, retreat; the Americans, unleashed at last, tore out toward the flagstaff and the Ann Bartlett's sailor; the English issued from their factory in orderly fashion, Sir George at their head. There was even a flag with them. For a moment rocks, knives, were hurled; then the unled horde, muttering, fell back.

Rich, as he saw how the soldiers, their officers also, gaped, realized that the white men were not expected to offer physical objection to anything; next time the Cantonese would be prepared instead of astonished. He thought of that day which, he knew, would come because of the spreading of opium, not in terms of lost trade, of Bartlett and Company, but because of the women who might be in the factories. Agathea. It might even be the mandarins who would instigate trouble; bribes, for bringing in opium, must always be made larger as the trade increased; would the English companies sell more and more opium? If so, trouble must soon result. . . .

A factor was pulling the noose, without protest from the soldiers, from the seaman's neck; Sir George and several of the men from his factory were walking quietly toward the huddled group of smugglers. Bartlett snapped alert as he saw a native sliding on his belly toward the men at the English flagstaff; he called out, and then began to run; the Cantonese came to his feet behind Sir George's back, and Rich, leaping, managed to grasp the knife wrist. The Asiatic turned, and Rich saw inflamed eyes, the pupils like pinpoints of fire; he held the fellow's wrist, but the native squirmed so close that he was able to try with his teeth for Bartlett's throat. Sir George pulled the savage away and flung him to the ground.

"Opium," he said. "Crazed by lack of it. Your arrival was fortunate, Mr. Bartlett. Very. You are fortunate also in that you were given an invitation for tea; I will accompany you as soon as possible."

RICH did not wait. Not Agathea, but one of the lesser factor's wives, met him. "I am regretful that we have no green tea, sir; after what we have been told concerning the black, none of us can ever again enjoy Bohea."

It sounded to Bartlett like an excuse; stiffly, because he was hurt, he who had been hoping, he said, "It is of no consequence. None. I wish you good day, madam."

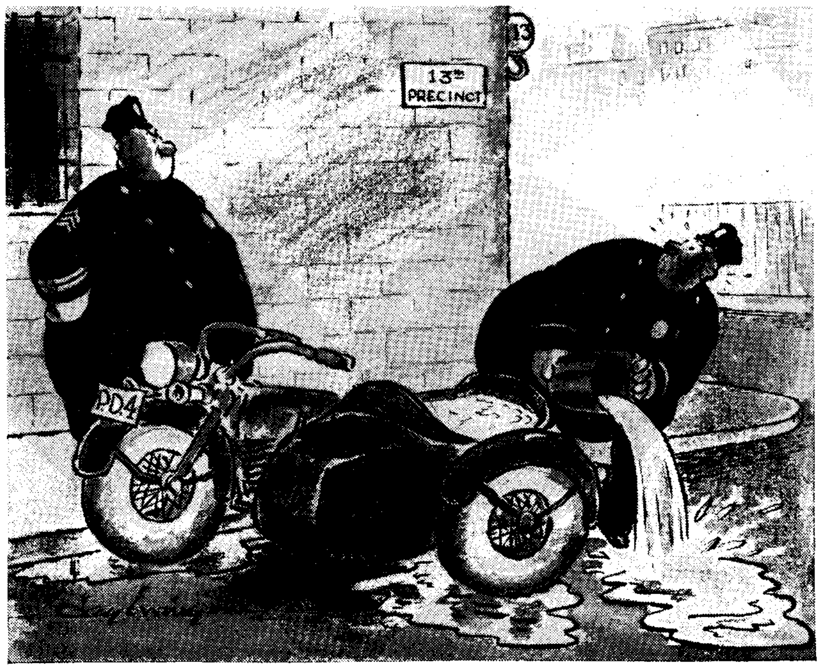
"Can you not drink Madeira, Richard?" Agathea, coming with her skirts swishing, had changed; her dress was dark, and all he could see was her face. "Or water? Sir, you are vastly, vastly particular." She turned to the other woman. "He will be very difficult to please, if he is like this when young." Rich knew that she was laughing, and again, doubly, his hopes rose. How lovely she was!

"Is—is it important that—that I be pleased?" he asked.

Agathea linked her arm through the other woman's. "Have you ever heard such conceit?" she demanded. "I please *you?* Sir, you shall spend your time in trying to please me, which will not be easy, I warn you. You do not, at this moment, please me at all. I am not certain that you ever will. Your only hope is that you are very young—"

Richard Bartlett, smiling, bowed deeply. "That is one thing which I cannot fail to overcome," he said.

As he waited for the women to precede him into the factory, to the rooms above, he heard Agathea gasp, and then both of the Englishwomen began to laugh. Richard had never, himself, felt so completely happy in his life.



"Ohhh . . . I see you left it out in the rain again last night!" JAY IRVING

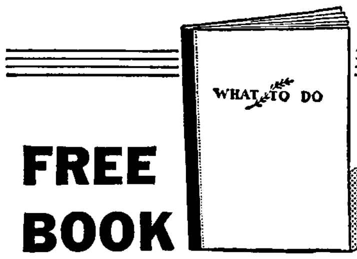
HENNESSY
Cognac Brandy
is distinguished
by its
CLEAN TASTE

The next time you sip Hennessy . . . to enjoy its exquisite flavour and bouquet . . . note particularly its "clean taste." This characteristic distinguishes good cognac brandy from inferior grades so often artificially flavored and sweetened. Hennessy is a pure distillation. It is allowed to mature slowly without interference. The Three-Star Hennessy you buy is ever the same because it's bottled, at Cognac, France, from the largest stock of naturally-matured brandy in the world.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.:
Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

HENNESSY
COGNAC

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY



FREE BOOK

about funeral costs and practices

Too many people face the arranging of a funeral with no idea of what to do. We have published "What To Do" as a guide to follow in time of need.

Already more than 700,000 families have asked for and received this information. It answers authoritatively all the questions you are likely to ask at time of bereavement—how to choose a funeral director . . . what a funeral costs and why ...what sort of casket is best, and so forth.

You should have a copy of this booklet to place with your other important papers. Doctors, lawyers, clergymen say "It is the best book ever published on this subject." Send for one or more copies today. No obligation.

National Casket Co., Dept. C. O. 1
60 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without obligation, . . . free copies of "What To Do" in a plain envelope. I want to be prepared.

Name____________________

Address____________________

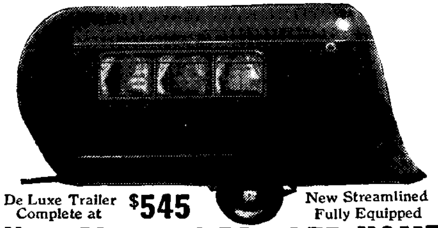
City____________State________

Your Kodak Picture ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

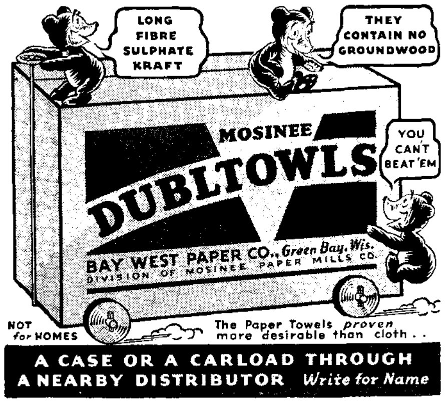
GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 258 Des Moines, Iowa



De Luxe Trailer Complete at **$545** New Streamlined Fully Equipped

New ALADDIN TRAILER HOME

●At last! Fully streamlined de luxe trailer, completely equipped, at standard price, only $545. Strong double wall, insulated construction. Twin beds; big wardrobe; refrigerator; ample storage; running water; electric lights and outlets. 80 sq. ft. clear unobstructed room space. Dines 8. Built for long service. Write TODAY for descriptive folder No. 44. AUTOMOBILE DEALERS—Unusual franchise opportunity. Write at once! **THE ALADDIN CO., World's Largest Mfrs., Readi-cut Homes, BAY CITY, MICH.**


LONG FIBRE SULPHATE KRAFT
THEY CONTAIN NO GROUNDWOOD
YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM
MOSINEE
DUBLTOWLS
BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wis.
DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.
NOT for HOMES
The Paper Towels proven more desirable than cloth . .

A CASE OR A CARLOAD THROUGH A NEARBY DISTRIBUTOR *Write for Name*

Sensitive Souls

Continued from page 25

acidosis. And they are finding in many cases that the allergy is greatly improved under this condition commonly supposed to be so unhealthful.

Of course, with so many theories it is clear that doctors simply don't know yet what makes some people allergic, but they are working on it all the time. There are two societies, the Association for the Study of Allergy and the Society for the Study of Asthma and Allied Conditions whose members have been doing constant research on the problem for years, and their findings are interesting and important enough to doctors to keep a magazine, the Journal of Allergy, in circulation. In time they will solve the problem just as they have already solved the problems of diabetes and rickets and many other diseases. It may take years but I suspect that you and I will see the riddle solved.

However, if doctors don't know what causes allergy there are a good many things about it that they do know. They know, for instance, that this peculiar sensitiveness is inherited. If you are allergic you are practically certain to have at least one allergic ancestor somewhere and if both you and your wife are allergic your children are pretty sure to be that way, too. They know that if you react peculiarly to one substance the chances are about fifty-fifty that you will react, possibly some other way, to other substances. People who get hay fever from pollens, for instance, often get hives from certain foods. Children who have allergic eczema often change off to asthma as they get older, and if your headaches are the allergic kind you are likely to have hay fever or hives as well. Allergists now know pretty well how to find out to what you're sensitive. They know you can be sensitive to hundreds of things that weren't even suspected ten years ago and they know so much about treatment that thousands of people who would have died or been invalids a generation ago are having a very good time in life.

Ten Million Subjects

There are plenty of allergic people for the doctors to work on, too, something over ten million in the United States. That may be only seven per cent of the population but it's a lot of people to be spending their lives trying to avoid everyday things that make them swell up and have spasms. It is enough people for allergy clinics to have developed in nearly all the large hospitals in the country and it is enough people to keep hundreds of doctors busy working on nothing else. It is a pretty important work these doctors do, for while a mere three million are bothered by allergy only a few weeks of the year, all you people with simple hay fever—that is, the other seven or eight million have to go around trying not to step on their allergic eggs twelve months out of twelve.

There is practically nothing allergic people can't be sensitive to. Adhesive plaster, aspirin, chewing gum, glue, mice, soap and wasp stings are a few of the more fancy allergens while the plain variety goes all the way from beef to wheat. Allergens, in case you hadn't guessed, are the things allergic people are allergic to, and how they can make life complicated! Cod-liver oil, for instance, is supposed to be particularly good for allergic babies because it builds calcium, and doctors practically always prescribe it, but sometimes the baby turns out to be allergic to cod-liver oil . . . very awkward. Diabetics are occasionally allergic to insulin, the one thing that can control diabetes. And many's the person who has fled to the north woods to get away from pollens that cause hay fever and asthma, only to find he was allergic to something up there he had never come across before and his troubles worse than ever. You just can't tell where your allergy is going to strike.

Next to pollens, foods are the most common allergens and the most awkward, too.

Two other difficult and very common allergens are horsehair and feathers. You can't exactly poke and squeeze every chair and sofa to see what it is stuffed with before you sit down. Your friends might not understand. And yet, if horse hair and feathers give you acute asthma or, worse still, sudden hives, what are you going to do? Oh, you don't know life's problems unless you're really allergic.

Very Tough Luck

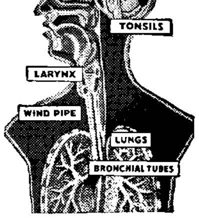
Some people are allergic to orris root, and orris root is found in practically all powders and lipsticks and creams and fancy soaps. Well, a girl can't get a skin you love to touch from even the best cosmetics if they give her hives and eczema, and no lips, however rosy, are exactly alluring if the delicate breath between them is coming in noisy squeaks and gasps. But that's what is apt to happen if you are sensitive to orris root. And don't think it isn't common, because at least two big companies bend all their energies to making nonallergic cosmetics. After all, even an allergic girl wants to get around.

Sometimes she finds the going pretty tough, though. A doctor tells of one girl, a natural party girl she was, too, who was all for bright lights by night and downy cushions by day. She began to find herself getting choked up all the time and not with emotion, either. When it got bad enough to interfere with her night life she went to the doctor about it. He investigated the matter and what did he find her sensitive to? Well, anchovies and caviar and tobacco and wine, especially champagne, and beer and rye, and horsehair, feathers and silk, oh, yes, and even tea and coffee. It was a plain case of no more parties for that little girl, no more pick-me-ups and no more downy cushions, either. She just naturally had to make herself over into an ascetic, but she couldn't go the whole way even there—no hair shirt, remember.

Another strange set of reactions that doctors have only recently discovered is physical allergy: abnormal reactions to sudden heat or cold or pressure or exertion. There was the child who could never be spanked because it gave him hives and the man who got asthma whenever he got angry or excited or even laughed too hard at a funny story, and the woman who got both hives and asthma if she so much as stuck her nose out of doors on a cold day. Oh, there are lots of funny stories about physical allergy but sometimes it isn't so funny. A number of people allergic to cold have been rescued in the nick of time from drowning. Their throats had swelled up, or they had gotten acute attacks of allergic colic. Because of this, doctors now believe that a good many unexplained drownings hitherto attributed to cramps were really caused by allergy to cold. So if you are allergic at all you have to be pretty careful about swimming in very cold, deep water.

Because allergy can be so serious and people can be sensitive to so many unexpected things it is awfully important to know whether you are allergic or not and

COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, *making you cough.*

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, **according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.**

• • •

. . . "Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

HITCH-UP and GO!

FOUR MODELS
TRAVEL IN A "Silver Dome"

● **Plan a Glorious Holiday!** ●

Why lead a humdrum life when you can enjoy the thrill of nationwide travel with a Silver Dome? Thousands are doing it—adding new zest to living. Four new 1936 models, 16 to 18½ ft. in length. The biggest coaches at the lowest prices in Silver Dome history. New features! New comforts and conveniences! Decide now to spend your 1936 holidays in a Silver Dome. **Write for illustrated literature.** ● *Some available dealer territory.*

Silver Dome, Inc., 447 York St., Detroit, Mich.

Gulfoil
HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT
GULF

Our sewing machine
Could barely wheeze.
We gave it GULFOIL;
Now it runs
with ease.

GULFOIL

10c & 15c

THE BETTER HOUSEHOLD LUBRICANT

Chafing Even in most aggravated cases burning stops and comfort follows the soothing touch of—

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 4c, Balto. Md.

Save Your Feet

When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" **Heefner ARCH SUPPORT**

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Heefner Arch Support Co., 29 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

IF YOU want extra money, don't let the lack of a coupon keep you from inquiring about our attractive offer for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. *Write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

what your allergens are. So if your doctor suspects you may be allergic, if you sneeze and wheeze pretty consistently or have stubborn hives or frequent sick headaches or a lot of unexplained symptoms and an allergic family history, he skin-tests you. He makes dozens and dozens of tiny scratches on your arm and puts a solution of a different substance on each scratch. Imagine a solution of chicken feathers, or of horsehair and house dust! But they have them. If the scratch swells up and gets red you are sensitive to the substance. Even if it is a substance that ordinarily wouldn't affect your skin at all, but might be causing asthma or stomach-aches or headaches, it will make your skin swell up where it is scratched—at least as a general rule, though some patients make life highly difficult for the doctors by giving skin reactions to substances that don't bother them and by not reacting at all to substances that are causing all their trouble.

One doctor tells of a patient who came to see him with both diabetes and asthma. That is a very uncommon combination but she had it. Her skin tests didn't show her sensitive to anything at all, but when the doctor put her on a low sugar diet to control her diabetes her asthma disappeared entirely. He finally ferreted out the fact that bananas were her favorite fruit and she had been used to eating one or two a day until they were forbidden on her low sugar diet. When she went back to bananas she began to wheeze again. So for twenty years bananas had been giving her asthma and yet didn't show up at all in the skin test. That is a fair sample of the sort of thing allergists come up against all the time.

Skin tests are generally conceded to be more valuable than anything else, however, in tracking down your allergens, and it has been discovered that if your skin reacts to a substance that apparently doesn't bother you, it is likely to start bothering you in the near future. In other words, you are potentially sensitive to everything that gives you skin reactions.

Everything Taboo!

One girl who had had severe asthma for years lost it immediately when her doctor discovered through skin tests that she was sensitive to feathers. It doesn't seem possible that a nice feather pillow could cause so much trouble but when she removed all feathers from her room she didn't have any more trouble at all.

Another doctor tells of a patient of his, a married man, who had been bothered with eczema for years. When he did skin tests on the man he found him sensitive to silk and wheat. Well, the man didn't wear silk shirts or underwear, so his wife was called into consultation. When she gave up silk nighties and fed her husband cornmeal cakes and rye bread instead of wheat, his skin became smooth as a baby's.

A sturdy sea captain came to the same doctor complaining that he got terrific asthma whenever he went ashore, although he never had it at sea. The doctor naturally suspected grasses and pollens but skin tests on the old salt said no. The only thing he reacted to was orris root, and he reacted to that violently. It was easy after that to cure him if he wanted to be cured. The only trouble was he didn't like ladies with shiny noses. An allergist, you see, has to have quite a bit of Philo Vance and Perry Mason in him to get results.

Of course people are sensitive to no end of things that can't be removed from their lives: pollens, for instance, and house dust. Large-scale efforts have been made to control the pollens around a number of big cities recently, notably Chicago and Duluth. Last summer the health authorities in both places offered bounties for ragweed plants. But though the zeal of all the small boys in the neighborhood nearly caused a run on the city treasury, nobody's hay fever seemed much better. You see, ragweed pollen is so light it can float as much as fifty miles with the greatest of ease and you can no more eliminate ragweed all over the country than you can eliminate the common house fly.

The Modern Touch

Air conditioning is a more hopeful method of general pollen elimination. Most allergic people can't yet afford air conditioning in their own homes but it is coming, and coming fast. And in the meantime seasonal sneezers can angle for jobs in air-conditioned office buildings and stores and between times run from air-conditioned bar to restaurant to movie to train to grillroom. The very heart of the city, in fact, is getting to be a very popular summer resort in the smartest allergic circles.

When it is impossible to avoid allergens, people can often be desensitized to them. This is a long, slow process involving dozens and dozens of gradually increasing injections of the unsociable substance and sometimes it hardly seems worth it, but it practically always is. We all know what it can do for hay fever, especially those of us sneezers who have been strong-minded enough to persist with our inoculations year after year until a real immunity has been built up. But there are other things besides pollens that sensitive people can be immunized to.

A woman whose husband owned an apiary, for instance, became suddenly sensitive to bee stings. Yes, allergy can often appear just like that. She got so that if she was stung by a bee she went into a complete collapse and if she so much as went near her husband's working hat, which was full of bee stingers, she had an acute attack of asthma. The thing grew worse and worse until it became a question either of the husband changing his occupation or the wife going away during the bees' most pugnacious season. Her doctor, as a last resort, thought he might try immunizing her to the bee stings and had an extract prepared from the live bees. He gave her a series of injections and then waited fearfully to see what would happen next time she was stung. What happened was that nothing happened. She had little more reaction than you or I would have . . . which needless to say made quite a difference in her attitude toward her husband's life work.

Another unusual case of desensitization was that of a doctor's little boy who had been bothered with frequent attacks of bronchitis for years. The doctor had noticed that these were apt to come on when the child went visiting, but explained that on the ground of excitement and fatigue. Finally, however, as much because allergy is in the air as any other reason, he began to wonder if the bronchitis might not be allergic. The boy's skin tests showed a strong reaction to house dust. And then the father realized that whenever they went visiting, the family friends pulled all the old toys out of the cupboard for him to play with, and toys lying in a cupboard do collect dust. When he gave the boy injections of house dust he stopped having bronchitis. More Philo Vance stuff. The field of allergy is just full of it.

Desensitization sounds so simple you are probably wondering why allergic people don't just get desensitized to everything that bothers them, why that party girl, for instance, doesn't just get desensitized to feathers and caviar and tobacco and wine and the rest and why all those other people don't get desensi-

(Continued on page 66)

IT'S RIGHT! MASONITE

THE PLUS VALUES OF GENUINE MASONITE INSULATION COST NO MORE

INSULATION in the modern home is as vital as the "chinking" in yesterday's log cabin. It provides a warmer house in winter . . . a cooler house in summer . . . a quieter house all year. And the economies of smaller heating plants and lower fuel consumption are recognized by architects and builders everywhere.

Today Masonite offers two modern insulating materials—Genuine Masonite STRUCTURAL INSULATION and Genuine Masonite INSULATING LATH. It costs no more to install them in your home than to be without them. And they possess these two valuable PLUS features.

STRENGTH—These materials are manufactured from wood . . . made into sturdy boards *without* glue or artificial binder. They are moisture-resisting. Will not warp. Masonite STRUCTURAL INSULATION can be built into the wall in place of sheathing. Masonite INSULATING LATH is the perfect base for plaster.

BEAUTY—Remodeling is made easy with Genuine Masonite INSULATION. It is a beautiful warm-brown color which blends with practically any scheme. It can be applied directly over existing walls, or nailed in place on attic rafters. New rooms are a matter of a few hours' work and small cost. And no additional decoration is necessary. But, if desired, the surface may be grooved, paneled with wood or metal strips, painted or papered.

If you are considering new building or remodeling, you owe it to yourself to know more about Genuine Masonite INSULATION. Mail the coupon below for free sample and additional literature.

MASONITE CORPORATION, Dept. C-1
111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me a free sample and more information about Genuine Masonite INSULATION.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

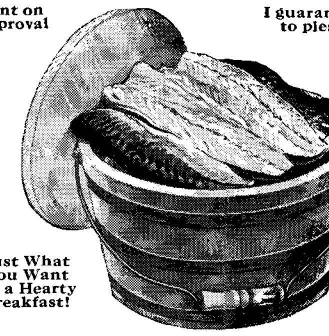
GENUINE
MASONITE STRUCTURAL INSULATION
INSULATING LATH TEMPERED PRESDWOOD
QUARTRBOARD TEMPRTILE
FOR SALE BY LEADING LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

The Tastiest Ocean Treat from Gloucester
plump, tender, juicy

SALT
MACKEREL
FILLETS

Sent on approval

I guarantee them to please you!



Just What You Want for a Hearty Breakfast!

TASTE THEM
AT MY EXPENSE

You'll never know how delicious fish can be until you serve some of my mackerel fillets, prepared the Down East way. It will be the rarest treat you've known in months.

Take one of my new, small, meaty Late-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

What Makes My Mackerel Fillets So Good?

But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new Late catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new Late-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so tender and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

Send No Money Now—
unless you wish to

Just send the coupon below or write me a letter, and I'll ship you a pail of 18 extra choice mackerel fillets—each fillet suitable for an individual serving. My fillets come to you all cleaned—no heads—no tails—no large body bones—no waste whatever—just meaty fillets packed in new brine in a wax-lined wooden pail. Taste one—broiled the Down East way. If not satisfied it's the finest mackerel you ever tasted, return the balance at my expense. Otherwise, send me only $2 within 10 days. 200,000 families get their seafood from me this "prove-it-yourself" way. I've been doing business this way for 50 years and I must say that this is the lowest price for this size pail of mackerel fillets I've ever offered. Send your coupon today for this real Gloucester treat.

18 Extra Choice Mackerel Fillets Only $2.00 Delivered FREE! Anywhere in the United States

Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
182 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. Frank E. Davis, The Gloucester Fisherman
182 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 extra choice mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a few fillets, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Bank or other reference ....

*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25¢ beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

STOP-LOOK

And earn plenty of extra dollars as a special subscription representative for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell Magazines.

Just paste this advertisement with your name and address on a penny post card and mail to:

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Continued from page 65)

tized to all the good foods they can't eat. The answer is they would if they could but they can't. Desensitization is successful in a limited number of things, horse dander for instance, and feathers sometimes, and the pollens and dust just mentioned, and a few others. But it just doesn't seem to work with foods. Doctors don't know why. It just doesn't. Perhaps in time it will but more likely they will find some way of desensitizing allergic people to everything, which would certainly be a lot simpler.

In the meantime the allergist's chief concern is everyday treatment. For while he is working to find out the underlying cause of allergy and the immediate cause of his patients' difficulties in the way of foods and pollens and whatnot, the patients keep right on getting into trouble and he has to get them out.

Suppose our party girl goes out anyway and has a cigarette and a glass of beer or suppose our bee man's wife gets stung before she's sufficiently desensitized. The first thing they'll do when they begin to wheeze and swell is call a doctor, and he can scold them and tell them to be more careful but he has to treat them, too, and quickly, or the attack may last for days or even weeks. So what he'll probably do is treat them by injecting adrenalin or giving them ephedrin by spray or mouth and the chances are that is all he will have to do to stop the attack.

Adrenalin is the magical drug that was given to the woman who had eaten parsley, and the word magical is no exaggeration. A patient may be in desperate condition but usually if as little as half a cubic centimeter—and that is very little—is injected into his muscle, the wheezing or hives or swelling stops immediately. It works by contracting the blood vessels that are causing the swelling and relaxing the muscles that are causing the spasms.

Friends in Need

The only trouble is its effect doesn't last very long, and that is where ephedrin comes in, for ephedrin acts more slowly but lasts much longer. Adrenalin and ephedrin are so valuable that it is no exaggeration to say that those two drugs alone are making thousands of people able to lead useful, normal lives who would have been permanently bedridden a generation ago. Adrenalin is less than thirty years old and ephedrin less than ten and both are sizable feathers in the cap of science.

Sometimes, of course, even these fail and recently doctors have been trying new physical means of treatment. Stubborn asthma has occasionally been controlled by X-ray, and more recently doctors have been getting good results by raising the allergic patient's temperature for a number of hours by artificial heat. They don't know why these work yet but they do know that sometimes they do. New methods are developing all the time and, though some are bound to be discarded, a few of them will turn out to be better than any of the old ones. So, if in spite of abstinence and desensitization your allergy catches up with you, your doctor may try all sorts of things you have never heard of. And don't blame him if the first thing he tries doesn't work. We are still a long way ahead of asthma powders and hay-fever cigarettes. Keep going back and helping him experiment and you'll be cured or so near to it that you won't know the difference. You may feel like a guinea pig but rather a healthy guinea pig—

As a matter of fact life isn't so bad for the allergic millions as one might think. Science is lessening their discomfort all the time and on the other side of the picture there are a number of positive advantages that even science can't do away with. For one thing, doctors have noticed that allergic people are less apt to contract other ailments than the average person. And what's more, your allergy is apt to grow less as you get older, which is more than can be said for most troubles.

Another thing most doctors believe is that if you are allergic you are likely to be brighter than your friends. A number of intelligence tests have actually shown allergic people to have higher I. Q.'s than ordinary mortals. Daniel Webster was very allergic and so were Henry Ward Beecher and Marcel Proust and the famous physicist von Helmholtz, just to mention a few shining examples.

Charming Though Allergic

You won't be dull and stolid either, they tell me, but a person of emotion and temperament. And best of all, a dermatologist of my acquaintance who has seen hundreds of allergic women and not at their best, either, says that most allergic women are unusually magnetic and fascinating. This undoubtedly goes for allergic men, too, though my dermatologist friend didn't say. But the girls at least ought to consider their extra charm worth the loss of a few feathers and lobsters and strawberries.

Allergic people can have a lot of quiet fun on the side, too, if they like. A woman I know was acutely sensitive to cats, couldn't be around one for five minutes without getting all choked up. Well, she had a friend with a handsome squirrel coat she had bought at a bargain and it entertained her no end to discover she could never sit near that coat without beginning to wheeze.

Another sensitive soul was made acutely ill whenever he ate so much as an omelet cooked in cottonseed oil or a lettuce leaf dressed in it. He didn't find it much fun, but his wife had a fine time finding out which of her friends saved their spending money out of the butter and olive oil they didn't use. Suppose you're sensitive to veal and pork—you've a sure way of checking up on the church sociable's chicken salad because, though you may not be the least bit interested, your allergy will come and tell you all the same, the gossipy old thing.

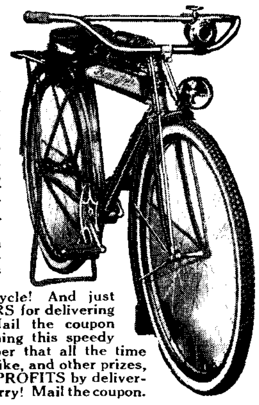
Allergy can make your life a bed of roses, too, if you pick the right allergens. Suppose you're allergic to washing soap and house dust and furniture polish. You can sit around like a lady and watch the other girls do the work. Nice, too, to be allergic to coal dust, no furnace fixing for you or you might get very, very ill. And what if you are allergic to all the homely, horrible vegetables like turnips and cabbage and all the cheap meats. You can be simply forced to live like a prince or a princess.

Oh, it can be perfectly splendid, so splendid that allergy is getting no end fashionable right now. People just love to have it, especially if they haven't. So watch out, if you are an allergic old-timer, that your pushing friends don't try to steal your thunder. If instead of sympathizing with you because you can't eat ham and cabbage they begin to be sensitive to all liquids except your best Scotch, demand a skin test and a family history. If your wife suddenly becomes sensitive to your favorite pipe or if your husband says your most expensive perfume makes him ill, don't yield an inch without a doctor's certificate.

On the other hand, don't let your old-fashioned friends tell you your allergic symptoms are all imagination. Anything can be allergic nowadays, at least almost anything. Does your cook give you a headache, or does your last winter's coat? Does your wife's sister give you an acute sense of oppression, a tightening in the chest or head? If they do, that's bad. Get rid of them at once and call your doctor. You may be dangerously allergic.

BIG PRIZES
And Cash Profits for Boys

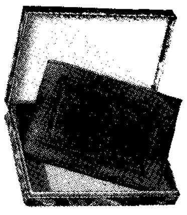
Start Now!



Here's one of the flashiest bicycles you ever laid eyes on! New 1936 model motorbike, fully equipped with coaster brake, headlight, enameled mudguards, tool case, horn, U. S. Giant chain tires, platform carrier, rear wheel stand, and other outstanding features. Fleet as the wind! Sturdy as an Arabian pony! Painted in beautiful colors. Many parts chromium-plated. Wowie! What a bicycle! And just think! It can be YOURS for delivering our 3 magazines. Mail the coupon below, and start earning this speedy bicycle. And remember that all the time you are earning this bike, and other prizes, you will make CASH PROFITS by delivering our magazines. Hurry! Mail the coupon.

LEATHER WALLET

This beautiful wallet is made of best grade brown leather. Hand-colored. Beautiful embossed hand-tooled design. Comes to you in an attractive gift box. Get this wallet, a key case, coin purse, military set, and other leather items, by delivering Crowell magazines to people in your neighborhood. Mail the coupon below, and we'll start you.

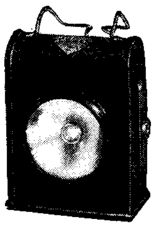


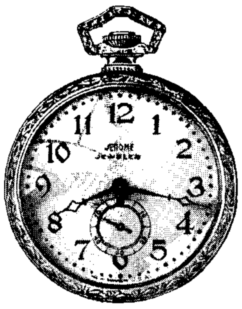
GET A MICROSCOPE

There are worlds right under your nose that you have never seen. Do you know what a snowflake, a grain of sand, or a butterfly's wing look like under a microscope? Get this 4-x power instrument, and find out. Write your name on the coupon and mail it to us today! Besides this microscope, you can take your choice of over 300 other dandy big prizes.

BUDDY LANTERN

One of the handiest little items you ever saw. Throws a brilliant light. Small and easy to carry—or you can hook it on your belt. Batteries and bulb included. Get this buddy lantern, and your choice of other dandy flashlights, including the regulation Boy Scout light and a three-color light for flashing code signals. Earn cash profits, besides. Just fill out the coupon and mail it at once.





A WATCH!

Boy! Oh, boy! How proud you'll be to carry this beautiful engraved watch! Has 2-jewel movement. Keeps perfect time. Latest thin model. It can be yours for delivering Crowell magazines to people in your neighborhood. Get this watch and dozens of other big prizes. Earn cash, too. Just mail the coupon and we'll start you at once on the road to money and prizes.

SCOUTING EQUIPMENT

Any prize in this column can be yours for delivering our magazines to customers that you obtain in your neighborhood. It's easy. Need not interfere with school or play. Enables you to acquire valuable business training. Boys 12 to 16—mail the coupon and we'll start you at once. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. Hurry! Act now!

MAIL THIS COUPON

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-126
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES by delivering your magazines; and send me a Prize Book showing your 300 big prizes.

Name .... Age ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Butter for Breakfast

Continued from page 13

Number 9 as soon as it was empty for the ride across-lake to Wisconsin. Charley saw how deep the snow was piled around them and he staggered up the tracks to look for the yard crew.

He found them in the switch shanty, trying to thaw out. The yard conductor had seen the order from Red Ball and started to argue over leaving the castings lay, but Charley left him talking and went away in the dark. When he got back to the office, Buck was taking a new message from Cap Johnson on Boat Number 9. Ice floes were slowing him down. It might be midnight before he got in.

So Charley sent Cap Johnson's message to the dispatcher and got a new clearance for Train M-D 2. She would start east half an hour past midnight.

"Don't forget," the dispatcher added, "the machine castings are preferred."

Charley looked at him for a moment, then he picked up the telephone. Not the company phone. The outside line. Buck and old Joe heard him call Detroit. Then he said: "Hello, Dad. Yes, pretty frosty. I was going to tell you . . ." and he broke off and listened to Red Ball.

At last Charley said, "I wanted to tell you about those castings. They'll lay over till morning."

I guess the old man couldn't understand, for Charley had to repeat it a couple of times. He spoke slow. Not excited a bit. Just slow and positive. At last he said: "Sure, I saw your order. But I'm not following it. Too much butter and eggs and the train will take only twenty-four loads tonight."

He listened again after that, and then he said: "That's okay with me. Fire away. But, listen. Do it official. I've got to have a message with division superintendent's signature on it to make it legal. Meantime, I'll carry on."

He hung up and went into Buck's office.

"I'm going to get fired," he said, "but the butter and eggs go out tonight, and the castings stay right here. Railroading? To hell with railroading!"

Buck got a flash from Number 9 just then. She'd be in at twelve sharp. So he notified the dispatcher, who repeated his authority to start the eastbound train at twelve-thirty and meet westbound Extra 2481 at Lake Junction.

AFTER that things began to happen. The wind, which was screaming harder all the time, turned loose an extra blast. Outside the marine office to the north was a pole which carried both telephone and telegraph lines. It had been getting heavier with snow and more brittle with the cold all night, and at last it snapped off.

That pole pulled five others with it, down and across the main tracks, and draped copper wire all over the little idler flat cars that are used to push the loads to the boats. They fell on both Number 3 and Number 4 tracks, and one pole fell into Number 2 slip, and they tumbled across the highway . . . everywhere. Charley went and looked at it, then he came in and said:

"Get out double gang, Buck. Call the boys for me."

Buck started to reach for the phone, but he stopped.

"How can I? Wires are down," he said.

That's right," Charley nodded. "I'll go get 'em."

Buck pointed out: "I got the orders for this run complete for twelve-thirty, Charley, before wires went out. If you get the crews, we can let 'em go."

"And headquarters can't get us," Charley repeated, very satisfied. "And Dad and the division super running around in their shirttails trying to fire me. Well, they'll fire me in the morning. Meanwhile, I run over town and stir out the train crews. You help the boys clear the wires off the track, so when Boat 9 pulls in, we'll be ready."

He went out and slammed the door. Mister, you never saw such snow! Charley couldn't get his car started, so he walked. It was a mile and a half to town by the short cut, down through the brickyard spur.

It was ten o'clock when he left. He went from house to house and stirred out the train crew and the extra yard crew and some boys from the labor gang. Then he started back. Instead of the short cut, he took the road over the hump, so as to see how snow was piling up in the first cut and whether to send a shovel gang to open it.

THAT'S how he happened to see that little car sitting there, all drifted over, and its headlights looking out through the drift, pale and sickly, like a blind man's eyes. So he waded over and kicked the drifts away and finally managed to open its door.

This girl was sitting there. She was wrapped in a blanket and all he could see was the end of her cigarette.

"Oh, hello," she said. Her voice was soft and sleepy. "Where's that town called Mackiport?"

Charley said: "Straight ahead, miss. You better get out."

She puffed the cigarette and answered, "Not getting out."

Charley was drunk with cold, but he recognized the signs in the girl's voice. Sometimes a person gets sleepy when he starts to freeze up.

"I'm looking for the boat to Wisconsin," the girl said.

"I'll take you to it," Charley answered.

"Car won't go," she told him. "Drifts too high."

"Got to leave your car," he explained. "Come on."

"No," she got mad. "I'll not leave it. I went all the way to Detroit for it. It's new. I'm taking it home on the boat tonight."

Charley wasn't a man to argue, but this was just like the eggs and the castings. Only here it was the girl and the car. If you didn't leave butter and eggs in the yard on such a night to run some castings through, you didn't leave a girl to freeze just for a new car. No matter how mad she got.

"Sister," Charley said, "you're getting out and coming up where it's warm. Or else . . ."

"Or else what?" she wanted to know.

"Or else I'm dragging you out."

"Don't play Tarzan," she said.

So he took her out. No, she didn't fight. Not much. She was too cold. But she began to cry a little and she couldn't stand up.

He gave her merry hell for getting so near frozen, then he wrapped her blanket around her and took her in his arms. Don't ask me how, mister. But he got her down to the marine office, through drifts above his waist. She was laying up against him with her head on his shoulder, when he came staggering into the room.

Buck was alone in the office. He'd just rigged some spare wire down to the last standing pole and was trying to get a telephone connection out of it.

Charley sat this girl on a bench, in the corner away from the stove, so she wouldn't warm up too fast. Then he sort of leaned over and tried to look at her

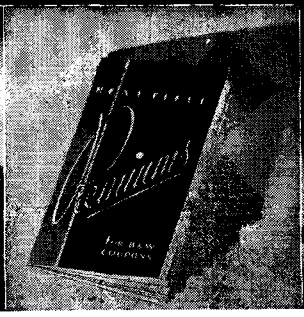
(Continued on page 68)

MAKE YOUR NEXT SELECTION "KOOLS"—That note of mild menthol refreshes every throat, those cork tips save every lip, and those valuable B & W coupons in each package are good for mighty worth-while premiums (offer good in U. S. A. only.) Hot throats need KOOLS. Get a pack and sing for joy. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.

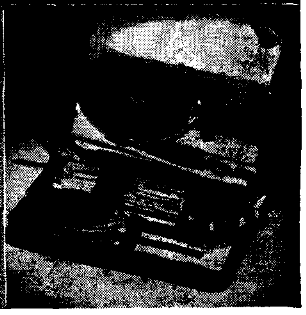
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
CORK TIPPED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
15¢
25¢ in Canada

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Ash Tray—Chrome finish. Keeps cigarettes clean, convenient . . 50 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet, No. 10



Women's Toilet Case. Leather. Zipper close. Complete fittings. 850 coupons.

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

THE ANSWER IS IN THE BOTTLE

HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY Wm Teacher & Sons
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
86° Proof
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY Wm TEACHER & SONS, Ltd. GLASGOW SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND 100% SCOTCH WHISKIES IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

Flavour... that's the answer to every question about Teacher's Scotch Whisky... it has that real Scotch flavour. Your first sip will tell you why Teacher's has been appreciated by lovers of Scotch the world over for a century... and why it is so overwhelmingly popular throughout the United States today.

Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.

100% SCOTCH WHISKY

TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
the Perfection of SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

(Continued from page 67)

out of his frosted eyes. She wasn't bad-looking, either.

"Sorry, miss," Charley said. "I had to bring you."

She looked up at him, half scared, and then before he knew what, she slapped him on the face.

"You're welcome," he said. Just then the telephone rang. Charley turned around, slow and unsteady, and watched Buck go to answer it.

Buck said, "Wireless desk! Oh, sure. General headquarters? Yeh, we got this one wire fixed." He waited a minute, listening, and then glanced up at Charley and said: "No, Charley Duncan's not in right now. Out in the yard somewhere. Sure, I'll have him call you when he gets back."

He hung up the receiver and said: "When you get back, Charley, call division superintendent."

"Oke," Charley answered. At the same time the radio receiver began to squeal.

"There's Boat 9, close in," Buck said. He listened again. "Snow's so thick she can't see the range lights."

"What's he going to do?" Charley asked.

"Cap Johnson don't know himself," Buck answered. "Trying to get his bearings."

Charley looked up at the clock in the radio room, with its two-hour hands, one of them on sensible railroad time, the other on Greenwich time, seven hours off, because somebody in the communications commission had an idea. It was five minutes after midnight. That gave him only twenty-five minutes to throw east-bound M-D 2 out of the yard.

The crews had got there, and you could hear the tramp yard engine kicking the idler cars down toward the slip, and the labor gang shoveling switches, and the road engines getting into position. The window on the harbor side was snowed over, and Charley couldn't see a thing when he tried to look out. So he went to the door.

As he did so, he passed the girl. She was still mad, and getting madder.

"If you'd pay more attention to getting perishables through," she started to say, "and less to dragging women around where they don't want to go..."

But he stopped her.

"I'm pretty busy right now," he said, "but after this train gets out, I'll have lots of time. Plenty. And I'll tell you a thing or two."

"That'll be interesting," she answered. "Have you an extra cigarette?"

Charley said, "No," as if he wasn't interested in cigarettes. "Can't take time to get 'em out." He called to Buck: "I'll be in as soon as the butter and eggs get on their way. Tell the old man if he calls."

WELL, the old man called, no mistake. Three-four times. So'd the division superintendent. He had old Red Ball on his tail, and all hell wouldn't hold Red Ball that night. He wanted Charley fired and fired quick.

But Charley was too busy railroading to think of getting fired. He stood down at the bottom of the apron, leaning against the wind, and watched Boat Number 9 come into harbor from Wisconsin through the snow. She was loggy with ice, and the steamlines were making white clouds around her deck lights where the crew were trying to melt ice off the decks, so's to keep the boat from being too topheavy.

Cap Johnson sounded his whistle, but it was a mighty short blast. He hated to waste steam on unnecessary regulations. Charley just stood on the end of the apron and hollered. Of course Johnson couldn't hear him, in all that storm, across three hundred yards of water. But that didn't bother Charley.

He hollered for the Number 9 to take the other side of the harbor; hollered for her not to hit the piling by the abandoned lighthouse; and Cap Johnson, using his own sense on the bridge, seemed to be hearing him, for he obeyed.

Then suddenly the big boat swung her nose over against the mudbank on the north shore and let go with her starboard anchor. That was to keep her from drifting too bad and to let the wind push her around with her open stern to the slip so the freight cars could be rolled off. And, mister, the wind pushed.

Old Joe Bristol came staggering down the apron with his lantern on his arm and found Charley there. Joe tried to shake sense into him, but Charley pushed him aside and kept on yelling. Boat 9 was coming around as fast as Cap Johnson could turn her.

Meantime, Buck had his troubles. He had Red Ball and the division super to contend with on the telephone, and this girl in person. She was demanding to know where Charley was.

"He's busy," Buck said, "but he'll be back."

She stood up, sort of unsteady on her feet, and started toward the door.

"I'll find him," she said. "He's half dead with cold. He's got to come in and warm up. He must. I'll get him."

"Better not," Buck warned her. "There's four engines and plenty cars, just waiting to run over you out there."

SHE didn't answer, but at the same time the telephone rang. It was Red Ball again, talking about castings. When Buck got through, the door stood open, with snow blowing in, and no girl.

Sure, she found him. Don't ask me how. She found him on the tip edge of the apron, where the tracks run down to meet the boat tracks. He was leaning on the wind, watching the Number 9.

Charley reached out and grabbed the girl and held her close and she didn't try to slap him or anything. Just stood there, until he picked her up and set her down off the track and said, "You stay where you are." She stayed.

Boat 9 was backing in fast. She jammed against the piling clumps and creaked louder than the wind, and the seagate began to lift from across the rear end. Charley could see the deck crew getting rid of the last of the rail clamps and the lookout coming overside to watch the line that the mate was ready to throw. The lookout had the car bills in their cork-lined packet and he threw them to Charley, who fished them out of the snow.

The regular yard engine was hooked to the idlers, and it pushed them down to the deck and grabbed the head end and yanked it up... nine cars from one of the center tracks, and a string out of a wing. The tramp yard engine was waiting, up on the level, and the first string hadn't cleared the switch six inches before the old tramp was running down to the boat. That's the way Charley unloaded... one, two... one, two. He cut out the castings and the extra yard engine booted 'em into the slab track, and the road engine threw the canned milk and that one lonely empty after it to wait till morning.

We didn't take time for inspectors to go over the journals. There was only seventeen minutes left when the Number 9 finally got tied up. The tramp yard engine and the extra engine, and the second engine of the double-header all were giving a hand. And the lead engine of the double-header was up the right of way, bucking snow out of the first cuts, so the train could get a running start.

It took sixteen minutes to make up. Old man Packer backed the lead engine down and took hold and gave the brakes a test. Buck had passed out the train orders and both conductor and enginemen had the green papers in their pockets.

The conductor came back along the

cars and found Charley standing there, with the girl beside him, and the two having some kind of argument. Charley looked at his watch by the conductor's lantern. It was ten seconds before twelve-thirty. So they waited ten seconds, then the conductor swung his lantern, giving M-D 2 the highball, and swung up to the caboose step.

Last thing he saw was Charley and this girl, staggering through the drifts to the marine office. Buck was answering the telephone again when the door blew open and the pair of them staggered in. It was Red Ball, once more.

Buck looked at Charley and this girl and said into the telephone: "I'll tell him to call you when he gets in. Guess he's got his hands full. Yes, sir. Train just pulled out. Oh, sure, sir, butter and eggs and cheese. No, sir, the castings didn't go."

Charley said to the girl, "You wait here. I'll be back. I've got to load Boat Number 9 to start right back for Wisconsin."

So he left again, and the girl went over by Buck, who still was trying to explain to Red Ball on the phone, while she listened. Smart girl, she was. Began to get the drift. So when he was through talking to Red Ball, she talked to Buck.

The idlers rattled past, loading the Number 9 with a lot of automobiles headed for Minnesota dealers, and at last the tramp yard engine let out a hoot, and Buck knew the boat was ready to go. Just then Charley came staggering back in and the telephone was ringing as he opened the door.

Buck picked it up and hollered: "Radio desk," into the mouthpiece. Then he turned and said to Charley, "Are you here now?"

Sure, it was Red Ball on the wire again, with the division super at his elbow. Charley took the phone and said: "Hello, Dad. Yeh, I wanted to speak to you, too. I wanted to say to hell with the Short Line. I'm through. But I did a night of railroading before I quit. The Wisconsin shippers won't have a thing to say, and New York will have butter and eggs for breakfast. What's that? Okay, then, I'm fired."

When he straightened up, the girl said, "Don't take it lying down, Charley."

"What's it to you?" he asked her.

"A lot," she said. "My name's Porter. I ship by your line."

"Porter!" he repeated. "You're not related to . . . A. L. Porter of Porter Farms?"

"A stands for Antoinette," she told him.

Charley said he'd be damned, and just stood looking silly and disturbed. She asked him for a cigarette again and this time he unbuttoned a couple of sweaters and got them out. While he lighted one for her, she told him, plenty.

She said the shippers needed him right there at Mackiport and they wouldn't listen to him quitting.

She still was telling him when old Joe came in and called to Charley. He wanted some advice about Boat 5.

So Charley went out with him, and no sooner was the door closed than she said to Buck: "Get that man on the telephone for me. The one that fired him."

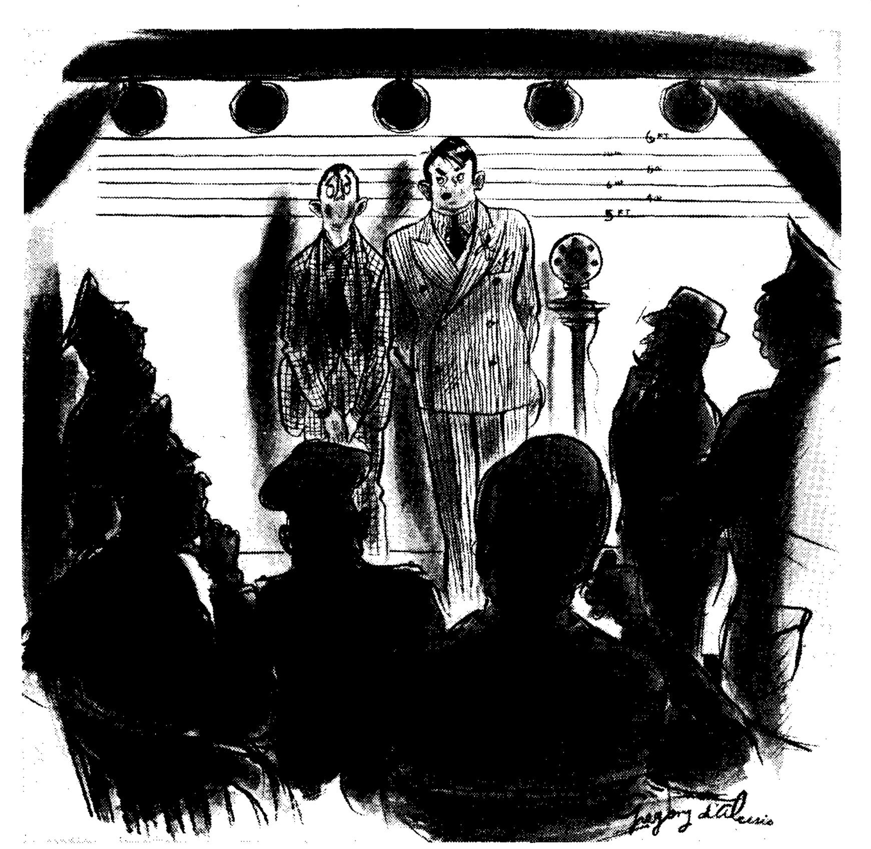
BUCK got hold of Red Ball and that girl told him plenty, too. Buck said it was worth a payday to hear the old man get belted around. She was secretary of the butter and eggs co-op, over there in Wisconsin, she told him, and if Charley Duncan wasn't put back on the job, a million tons of Wisconsin butter would go by Chicago, instead of cross-lake. She still was telling him when Charley came back in.

"General traffic manager wants to speak to you," she said, and handed him the phone.

Well, Charley was mad clear through when the old man began to hedge, but Antoinette Porter was right at Charley's elbow, and she bullied him till he said yes. He'd carry on.

"One thing more," she said, taking the telephone away from him, and speaking to Red Ball again. "Charley needs a vacation. A week. On the farm. Yes, sir, as soon as I get my car dug out. And I'll send him back a week from today. Oh, don't mention it," she said to Red Ball at last. "Glad to help out the railroad. The pleasure's all mine."

She was smiling at Charley as she said it, and he took the mouthpiece away from her and hollered into it: "Like heck the pleasure's all hers! A good half of it's mine!"



"Y'ain't puttin' it over—that innocent stuff" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

My adventure with the invisible

By Lowell Thomas

World Traveler—Radio Commentator

MACHINES chattered around me, a bewildering complexity of mechanism endowed with superhuman faculties of precision. They had cost millions of dollars—years of thought and research. As I stood on the fifth floor of the Gillette factory in Boston I reflected: "Imagine this prodigious assembling of technological perfection, just to make a blade."

My guide corrected me, saying: "That isn't what we are turning out here. We are all collaborating here to produce a perfect edge. And that, actually and positively, is a thing that you *cannot see.*"

I was to learn he was right. My guide took me upstairs and introduced me to a technician who presided over an amazing instrument. The pet gadget of the blond young modern Merlin from M. I. T. is a "sharpness comparer." Within its mysterious interior an adaptation of the weird usefulness of the photo-electric eye detects to an uncanny degree of accuracy whether that precious edge comes up to Gillette standards of sharpness.

There I realized that what my guide had told me was true. The perfect edge is perfectly invisible. It can be measured only with light-waves!

In my wanderings around the globe this is just about the most astounding spectacle I have observed in modern industry. I mean all this mighty, elaborately mechanized organization engaged in producing the unseeable.

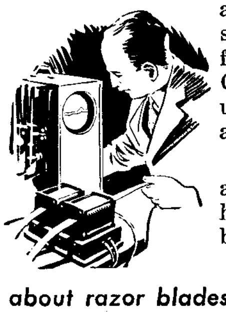
Electric furnaces in which coils of steel are hardened and tempered, furnaces that look like long, miniature tunnels. Inside they are 1500 degrees hot, outside they are so cool you can rest your hands upon them. Diamonds from the fields of Kimberley or Brazil that play their part in the testing machines. Microscopes with a 3000-power magnifying capacity. Cathode ray oscillographs that far outstrip man's poor faculties of perception or accuracy.

And all for what? To turn out something too fine for the human eye to perceive—to produce a shaving edge of incomparable keenness. The doctors of physics, the draughtsmen in the designing room, the toolmakers in the machine shop are constantly experimenting to produce an even sharper, smoother-shaving edge—and it's difficult for me to imagine that today's Gillette blade could be improved upon. I know—I've tried them all—in all parts of the world.

So in view of what I've seen and experienced, I can't imagine how any shaver could select a blade other than Gillette.

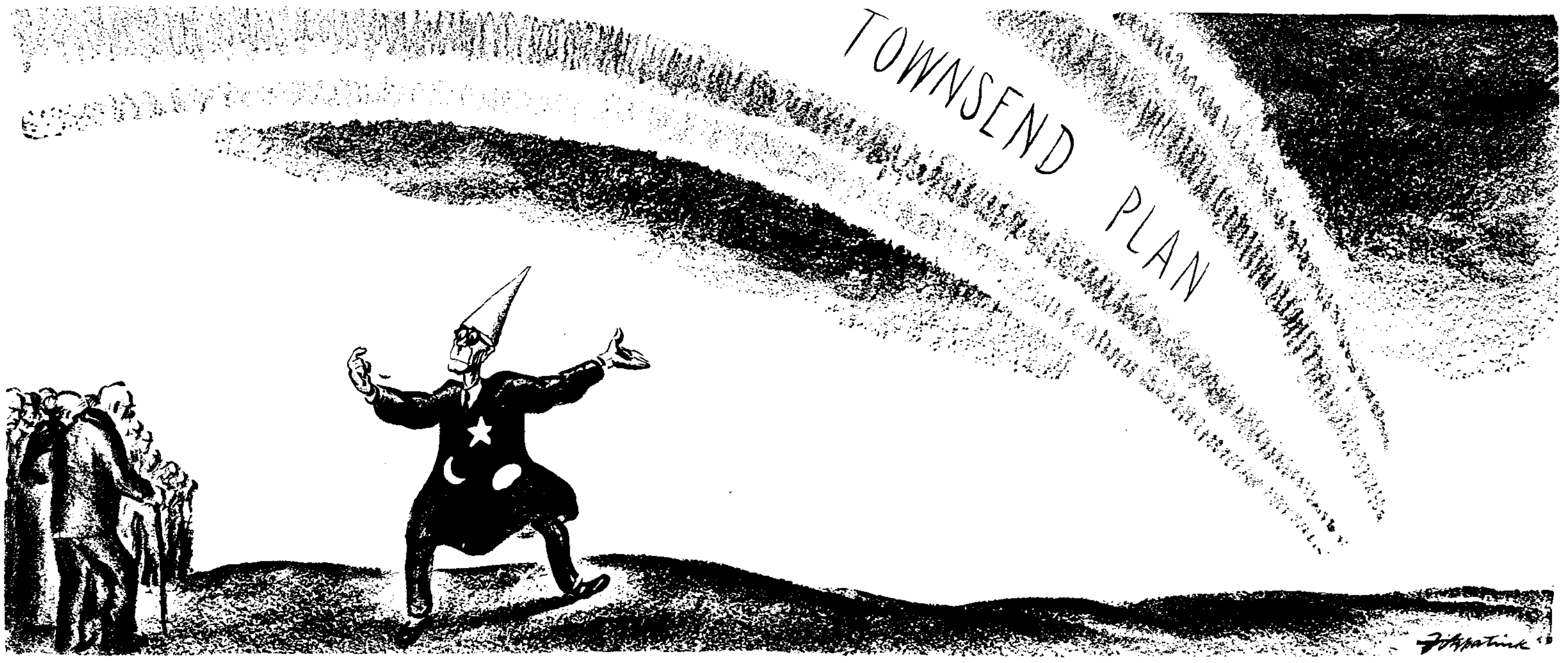
Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* **WILLIAM L. CHENERY**, *Editor* **CHARLES COLEBAUGH**, *Managing Editor*



Rainbow Chasers

THE tragedy of the Townsend plan is its utter impracticability. The waste of so much honest zeal and general good will on a campaign doomed by the very nature of things to disappointment and frustration is pitiful.

The idea of giving every man and woman over sixty years old two hundred dollars a month to be spent quickly is very pleasant. Almost everyone of every age would be glad to have two hundred dollars a month.

Dr. Townsend demands that Congress pass a law. The money to provide these pensions would be obtained by a two per cent tax on all business transactions.

There is nothing new, strange or impracticable about pensions or taxes. Old-age pensions have been paid during many years by many states. The foundation of a national system of old-age pensions was laid last summer in the Social Security Act.

The chief difference between present old-age pensions and Dr. Townsend's scheme is dollars. Existing pensions seldom exceed thirty dollars a month. Only those who meet the specific requirements of various state laws receive present pensions. Dr. Townsend would give everyone over sixty the same sum of two hundred dollars a month.

The transactions tax of the Townsend plan is, of course, only our old friend the sales tax with a new name. Sales taxes are widespread. The federal government, many states and cities and some counties now impose sales taxes. Not all of the present sales taxes are limited to two per cent. Some of the gasoline taxes run as high as fifty per cent. More sales taxes won't be popular.

Dr. Townsend's plan of financing old-age pensions with a transactions or sales tax thus is familiar. The generosity of the pension offered makes his scheme different and obviously impracticable.

Any time and anywhere we can divide only what we have. As Ethel Barrymore used to say in the play, "That's all there is; there isn't any more." As a nation we can divide no more than we have. The national income is the limit.

Our national income varies from year to year. In 1929 it was estimated to be about eighty-nine billions. The calculations for 1935, although incomplete, are estimated at fifty-five billions.

Our total population in 1930 was, roughly, 123,000,000. If the population last year was the same, and if the national income had been equally divided, every individual would have had $455.28.

In 1930 the Census reported about 10,500,000 people over sixty years of age in the United States. This group of old people numbered 8.6 per cent of the population.

Dr. Townsend proposes to give to this minority of aged people an income of twenty-five billion dollars, or almost half of what we had. He proposes to give practically half of the national income to less than a tenth of the population.

He proposes to give this huge share of the national income to an aged minority who promise not to do any useful work in exchange for this money.

Manifestly this will not happen. Old people pledged not to exert themselves will not be given anything like half the income produced by the American people. This is certain.

Dr. Townsend attempts to escape the logic of simple arithmetic by an excursion into the theory of social credit. No politician has succeeded in making Major Douglas' abstruse economics comprehensible. In truth, few politicians themselves understand Major Douglas' argument. Social credit, however, has become a sort of magic to perform miracles.

Dr. Townsend, relying vaguely on Major Douglas, says that the spending of two hundred dollars a month each by ten million old men and women who do not work will of itself make us prosperous and increase our national income. This would indeed be a miracle.

The flaw in this idea results in confused thinking concerning the nature of national income. Actually goods and services produced and exchanged make up income. Potatoes and wheat, haircuts and motorcars, all the endless variety of commodities and services in use are income. Money merely measures income.

Pensions constitute a claim on the use of goods and services but in themselves add nothing to the national income. Spending increases income only as spending has been preceded by production. Dr. Townsend forbids useful work by his pensioners who must give nothing in effort for what they receive and consume. Consequently, the expenditure of two hundred a month or a billion dollars a month by idlers could not possibly increase the total of our national income.

Incidentally, it may be noted that economists qualified by their professional training to understand Major Douglas' argument are not convinced by it. The Brookings Institution group went to the trouble in a recent book to expose its fallacy.

The truth is that the Townsend plan will inevitably destroy itself. Just as soon as any committee in Congress, or elsewhere, attempts to write down the details of the scheme its futility is demonstrated.

This country is committed to the principle of providing old-age pensions. We shall meet our obligations to the aged rationally and, we may hope, fairly. We will not, however, rob the vigorous worker in order to provide undreamed-of affluence for old people who do not work. Every economic and political consideration assures this.

Meanwhile, however, politicians eager for votes will ride as far as they can on Dr. Townsend's band wagon. Just now the movement is very active, and so very appealing to politicians. In the long run, however, facts prevail. It is a safe guess that before November rolls around this fallacy will have lost its force and we shall go to the polls in a reasonable state of mind.

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY'S
SPARKLING WATER
REPUBLIC CLUB

The cloud club, atop the Chrysler Building in New York, is only one of the many famous clubs where the favorite ginger ale is "Canada Dry."

Day and night, trained chemists stand watch to see that The Champagne of Ginger Ales never varies from its high standard of quality and purity.

If you want The *Champagne* of Ginger Ales... ask for CANADA DRY

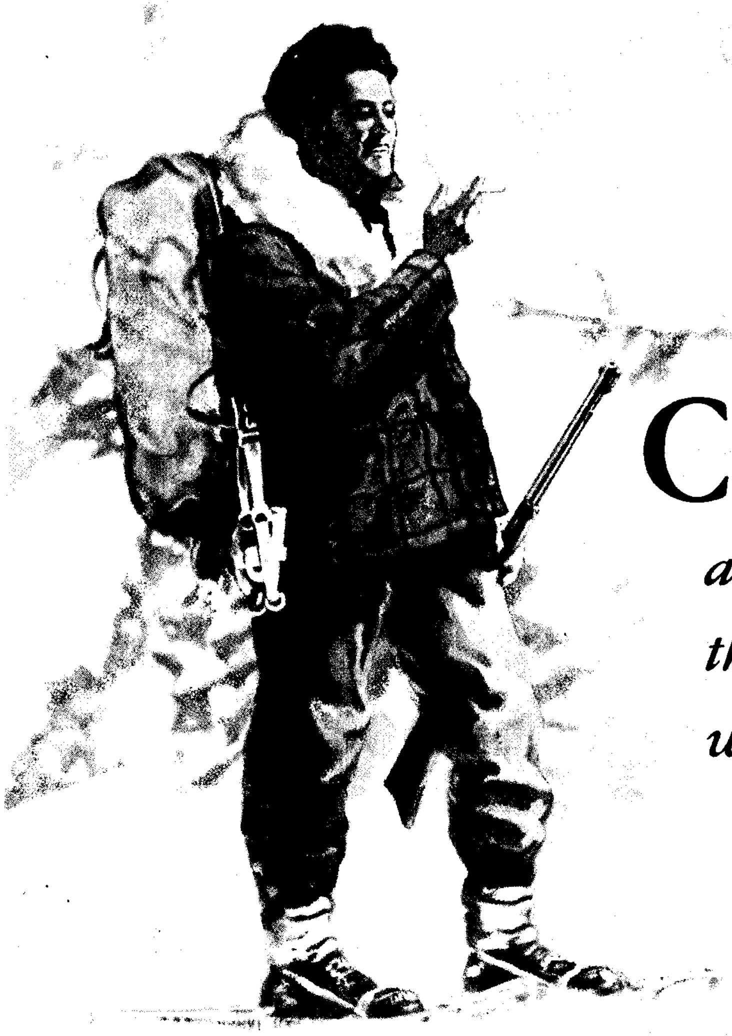
... and less than 3c a drink

The *big* bottle of Canada Dry makes 6 to 8 delicious tall drinks—averaging less than 3c each. It always pays to specify "Canada Dry"—instead of merely ordering "ginger ale."

CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER is *double*-carbonated—an open bottle even after 24 hours in your refrigerator will still be full of zest and sparkle.

The appearance *of the gold and emerald bottles of Canada Dry is always a high spot in entertaining. The world over The Champagne of Ginger Ales is known for the smoothness it gives to the long, tall drinks. And the sparkle it gives the occasion.*

Many mothers prefer Canada Dry for the children because it is so pure and wholesome. This is the reason, too, why most of the leading hospitals serve Canada Dry exclusively.



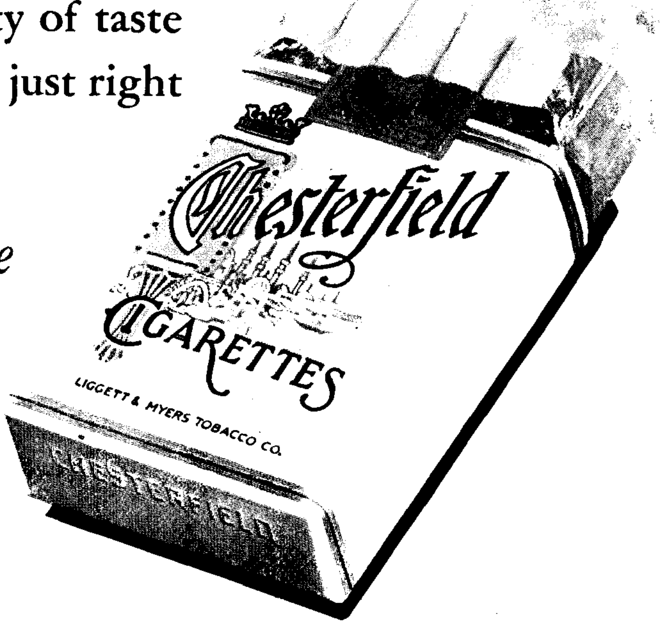
Chesterfields . . .

a corking good cigarette . . .
they've been hitting the trail
with me for a long time

They are milder . . . not flat or insipid but with a pleasing flavor

They have plenty of taste . . . . not strong but just right

An outstanding cigarette
. . . no doubt about it



Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.